MARCH 1973

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Saturday Review of THE ARTS

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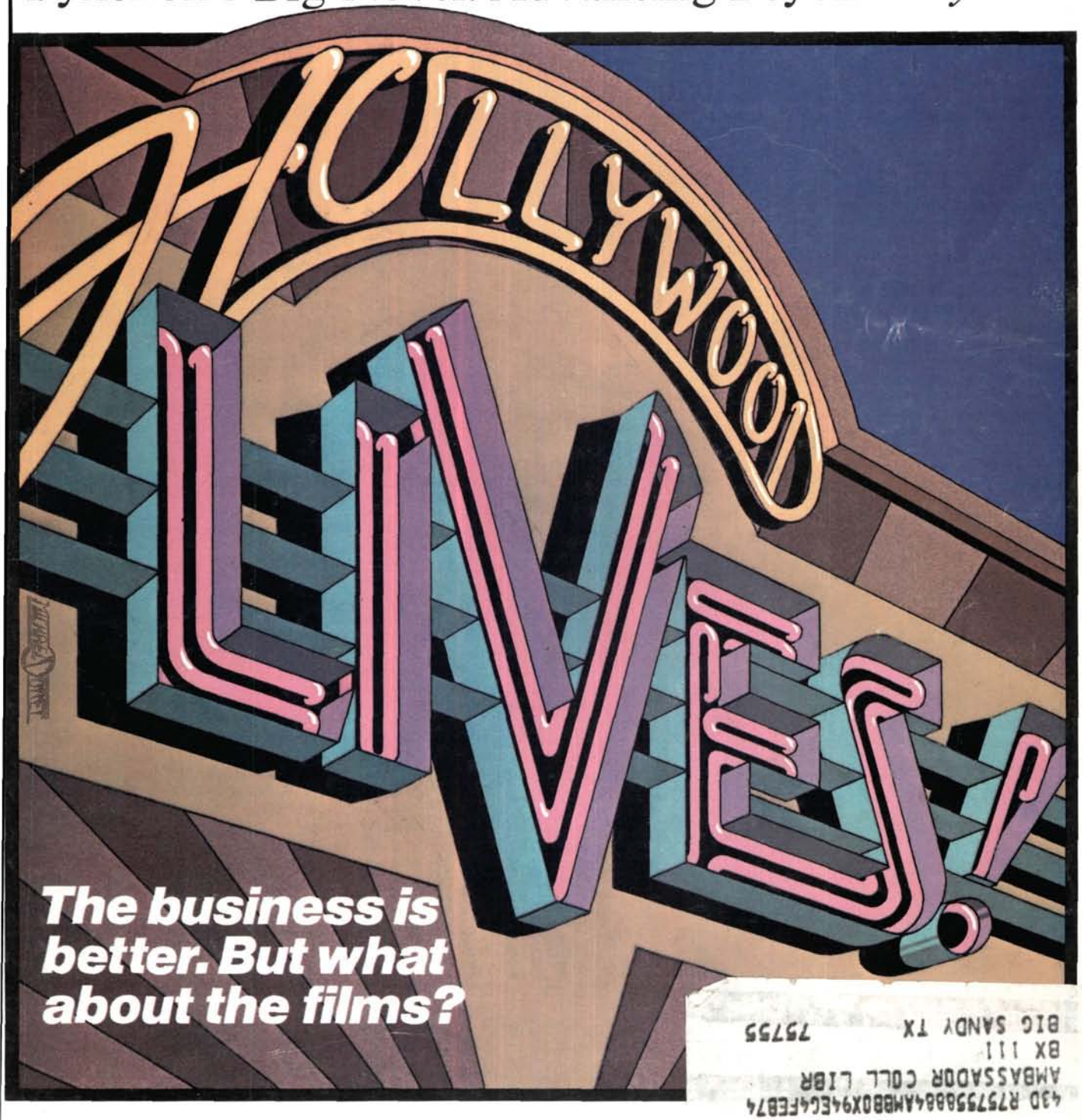

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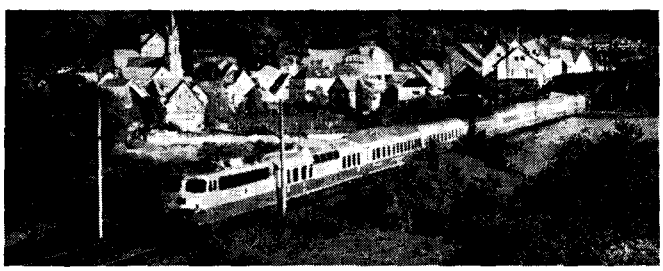

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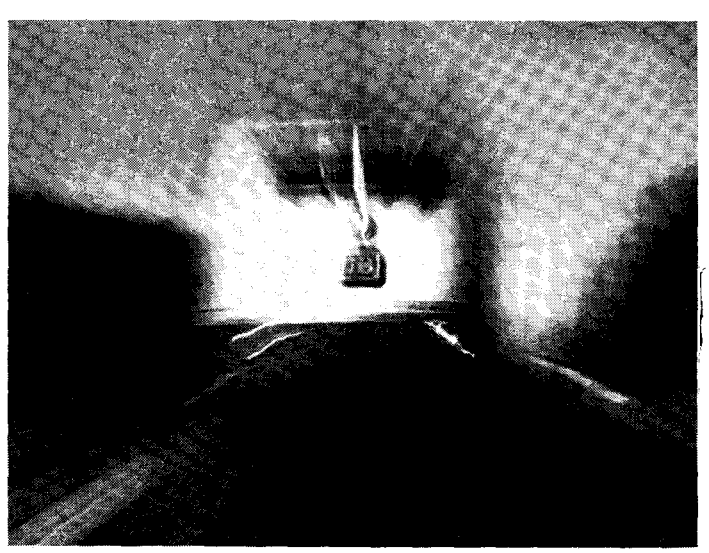

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

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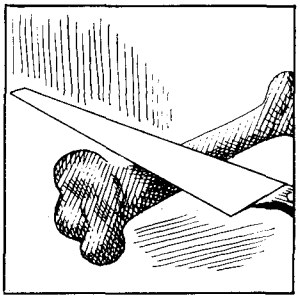
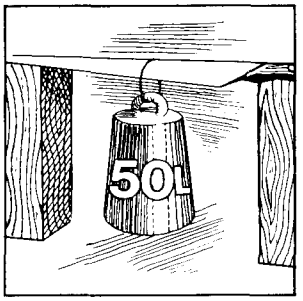
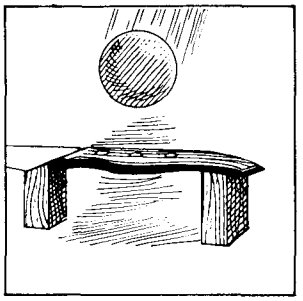


Tried to ruin edge — rasped it against a bone 20 times. Did so little to "miracle hardened" edge—its sharpness could be restored just by rubbing it over the back of a china plate.

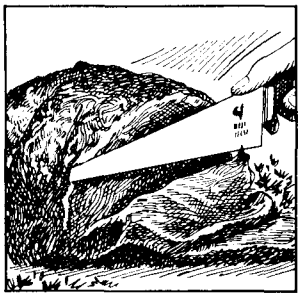
Tried to break the blade—put 20 pounds of weight on the end of the blade—bent it at 45° angle. Nothing happened to the "miracle hardened" blade.



Tried to break the knife by snapping—hung 50 pound weight there—nothing happened to the miracle-hardened blade.



Even tried to break the handle—dropped one pound weight from 6 feet on the handle — nothing happened to it.



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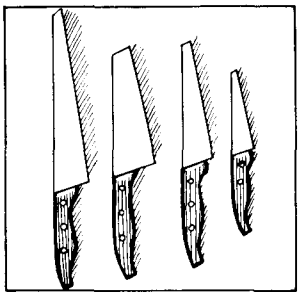

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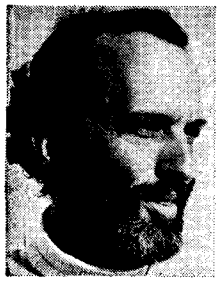
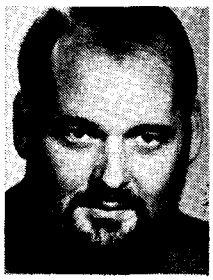
INSIDE SR

It is almost thirty years since the Nazi regime collapsed, yet the survivors are still trying to find the roots of that horror. One result is that we are about to see another wave of Hitleriana, including a number of books and films due to appear this month and next. One is the documentary *Swastika*, from which we have extracted the rare footage that chillingly mingles artifice and reality in "Sunday Afternoons With a Monster." Don't be misled by the cool tone of Frederic Grunfeld's text. His father, an industrialist in Berlin, lost everything to the Nazis, and the Grunfeld family escaped from Europe just before the war. Fred now lives in a reconditioned medieval castle in Majorca, where he is working on a long book about the Romantics between film scripts and articles.


Grunfeld

The bulk of our feature section this month takes a five-sided look at Hollywood. We noticed some time ago that the place didn't look as dead as its detractors said it was, and Paul Sargent Clark supports our impression in "Hollywood Lives!" There are few writers in America better qualified to track down this story. Clark was sixteen when he became a film columnist for the *Pasadena Star-News* and thirty when he became the youngest editor in the history of *The Hollywood Reporter*. Now he's freelancing. He talked with dozens of producers, performers, and even a few press agents to find out why and how Hollywood is making its comeback.


Clark

Nothing says Hollywood more loudly than the Academy Awards, so we asked Marjorie Rosen to find out what difference an Oscar makes in an actor's career. The Rosen byline appeared in *SR of The Arts* last August on one of the first major articles to cover women filmmakers, and before that on a dangerous assignment: the Cuban Film Festival, which was riddled with bomb threats and finally closed down by U.S. officials. We promised Marjorie that this job would be less harrowing—but she found that in some ways Oscar can be as friendly as a bomb threat. Her sympathetic ear elicited some frank talk from stars who have won the prize, as you will see in "The Oscar's Curse."

Rosen

Films like *The Four Hundred Blows* and *Jules and Jim* long ago established Francois Truffaut as a major director. More recently his book *Hitchcock* revealed him as a literary talent, so we went after "Truffaut on Bogart," which was inspired by a recent Bogart festival in Paris, where, believe it or not, *Casablanca* was shown to Frenchmen for the first time.

Truffaut

A. J. Langguth did three stints in Vietnam for the *New York Times* before settling in Los Angeles to freelance and write books. "Hollywood Since Louella" took him into the folkways of a new culture, a far cry from the one he plans to visit for his next book—the Brazilian-African spiritualism called Macumba.

Langguth

Stanley Kauffmann has had his article "Film Negatives" in his head for more than two years. He was doing a series on movie classics for Associate Managing Editor Rob Cowley when Rob was managing editor of *Horizon*, and the two of them decided to hold the idea a while. When we conceived this issue, Rob knew the time had come and phoned Kauffmann. With all the talk of Hollywood's business outlook, we wanted him to tell what is happening among the *makers* of films. After reading Kauffmann, you'll probably never see films in quite the same way again.

J. P.

Kauffmann

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Anthem, Anyone?

Get out your scoring paper and rhyming dictionaries—Australia is looking for a national anthem. Prime Minister E. Gough Whitlam made the announcement on this year's Australia Day, January 26. The country, he claims, needs something more indigenous than "God Save the Queen," which Australians have been singing since colonial days. Whitlam said his government would award $6,500 ($5,000 Australian) to the winning songwriter, who can be from anywhere in the world. The winning tune will be chosen by referendum after the front-runners have been played over nationwide radio and television.

If you don't mind facing the kangaroo court, entries will be accepted until March 26 by the Minister of the Media (how long will it be before the United States has one?) at Parliament House, Canberra, ACT 2600, Australia. One caution: informed sources indicate that "Waltzing Matilda" has an early lead and fervent backers.

Apparently, however, the search for an anthem does not signal any great upsurge of Australian nationalism. At this year's Australia Day wreath-laying

ceremony at the Melbourne war monument, only four people showed up —two official wreath-layers and two journalists. □

Fifth Estate at the Four Seasons

BY PATRICIA BOSWORTH

NEW YORK, N.Y.—"Norman's party was a disaster," said Shirley MacLaine, as she left.

"Norman's party was the last great blast of the Sixties," said leather-jacketed Dotson Rader, author of *Gov't Inspected Meat.*

"Norman's party was a circus," said Beverly Grunwald, wife of the managing editor of *Time.*

They were all correct. The affair in question was Norman Mailer's $50-a-couple fiftieth birthday bash at the Four Seasons restaurant. The purpose was not only to celebrate Mailer's first half-century but also to allow the aging *enfant terrible* of American letters to make a "major announcement," as it said on the invitation, about "The Fifth Estate." Five thousand invitations, printed in purple, had been sent out a month in advance. Five hundred eighty guests showed up.

Many of Norman's old cronies from Provincetown and Greenwich Village balked at having to pay $50; they said that The Fifth Estate was entirely too mysterious and maybe just a hype. Some members of the literary establishment stayed away "on principle," according to novelist Wilfred Sheed, who went to another party. In any event, the proceeds were to go to Mailer's mysterious project.

So stockbrokers replaced the likes of Robert Lowell and Truman Capote. Mayor John Lindsay first accepted, then withdrew his acceptance. "It's exactly the way John behaves politically," one of the mayor's enemies joked.

The party began promptly at 10 p.m. Henry Poirot, a bearded literary agent from San Francisco, was one of the first to arrive. Two burly Rolling Stones bodyguards stood by the main door of the Four Seasons, making sure no crashers got past the velvet ropes. "I've come to study *macho,*" sing-songed Lily Tomlin, the *Laugh-In* comedienne, on her way in.

TV producer Lucy Jarvis, resplendent in the Oriental finery she had bought in Peking, arrived with taxi tycoon Robert Scull. Jean van den Heuvel, all smiles, moved up the stairs and into the bar-grill with Jessica Mitford and Senator Jacob Javits. Wendy Vanderbilt, in rainbow feathers, could be seen talking with Stephan Groueff of *Paris-Match.* Andy Warhol snapped his camera at Marian Javits, and Adele Mailer, talking with her ex-husband, seemed friendly enough. There was Bobby Short. There was Paul O'Dwyer, George Plimpton, and Jack Lemmon. There was a pock-marked guy who described himself as "a mammalogist from Big Sur." There were four of Mailer's seven children. There was a dentist from the Bronx—"I fixed Norman's teeth"—trying to strike up a conversation with Princess Diane von Furstenberg, whose uninhibited sexual lifestyle had just been glossily profiled in *New York* magazine.

Most of the guests remained in the coppery-colored bar-grill for a while, drinking. A few hippie types in shaggy Afghanistan coats scooped up whole bottles of scotch and carried them off; they were later seen lounging near the windows and gulping the liquor as if it were water. Then, around 11 p.m., lines formed on the balcony of the bar-grill, where a buffet had been set up. As paté with hazelnuts, Hungarian gypsy goulash, and quiche Lorraine were heaped on plates, chilled white wines were poured. In a far corner Daphne Hellman plucked away on a gigantic gold harp, but it was so noisy nobody could hear the music. "Daphne donated her services as a birthday present to Norman," said Frank Crowther, a *Paris Review* editor who first had the idea for the party.

Dressed in tux and blue shirt, the guest of honor greeted everyone affectionately, even some he did not know. He spoke of his new house in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and he bantered with his publisher from Grosset and Dunlap, who asked "Where's the manuscript, Norman?" (Mailer's latest book,

Patricia Bosworth, a writer who lives in New York, claims she attends no more than two literary parties a week.

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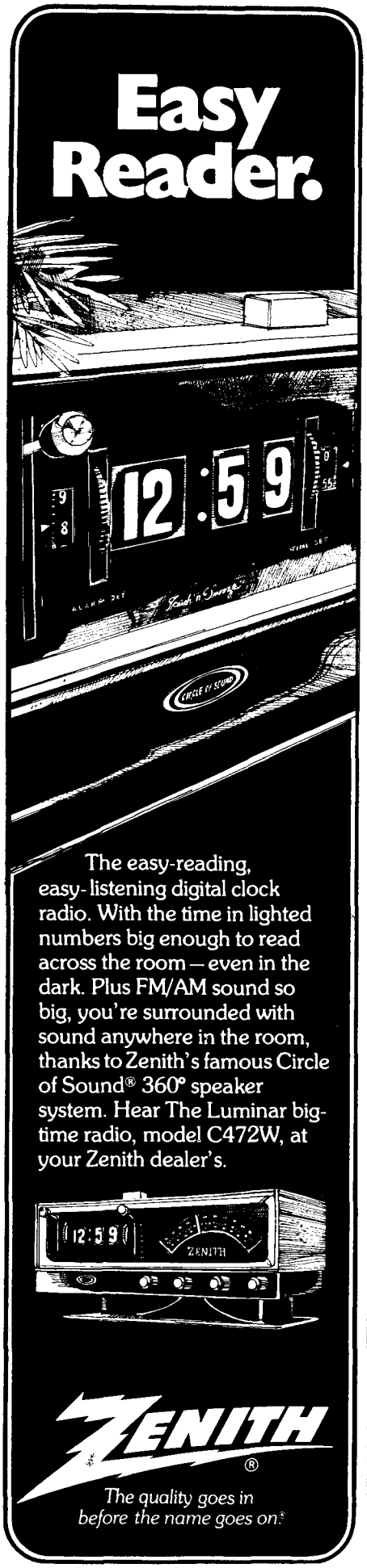
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a 25,000-word essay on Marilyn Monroe, was due but not delivered that day.) At Mailer's side was his great good friend Suzanne, a voluptuous young woman in a low-cut satin dress. Tagging along, too, were his fifth "wife," Carol, looking controlled, and his third ex-wife, Lady Jean Campbell, who had helped to organize the party. ("I respect Lady Jean more than any other woman in the world," Mailer once told a reporter, after she had allowed him to hold her by the heels out a fourth-story window in the dead of winter. "We were both extremely drunk," he admitted afterwards.)

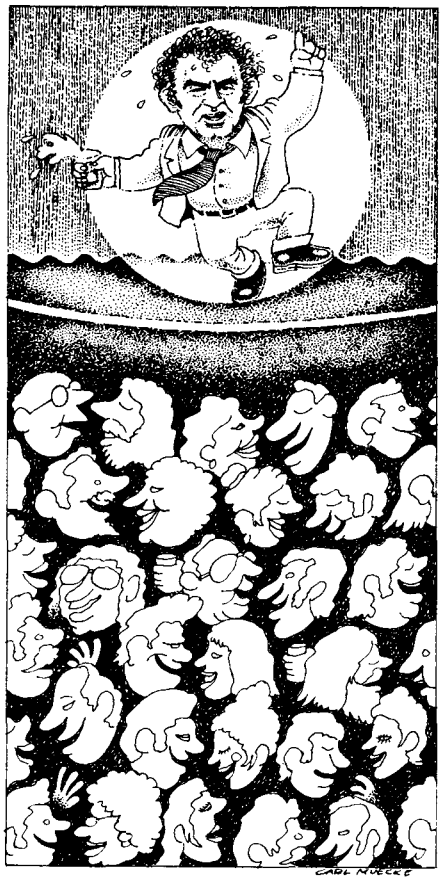
At one point in his meanderings Mailer encountered Bernardo Bertolucci. The young Italian film director was receiving as much attention as Mailer himself, since his controversial movie *Last Tango in Paris* had opened in New York just a few days before. The two men gripped hands while flashbulbs exploded like firecrackers around them.

Around midnight everybody crowded into the vast Pool Dining Room to hear Mailer. ("Norman's going to announce his vasectomy," Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. had been heard to say.) "I finally know why Nixon is President," Mailer started out. "Tonight I found myself photographed more times than I can count. You see green, you see red, and then you see your own mortality. Now I know why Richard Nixon is President. He has gristle behind the retina."

Medium laugh. The audience seemed restless. Sensing this, Mailer launched into a dirty joke. When he delivered the punch line, there were boos and a quarter of the guests made for the exits. "Get their names at the door!" he yelled.

"Christ, he's done it again," Judith Freed of Channel 13 whispered. "Norman's antagonized everybody before getting to the heart of the matter." Indeed, after the dirty joke, he never regained the audience's attention. His "major" announcement—that he wanted to help organize a Fifth Estate that would be a people's FBI and CIA—fell on deaf ears. "If we have a democratic secret police keeping tabs on Washington's secret police, which is not democratic but bureaucratic, we will see how far paranoia is justified," he went on. "What happened in Dallas? What about Martin Luther King? The real story behind Watergate? How many plots are there in America? Two? Three? None?"

As soon as he asked for questions, someone shouted, "What *about* paranoia, Norman?", and Mailer shouted back testily, "*What about it?*" He continued talking, but his thoughts seemed confused. When he tried to elaborate on the proposition that our nation is



veering toward totalitarianism, nobody was listening. Finally he said that in the next few days he would form a steering committee and left the podium, adding that he would be back in thirty minutes for further discussion. There was no applause.

By 2:30 a.m. most of the guests had gone home. Those who remained, like boxer José Torres, milled about the Four Seasons kitchens, eating omelettes and sampling the extravagantly rich chocolate cream cakes on display near the apricot mousses.

Mailer paced about the Pool Dining Room's terrace. "I blew it," he muttered. "It was a great party, and I blew it. I have a demon inside me." At one point he considered addressing the remaining guests until Frank Crowther advised him against it. "Talk tomorrow at the press conference I've arranged at the Algonquin Hotel," Crowther said persuasively.

Just then a tiny grayhaired lady in a vinyl Eisenhower jacket marched over to Mailer and confronted him on tiptoe. "I'm not gonna be your gumshoe," she declared belligerently.

"I didn't ask you to, angel," he replied, squinting down at her. With that she threw her arms around his neck. He attempted to disengage himself from her grasp, but she clung for dear life. Poirot stepped over to separate them. "Kiss her," Mailer ordered.

"Why don't you talk sense, Norman?"

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he tiny lady cried intensely. "Why? Why? Why? Why don't you *think* about what you're saying—why didn't you prepare?"

"I've thought years about the manipulation of history. Leggo."

A small crowd gathered as the two rocked around the room. In the background a Blue Grass band called the Food Stamps played jauntily.

"You think you can pull this off—*this counterespionage?*" the tiny lady jeered. "Throw out a dangerous idea like that—at a party? It was—perverted. Fund raising—phony baloney! Oh, you defiant silly bastard, why can't you let other people be center stage and lead?" They continued to rock back and forth, arguing loudly, until finally they were separated—by Murray Kempton or a Four Seasons security guard, nobody remembers which.

Around 3:30 a.m. Mailer began butting heads with boxer Joe Shaw as Suzanne watched silently. In the distance Fanny Mailer, Norman's mother, stood at the top of the Four Seasons staircase. She seemed lost in reverie. "This was the best party for Norman," she confided. "The second best was his bar mitzvah in 1936."

As it turned out, the Four Seasons affair netted just $600 for the benefit of The Fifth Estate. □

Judith Crist's Magical Mystery Tour

BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—As one who finds real life and reel-life eternally interlocked, the enticements of fine food and drink, multiple movies, marathon conversation, and celebrity-gazing drew me to a monthly diversion known as the Judith Crist Film Weekend. It is midway through its second season now and a smash hit at the Tarrytown Conference Center—the former Mary Duke Biddle estate, twenty-eight acres of landscaped grounds perched above the Hudson River, some forty minutes out of Manhattan. For just $80, the incurable cinemaniac may join Mrs. Crist and a famous guest in a Friday-to-Sunday mini-festival of movies old and new.

So far this year's roster of sold-out big names has included Robert Redford, Peter O'Toole, Alan Bates, and Paddy Chayevsky. The particular weekend I chose seemed illustrious enough, since the celebrity on tap

Bruce Williamson is the movie critic for Playboy magazine.

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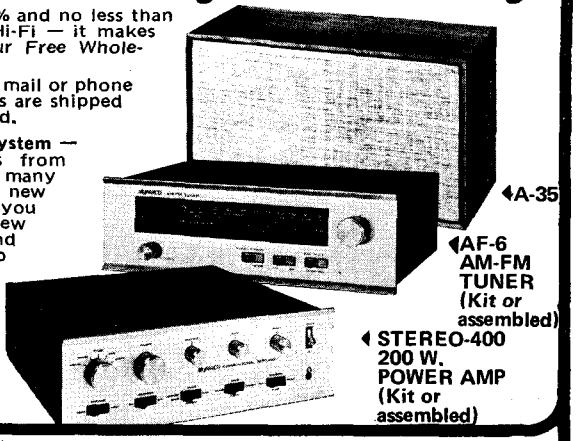

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would be writer-director Robert Altman (creator of *M*A*S*H*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, and *Images*). He was to preside over a special sneak preview of his newest work—*The Long Goodbye*, the Raymond Chandler thriller costarring Elliott Gould and singer Nina van Pallandt, of all people. Five previous Hollywood treatments of Chandler's private-eye hero, Philip Marlowe, would also be shown.

Early birds began to arrive in Tarrytown at cocktail time on Friday, but few came earlier than their hostess, the energetic movie critic of *New York* magazine and NBC-TV's show *Today*. While porters surrounded her Buick convertible under the stone portico of Mary Duke Biddle's so-called Winter Palace—the baronial command post at which Film Weekenders mix at mealtime—Mrs. Crist was already at work as guide and official greeter. "The weekends are predicated on my own particular lusts," she said. "This is our first *genre* weekend, and the management thinks I'm throwing a little too much at people, but I am absolutely merciless about movies—seeing them at ten o'clock in the morning, or in the middle of the night."

At the informal welcoming party in the Winter Palace's downstairs public rooms Mrs. Crist wore a flowery but subdued hostess gown; the rest of the crowd struck me as conscientiously well-dressed but difficult to characterize at a glance. As Mrs. Crist says, "We get men together, women together, singles, married couples, unmarried couples . . . and occasionally some old-fashioned chap who insists on reserving separate rooms for himself and his girl friend. Adjoining, of course."

The people I met included advertising and publicity types; hopeful filmmakers; a college student from Grand Rapids, Michigan, who said his parent had given him the weekend as Christmas present; another student wh wrote about movies for *The Brandei Justice*; a gentleman who said he wa program adviser in the Ford Founda tion's humanities and arts division; an two cheerful Great Neck matrons, wh said that they had abandoned thei husbands and children for the weeken because they had admired Mrs. Cris ever since she spoke to their group a the North Shore Arts Center.

After dinner Mrs. Crist herded he charges over to the 9 p.m. screenin of *Murder, My Sweet*, with Dick Pow ell, and issued some general announce ments. "I'm sure by now you all knov each other. Since you don't see a ta man with a gray beard worryin about absolutely everything, you ma have deduced that Robert Altman i not yet here. He'll be arriving fo lunch tomorrow." Mrs. Crist supplie a bit of Chandler lore and held up he hand to show an onyx ring presente to her by the Mystery Writers of Amer ica as their Reader of the Year. "M mother used to warn me that tw things in particular were a complet waste of a young girl's time—goin to movies and reading detective stories Now one is my profession and th other my avocation."

Following a break for refreshmen and discussion, most stayed on for th midnight showing of *The Big Slee* (Bogart plays Marlowe in the 194 Chandler classic, directed by Howar Hawks from a smooth scenario credite in part to William Faulkner). Aroun 2 a.m. Mrs. Crist quoted a 1946 *Ne York Times* review calling *The Bi Sleep* "a poisonous picture," thoug Bogart's brilliant portrait made i abundantly clear that Altman, Gould and *The Long Goodbye* might fac rather stiff competition. Mrs. Cris ended the night in her rooms, readin some favorite Chandler passages alou to a band of insomniacs.

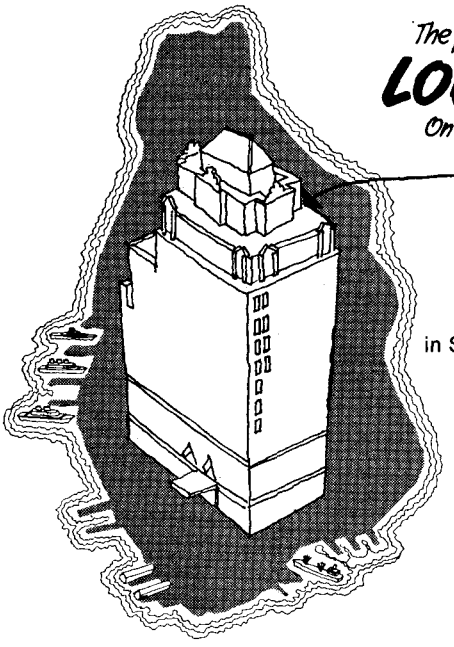
Next morning, as promised, a lim ousine delivered Altman and his edi tor, Lou Lombardi, to the door i time for lunch. Altman wore leathe and corduroy, with an argyle sweate over his shirt. Acknowledging a roun of applause from fellow diners, he set tled down at Mrs. Crist's table to talk about diets. During dessert Mrs. Cris introduced the lad from Grand Rapids, who said he hoped one day to film Kafka's *Metamorphosis*. Altman wished him luck, then went off to check the print of *The Long Goodbye* while Mrs. Crist played hostess at two afternoon screenings. During the coffee break she introduced Chris Steinbrunner, a board member of the Mystery Writers of America—an owlish, serious man with a small mustache—who reminded ev-

How Now, Mr. McLuhan?

SAN ANSELMO, Calif.—Dialogue in this town fifteen miles north of San Francisco between Julia Poppy and her thirteen-year-old son, just before a mid-February segment of An American Family *appeared on Channel 9: "But, Randy, don't you want to watch this? It's* real."

Randy: "I can see us if I want to see real. Now I want to see TV."

Another reason why some people call New York Loews Island.



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eryone that Chandler was born in 1888 and would have been eighty-five this year. I was not entirely surprised at this point to hear a Long Island gentleman remark that he was getting his fill of trenchcoats.

Four buses transported viewers that evening to a shopping-mall theater in Ossining for *The Long Goodbye*—an unprecedented move made at Altman's request to ensure better projection and to allow room at the sneak preview for some United Artists executives driving up from New York. As the lights dimmed, Mrs. Crist lit another cigarette and remarked *sotto voce*, "A lot of smokers here tonight . . . there's nothing like detective fiction to bring out the heavy smokers."

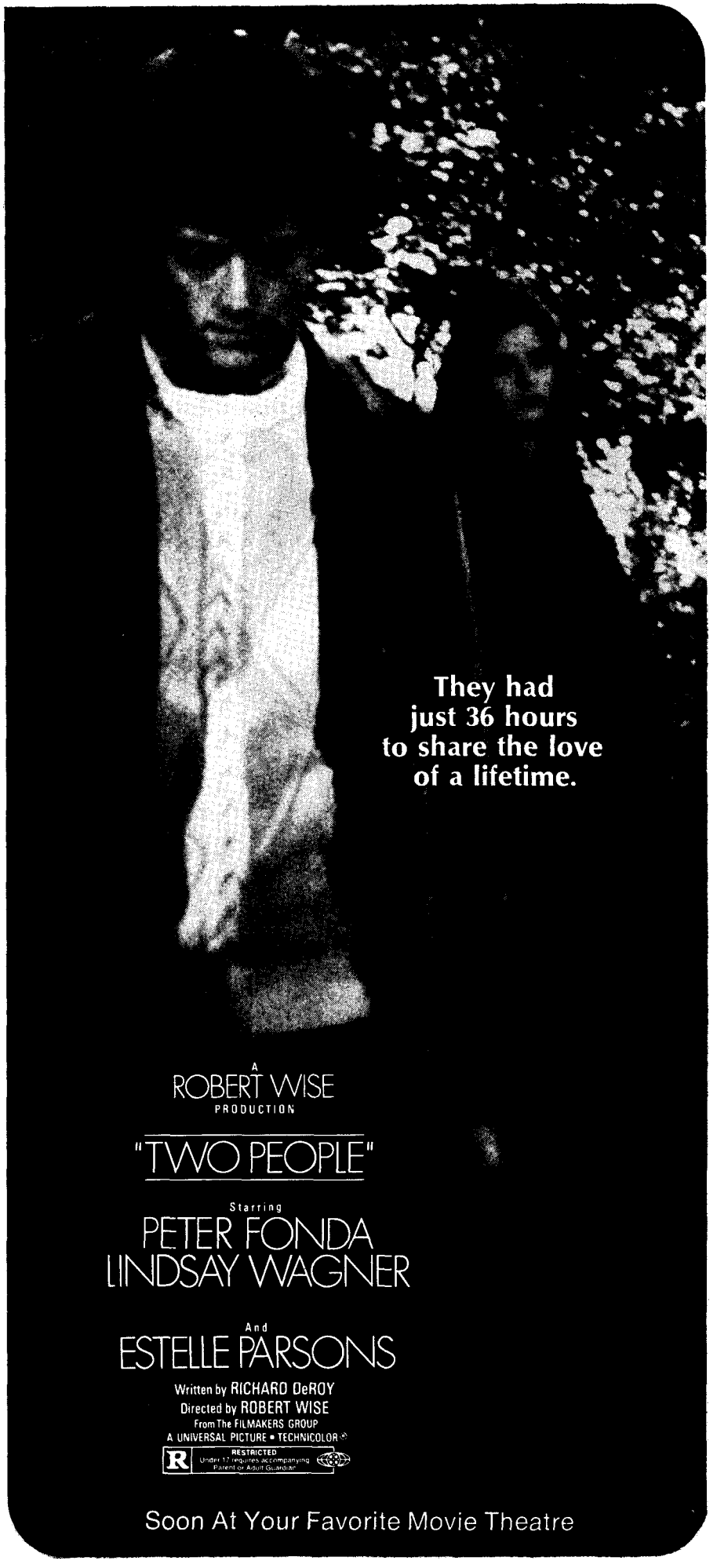
While the smoke and the plot thickened, quite a few Film Weekenders and special guests found themselves in a quandary. Elliott Gould's portrayal of an inept, shuffling, unheroic Marlowe whose code of honor comes slowly unglued surprised some people and irritated others. The characterization bore little relation to the wise-cracking private eye we had seen in five different movies within the past twenty-six hours. Among the departing patrons and noncommittal movie moguls, Mrs. Crist encountered writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who tersely summed up the film: "Well, it's a good-bye to the Philip Marlowe legend, isn't it?"

There was grumbling aboard the buses as we headed back to Tarrytown. The only unanimous yea vote went to the beautiful and striking performance by Miss van Pallandt, theretofore celebrated chiefly as a woman acquainted with Clifford Irving.

The Conference Center's screening room was rearranged as an amphitheater for the drinks and discussion to follow, and before Altman appeared, Mrs. Crist warned the gathering: "Please remember that this is *not* the Esalen Institute, or any kind of thinky-feely therapy."

Though obviously nonplused by the crowd's mood, Altman proved articulate in defense of his work, shrugging off complaints that he had changed Marlowe's character. Of course he had. "Because I meant him to be like Willy Loman. He wasn't moving . . . everything else in the world was . . . he held onto outmoded concepts of loyalty, honor among thieves . . . but I don't believe all that."

Despite Mrs. Crist's best efforts, one choleric gentleman stood up to say that he saw no reason to expend time and energy on a film so obviously trivial. It was easier to understand a thoroughbred Chandler fan like Mr. Steinbrunner, of the Mystery Writers, who stood quietly by the exit and



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looked quite taken aback. He said that he was, indeed.

The discussion moved during the next several hours from the screening room to the Winter Palace Pub, where Altman mingled and wrangled and talked about all his movies until shortly before dawn. *The Long Goodbye* had cost $1,700,000, he confided, and the previews in Kansas City and Jackson, Mississippi, had been far more encouraging. "The audience did not get *with* the movie this time. It's the first such reaction I've seen, and I'll have to think about it. The U-A people have been very, very high on this film, and I'm sorry they were there tonight. Now I understand they want to *talk* to me."

Sunday morning brunch was wrap-up time for Mrs. Crist—Bloody Mary time for the rest of us who had stayed to the end of the post-mortem. When Altman appeared for his coffee and toast, she was handing out door prizes —a complete collection of Chandler novels in paperback for experts in movie trivia, those who could quickly name, for example, the four actors who have portrayed Fu Manchu on film.

I caught a ride back to New York with Altman and asked how he felt. Mostly depressed, he said. □

This Jonathan Thing

BY SUSAN COWLEY

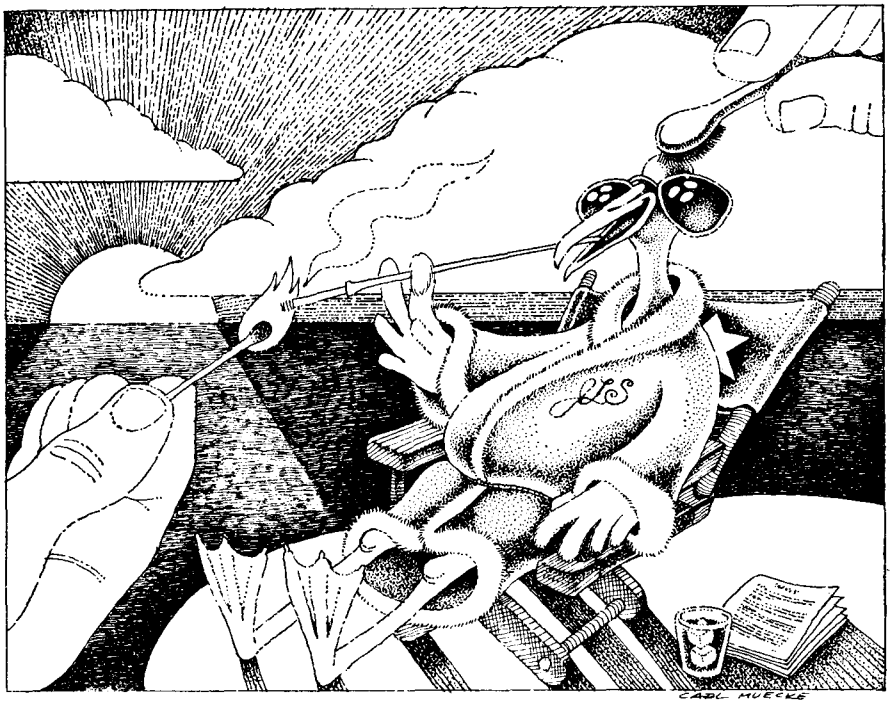
He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.
—From *To a Waterfowl* by William Cullen Bryant

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—A white seagull with gray wings, framed by brown rocks, flies back and forth across the Panavision screen. "I wanted to get the feeling that he can't get out—he's locked in by his own life," Hall Bartlett says, his face lit by flickering images in the projection room at Samuel Goldwyn Studios. Bartlett is watching an early cut of his film *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, made with an all-bird cast. The movie, based on Richard Bach's best-selling parable, with a screenplay by the author, tells the story of a seagull who braves the scorn of his peers to search for perfect understanding. Bartlett calls the movie, which is budgeted at $1 million, "the most important thing I've ever done." Bird trainer Ray Berwick, veteran of *The Birds* and *Bird Man of Alcatraz*, who trained the cast for *JLS*, calls it "the greatest bird picture ever made."

Susan Cowley is a journalist who is presently searching for perfect understanding in San Francisco.

The star of *JLS* is a glaucous gull, which was trapped last fall, along with seventy other glaucous gulls, off the coast of Alaska. Jon, as the *JLS* crew calls its star, is insured for $250,000. He has his own director's chair, and when he makes a publicity trip, he travels first-class in a special cage.

To recruit the rest of his cast, Bartlett used a navy "cannon" that shoots out a huge net. Four-man teams visited the Oxnard, Berkeley, and Monterey, California, dumps, where they caught 2,700 birds. However, all but 300 of them were set free, as the state game laws require.



One star was born because she happened to be the most aggressive in a crowd of gulls scavenging outside the louvered windows of the Cannery Row restaurant in Monterey. Berwick and Bartlett were eating lunch at a windowside table when they spotted her. Berwick held a piece of fried squid out through the open louvers. "The bird came right to him," Bartlett said, "and Berwick grabbed her by the beak and pulled her through the louvers. She was squawking and fighting, but Berwick knows how to handle birds. He borrowed my jacket, wrapped her up in it, and we took her outside to the station wagon." (Bartlett was wearing the same jacket when he drove me to lunch after we left the projection room. It is light blue wool, the color of his eyes and a few shades lighter than his Cadillac limousine.)

"You can train any other animal in the world, but you have to bribe a bird," says Berwick. Hundreds of pounds of seagull delicacies, horsemeat, and squid were carted to location at Carmel, Yosemite, and Death Valley. But sometimes even bribes didn't help. It took days to get a shot of the gulls sleeping with their eyes shut and their heads tucked over their shoulders. The crew would wear the birds out, and they would finally doze off—only to wake up blinking as soon as the camera started to whirr. When the gulls finally did go to sleep and the scene was shot, the whole crew shouting through megaphones didn't wake them and production ground to a halt.

This was the coldest winter in fifty years on the coast. So when the birds got chilled, they were dried with towels and spent the night in a heated motel—after the furniture had been carefully covered with sheets. But it wasn't only the furniture that needed protection. After one gull attacked cameraman Jack Couffer (*Ring of Bright Water, Living Free, Nikki, Wild Dog of the North*), Bartlett issued baseball catcher's masks.

For his screenplay, Bach has written in a new character—Maureen—a young, sloe-eyed gull whom Jon feels he has known somewhere before. The change was made, Bartlett says, not in an attempt to get an "R" rating, but because "the book didn't have anything to say about love between a man and a woman and that's what most people are involved in." (Although it is difficult to tell a male from a female gull, Bartlett assured me they are certain in the case of Jon and Maureen.)

Filming the two as lovers was a problem. A seagull naturally faces into the wind, and in order to get Jon and Maureen to face each other and "talk,"

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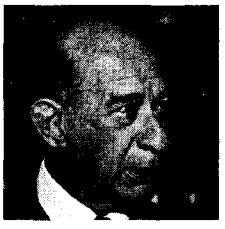

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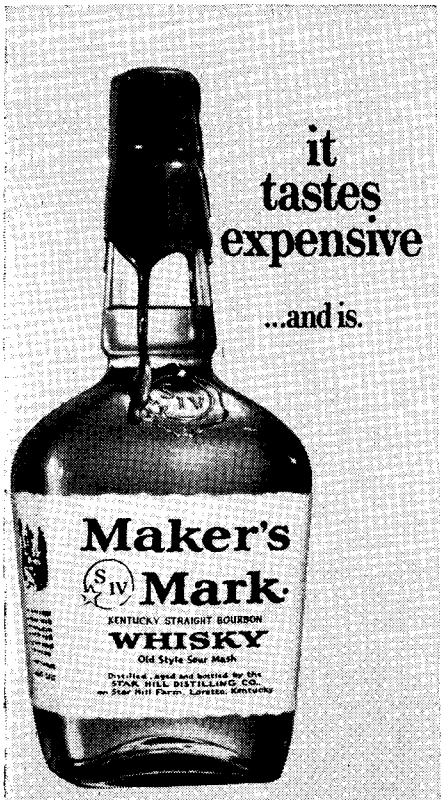

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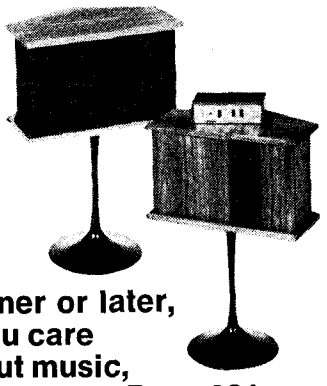

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the crew needed currents of air blowing in opposite directions. That is just what they created through a series of off-camera barriers and wind machines.

Some of the birds even got "star complexes," according to Bartlett. When a group of the lead gulls got sick, it turned out that the strain of competition imposed by the film had become too much for them. "They realized they were special," said Bartlett, "but it was telling on them—like people getting stomach ulcers."

Is it all worth it? Hall Bartlett has no doubts: "This project is being watched over. It was meant to be, and it always gets into the hands of those who were meant to do it."

The feeling of seagull *ex machina* began, in fact, ten years ago when Richard Bach, walking along a fog-bound canal at Belmont Shore, California, heard a voice behind him say, "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." Bach rushed home to a typewriter and wrote the first part of the book. The end of his story didn't come along until eight years later when he was awakened one morning at 5 a.m. in Ottumwa, Iowa, "with the thing going again."

Some two years later, as Bartlett was reading the finally published book one afternoon while waiting to get his hair cut, he suddenly realized he was "destined" to make the film. He called New York, where Bach, discouraged into thinking no one would want to produce a film starring seagulls, was about to sell the rights to someone who would cast it with people. "It's happening again," Bach told Bartlett when the producer explained how he had "seen" the film. "This Jonathan thing is happening again."

The day after Bach accepted Bartlett's offer ($100,000, one-third of the profits, and final approval of the film) the producer went to an all-day conference of business executives to lecture and took along a copy of *JLS.* One of the businessmen who heard Bartlett's morning lecture noticed that he was carrying the book. Stunned, the man called his wife over and asked her to repeat what he had whispered as he listened to Bartlett.

"He told me," the woman said, "there's the man who should make *Jonathan Livingston Seagull.*"

That afternoon Bartlett started off his second lecture by telling the businessmen about the executive's uncanny premonition. "As soon as I said, '*Jonathan Livingston Seagull,*' a murmur went through the whole crowd." It turned out that, of the 150 men and their wives at the conference, at least 100 were carrying copies of the book. Two of the couples later invested more than half a million dollars in the film.

Unlike the businessmen, critics have panned *JLS.* That doesn't bother Bartlett: "Ten years ago I was fighting very hard for the approval of the intellectuals. Now I don't care. Every Goddamn one of those people in their gut wants to love and be loved.

"There isn't one person connected with this film who hasn't gone through hell—we're all being tested." □

The Man Who Discovered Kissinger

BY BARNARD COLLIER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The book scouts are swarming in Washington. They are after anyone who conceivably knows anything about how the United States got out of the Vietnamese war. A few days after the cease-fire a book scout called me from New York and asked if I could get in touch with a man named Pope on Henry Kissinger's staff.

"I don't know the man," I said.

"Well, do you think he knows anything about the war?" the scout asked.

"I guess so," I said.

"Well, can you call him up for me? I heard he's leaving Kissinger, and maybe he'll write a book for my publisher."

"I don't know Pope," I said. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know," the scout said. "I just heard a guy named Pope was leaving. Don't you know about that?"

"No," I said.

"I thought you *knew* Kissinger," the scout said.

"But I don't know Pope."

"Oh," said the scout. "Then how do I get hold of him?"

"Call the White House," I said. "That's where they work."

"How do you call the White House?" the scout asked.

"For God's sake, by telephone," I said. "It's 456-1414."

"Oh," the scout said. "Up here in New York we don't just pick up the telephone and call the White House."

The scout made me promise that if I thought of anybody good I'd call him. A few days later I called and suggested Fritz Kraemer.

"Who's he?" the scout asked.

"Around here he's known as 'The Man Who Discovered Henry Kissinger,'" I explained.

"Yeah?" said the scout. "Tell me more."

"He works in the Pentagon, and he knows practically all of the top government secrets," I said. "He has also been

Barnard Collier frequently comments on the Washington scene for SR.

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a kind of tutor for Kissinger ever since Kissinger was a teen-age private in the army."

"Will he do a book?" the scout asked excitedly.

"He's getting old," I said. "But he's a master of the English language and he's a wonderful storyteller. As for inside information, he told me once that Henry talks to him confidentially, in German, especially in times of great stress."

"He sounds great!" the scout said. "How do we get him?"

"He won't be easy," I said. "Of course you can try it the quick way and call him up and say, 'Do you want to do a book?' and he'll give you a quick yes or no and that's it. And then again, you can use strategy."

"What do you mean by strategy?" the scout asked suspiciously.

"I mean he should be handled very carefully, and on the highest level of professionalism," I said. "You can't simply send some editor to Fritz Kraemer and expect him to be impressed. He thinks he is the greatest editor in the world."

"Then who would you send?" grumbled the scout, who had been an editor in his time.

"The publisher," I said. "Nobody less than the publisher."

"But the publisher is just a guy on the business side," the scout complained.

"That's exactly it," I said. "Kraemer will deal only with the man at the very top."

There was a hurt silence.

"Of course, I'll want something out of this," I said.

"What?" the scout asked.

"Part of what you get. I ought to be paid for my time."

"I'll give you fifty per cent of my share," he blurted out in a very unbusinesslike way.

"How much is your share?"

"Two per cent, including royalties, plus a monthly payment and some odds and ends."

"Good," I said. "I don't want any of the salary, just the royalties. Send me a letter agreeing to that."

"So then tell me," he wheedled, "how do we get Kraemer?"

"You send me your letter and I'll send you a letter with what you need to know about Kraemer and my strategy for getting him," I said.

"Well, send it special delivery. You can spend a little bit of your half for postage stamps."

I received his letter and sent mine, which said:

"Dear Scout,

About Kraemer. He works in the Pentagon in a little office piled up to the ceiling with *New York Timeses*. He is small and strong-looking, like a jockey. He has a big nose, smokes cigars, and has big monkey eyes that he never takes off you. He has been known to wear a monocle. He says he is from noble Prussian stock, and he thinks of himself as having the cold nerve of a professional killer. His true calling is public relations.

He met Henry Kissinger during the early part of the war when Henry was nineteen years old. Kraemer was a thirty-five-year-old German refugee who had joined the American army as a private and was traveling from training camp to training camp delivering speeches to raise the proper military spirit. The story is that young Private Kissinger, also a German refugee, heard one of Private Kraemer's inflammatory speeches and sent him a straightforward note that said: 'That's it exactly. How can I help you?' Kraemer was attracted by the note's simplicity, met Kissinger, and within an hour decided he was talking with a genius. What he saw was Kissinger's ability to cut through the layers of crap to the heart of the matter. Kraemer took Kissinger under his wing, called him his 'little Jew,' and tutored the boy's mind and manners in the ways of the German nobility.

Kraemer is proud, delighted, amused, and bewildered about the man Kissinger turned out to be. If he can be convinced to write about their long and sincere friendship in a truthful way, without casting himself too much as the hero, people will want to read what he says.

I think there is only one way to get at him. Convince him that he owes it to future generations not to die without telling what he knows. He has mentioned several times that he wants to write what he calls 'a psychogram' of Henry Kissinger. Kraemer is concerned that what he has to say may be most conveniently said if the manuscript he writes is put away for thirty years or until Kissinger is dead. In case Kraemer can't be talked out of that modest notion, a publisher might want to make a long-term investment.

Don't talk to Kraemer about money. Flatter him with it. Money is important to him only after pride and vanity.

One last suggestion: bring him some good Cuban cigars."

If there are any other book scouts reading this story and they are lucky enough to land Kraemer before my man does, I would appreciate the finder's fee sent directly to my home in Washington. Thank you. □

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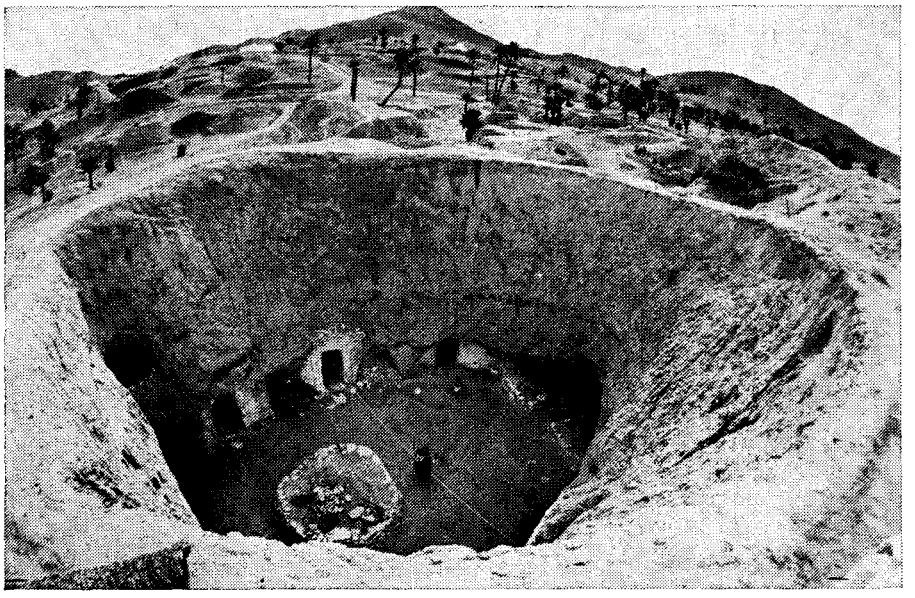
TRAVEL



Hope is the sudden splash of green in this golden desolation.

The Golden Oases of Tunisia

BY GERRI TROTTA

Tunisia may be among Africa's smaller countries, but it is blessed with more than its share of old seaside towns and precious oases.

Underground springs water the oases, whose value depends on the number of date palms they support: 100,000, or 200,000, or 300,000. Dates are the true gold of the desert's economy and its topography. The little ovals, colored more deeply than the surrounding sands, ripen in bright clusters. To eat them, plucked fresh from the tree, is to bite into the sun. Beneath the palms, subsidiary crops grow—almonds, apricots, oranges, lemons, and pomegranates. Ancient towns molded out of desert clay usually stand beside the oases—never *in* them—because every inch of arable land is precious.

You can drive down to the desert in a rented Land Rover from Monastir, site of the southernmost jet airport. Or you can take the tour bus, a new, air-conditioned Mercedes, which is cooler, more comfortable, and also a lot cheaper. Along the route the palm trees give way to rows of olives, tended and harvested by the nomads who make up nearly a third of Tunisia's population. The olives are watered by hand in the dry season. Huge amphoras are filled at wells, balanced on the head for miles, and emptied at the base of the trees. It is a sight—like many in Tunisia—that recalls the Old Testament. Other such sights are the single-hump camels, or dromedaries; the village women whose large robes are girdled by the fibula of Roman times; the plethora of eager, barefoot children, often in cast-off European clothes, spilling out of every house. Fifty-one per cent of Tunisia's people are under twenty.

We were headed for Gabes, an oasis set on the edge of the desert beside the sea. We put up at the Hotel Chems, with a good beach and swimming pool. Never fear, the water is not wasted. It is later siphoned off to the gardens.

Lunch was awaiting us—a delicious mélange of vegetables sauteed in olive oil, followed by delicately grilled, fresh-caught fish with lemon slices, washed down by a local light white *vin de messe*. Moslems may not drink wine, but they serve it in abundance, and their vineyards supply much of the *vin ordinaire* of France.

After lunch I swam in the sea where the water was so clear that I could see my toes. Tunisia's beaches are, fortunately, unpolluted.

Later that afternoon we drove in a horse-drawn calèche through the sprawling, parched town, where flies are as fond of faces as they are of food. When the autumn dates ripen, I was told, the flies come. They also come in spring, summer, and, to a lesser extent, winter. It was an eerie experience to watch children stare without blinking as flies walked around the rims of their eyes.

When we came into the verdant cool of the oasis, we dismounted to follow the trail on foot. Gabes has 300,000 date palms, as well as olives, bananas, oranges, pomegranates, tobacco, and vegetables growing in a deep canyon. At one end, peering down from the desert plateau, you see what looks like a river of green. But if you step back a few paces, the oasis disappears. Only the barren sweep of desert on either side of the ravine remains visible.

Gafsa was our next oasis. We zoomed on through the crust of desert with its sprouting clumps of alfa grass. The locals gather it into bundles and sell it by weight to field representatives of papermills in the north. On the road we passed the important Marabout of Sidi Monsour. A marabout marks the burial place of a holy man; its traditional architecture of whitewashed domes is a dazzling sight.

Gafsa was an old Roman town, and later a Norman one. The deep troughs used for baths by the ancient Romans are again filled with water. The local boys use them as swimming pools, diving for coins thrown by tourists from the steep sides, or even from nearby trees. Gafsa's Hotel Jugurtha, set in a garden, is marvelously comfortable. Nothing is more sybaritic than a hot tub in an oasis. I wrapped myself in a robe after bathing and sat on my balcony, sipping wine and watching the sun set over the yellow mountains.

Our next stop was Nefta, and the first glimpse of it (from the terrace of the Hotel Sahara Palace) was the best: silhouetted against the darkening blue sky was a long stretch of beige buildings, standing in a green valley of date palms that was once a Roman oasis. Nearby there is a new oasis of 220,000 date palms, man-made in the 1960s after the drilling of 2,000-foot wells.

At close range, Nefta, despite its interesting architecture of patterned beige brick, was a disappointment—dirty and dusty. But its oasis was charming. We rode through it on dromedaries.

From Nefta we headed north through the oasis of Tozeur, on our way to Tunis. Our desert idyl was over. By traveling through that great golden desolation, we had discovered that hope is the sudden splash of green, and life is clear spring water. □

Gerri Trotta is a freelance writer and an inveterate traveler.

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LETTERS

An Era of Great Talent
Donald Bogle's insightful article "The First Black Movie Stars" [*SR of The Arts*, February] demonstrates his recognition of the grandeur of the accomplishments of such people as Stepin Fetchit, Bill Robinson, Hattie McDaniel, and Paul Robeson. The extent of their achievement under the limitations imposed by stereotyped roles is an allegory of the accomplishment black people as a whole have made since they were first brought to this continent to be used by white people. While whites dozed smugly in the assurance that the lie they created was the truth, blacks lived within their circumscribed material world—a boundless life of greater moral profundity than the lives of many whites who viewed blacks merely as walk-ons.

Steven W. Morris
Cambridge, Mass.

Uncovering European Masters
I was annoyed at Peter Selz's suggestion in his article "Ferdinand Hodler" [*SR of The Arts*, February] that Hodler "may well be the last of the major European artists active at the turn of the century to be introduced in the United States." If it is time for Hodler, it is long past time for Lovis Corinth (1858–1925). I saw his work in Vienna and Basel recently and regret that I haven't seen more in the original and don't own any myself. Corinth's usual is very good, his best is magnificent. Americans ought to have an exhibit and a book on *him*.

Thomas E. Felt
Delmar, N.Y.

Stating the Facts
Les Levine's editorial "It's Realistic, but Is It Art?" [*SR of The Arts*, February] was absolutely inspired. Nowhere have I read a more lucidly presented statement of the facts in the matter: the present state of the arts, the problematical future. As a gainfully employed member of America's film community, I hope that everyone connected with cinematic art is exposed to this piece.

Jack Laird
Universal City Studios, Inc.
Universal City, Calif.

Political Force in Literature
Ronald Kriss has demonstrated in his editorial "Of Mandarins and Maoists" [*SR of the Arts*, January] that artists themselves are also human beings with a political consciousness. He should know that politics is not divorcible from literature and art, and that the arts can never be free from politics. Nabokov's treatment of intellectuals in *Pnin* is as political as Agnew's in his speeches, by virtue of the fact that the intelligentsia is a motive political force in politics. *Lolita* deals with society in America and therefore with the substance of politics. I decline to think that Nabokov's milieu is so rarefied that politics plays absolutely no part in the creative process. To ask whether politics should play a part in art and literature is raising a non-issue. It does.

Thomas Viles
Groton, Mass.

Complexity in Themes
I find it hard to believe that Stephen Holden listened to John Prine's "Diamonds in the Rough" [*SR* Reviews, *SR of The Arts*, February] more than a couple of times. Concerning *protest* songs, there is "The Great Compromise," which *is not* about drive-in movie theaters. "Rocky Mountain Time" deals with being a traveling entertainer. If you still want social tragedy, try "Billy the Bum" or "Take the Star Out of the Window." Two songs that mention Jesus or God do not represent the entire album. Prine's album shows complexity in themes and the continued growth of a young artist whose lyrics often communicate on several different levels. It's too bad Holden comprehends only one level.

Michael Moynihan
Milwaukee, Wis.

Is Exhibitionism Art?
So Vito Acconci is an artist ["An Eccentric Body of Art," *SR of The Arts*, February]. I have a younger brother who has, in his frustration, self-mutilated one ear and one hand. What a pity that my family didn't realize twenty-five years ago that he was a body artist. We have always believed that he was severely retarded. This new attitude, should it catch on among the masses, will save many families from such grief; what the world will be like when we forgo protective institutionalization—well, perhaps those who appreciate body art would like to speculate on that. If this obscene exhibitionism is art, I, for one, am happy to leave it to Acconci and others like him. May they continue to plant their seed on the floor—just in case their particular brand of psychosis is hereditary.

Donna C. Peck
Bowstring, Me.

Who's Behind Those Noontime Dramas?
Bravo, Peter Nichols, for introducing us to those *professionals* performing in *The Doctors* ["Don't Hand Me That Garbage, Sweetheart!" *SR of The Arts*, February]. Would Mr. Nichols now please reveal how the script of the ultimate pregnancy derby gets written? I refer of course to *The Days of Our Lives*, which so convulses me many noontimes. I have the mental picture that this drama must be written by two gleefully cackling, dirty old men, swigging coffee laced with bourbon. The script's bombardment of pregnancies—of everybody, by everybody—seems only possible by some such inspired team.

Fred Keppel
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EDITORIAL

Wanted: A Positive Vision

A search for some sensible pattern in American movies these days can turn into a chic-bleak joke, if you start off cynical enough: After all, my dear, what can one *expect* of the poor things? But if you look to films for serious meaning, the search can bring feelings to a boil.

I say "American" movies because there is, believe it or not, a chance that this country's native optimism can regain its voice through movies—commercial ones at that. I won't be surprised when Hollywood's businessmen start experimenting with films about men and women who share growth and joy, who seek new forms of human contact, who explore their potential instead of shrinking from it. Why would any reasonably hip observer admit such embarrassingly hopeful thoughts, surrounded as he is by a cinema that at this moment leans heavily to alienation and violence?

We have been watching something grow in the United States in recent years: a literature that presents real alternatives to warfare, high-pitched competition, endless expansion, and lifelong grabbing. It reflects nothing less than a revised image of humankind, an assumption that as individuals and as a species we are capable of more positive behavior than we ever imagined. The literature is being produced, not by writers of utopian fiction, but by scientists. Their work converges from several directions:

Exploration of "separate realities." In *The Teachings of Don Juan, A Separate Reality,* and *Journey to Ixtlan,* anthropologist Carlos Castaneda asserts that we not only can alter the ways in which we see our world but can literally enter separate worlds parallel to it. As Freud proposed an image of man different from the nineteenth-century assumptions into which he was born, so Castaneda's friend Don Juan Matus produces an image different from Freud's.

Altered states of consciousness. Psychologists and psychophysiologists are using the full array of modern scientific technique to study experiences that used to be the province of shamans and mystics. Their discoveries about dreaming, meditation, hypnagogic imagery, poetic inspiration, and the workings of the brain yield information about mechanisms that can be used to create "peak experiences"—and suggest that extraordinary experiences are available to anyone.

"Growth centers" for transpersonal and humanistic psychology. Places such as Esalen Institute, despite their mistaken reputations as encounter-group emporiums, have involved tens of thousands of scientists and "civilians" in exploring the assumption that we can all be much more than we now are.

The general literature that pulls these adventurers together comes from writers such as Arthur Koestler, Theodore Roszak, Andrew Weil, William Irwin Thompson, Charles Reich, and several dozen others. Joyce Carol Oates is, so far, one of the few novelists (besides Kurt Vonnegut, in his own way) to embrace the notion that, as she wrote in *SR of The Arts* last November, "the old boundary of the skin is no boundary at all but a membrane connecting the inner and outer experiences of existence." Of all the overviews, the most inclusive in relating these human changes to larger social questions is *The Transformation* by George Leonard. Here we return to what the movies might make of such a vision.

"I know that moments of vibrant awareness are rare in our culture," Leonard writes, "and that it is difficult to find them in our literature except where associated with long deprivation, tragedy, or the approach of death." That is a neat statement of the money-*cum*-Oscar formula of hundreds of movies: *Deliverance, Cabaret, The Godfather, Lady Sings the Blues, The Poseidon Adventure,* and *Sleuth,* to name a few of this year's leaders. "Yet who among us hasn't experienced at least a few of those rare interludes," he continues, "when we quite escape the puppet strings of social conditioning, when our being seems perfectly synchronized with the rhythm of a larger existence. . . .

"Maybe such moments seem rarer than they really are. . . . One of the more powerful taboo mechanisms is simply not providing a vocabulary for the experience to be tabooed. . . . You are forced into surrogate vocabularies that can be categorized as mystical or nutty, and easily dismissed, leaving you shamed and doubtful that you really had the experience after all. How many contemporary films, plays, or novels can you bring to mind that deal with unadulterated ecstasy? Positive, unconditional joy may, as a matter of fact, turn out to be the real pornography of these transition years—strange, embarrassing, titillating."

A few recent movies—*Sounder* prominent among them—show one path to the joyful vocabulary. *Sounder* is just a story about the love between a boy and his father and mother. Explained like that, it seems pretty corny because of what is left out: a strength that is cinematic—the way Martin Ritt composes his shots, the ways Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and the other actors show their strength to the camera.

I'm not asking for prettied-up plots or propaganda of the old Soviet boy-meets-girl, boy-loves-tractor stripe. I'm talking about bringing to the movies an attitude that says human beings can grow, are not pitiable or despicable, are willing to be inspired by artistic example to new heights of behavior.

Stanley Kauffmann points out elsewhere in this issue that movies don't do the same job as books. They aren't very good at inspiring deep conceptual thinking, but they are good at action. Look back to George Leonard's remarks, and consider that moviemakers have spread a new visual vocabulary around the world in seventy years; zoom shots, close-ups, manipulated lighting, and the like have certainly changed the way we see.

Why not use that raw power to provide a positive vision? Or, if you will, to cash in on a vision that's already abroad? Castaneda's books, for one example, have sold more than one million copies in hard and soft covers. Film technicians routinely make us think that a lovable Volkswagen is flying through the air, or that an ocean liner has flipped keel up. They could use their technology to show human beings performing equally unusual tricks—understanding one another, say, or sharing psychic space. Whether the public just wants fantasies of ESP and enhanced creative powers or whether it really yearns for inspiration, the movies now have before them a rich opportunity to project positive visions of wholeness and growth.

I'll be amazed if they don't seize the chance. I'm not after anything extreme—just some demonstration of a firm belief that humankind is on the way up, not down. JOHN POPPY

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HOLLYWOOD LIVES!

BY PAUL SARGENT CLARK

Resurrected, you might say, by changes not on the movie screen but behind it. Here comes a seventeen-page look at the new prosperity, some foolish moments at Oscar time, the good old days, the loose new ones, and hope for the future.

Hollywood died a couple of years ago, and nearly all the media carried the obituary. Exit the studios: back lots became housing tracts, sound stages were silenced. Exit the star system and the big budgets: even Barbra Streisand and $27 million couldn't save *Hello, Dolly!* (Fox lost about $12 million on the film). Exit the work force: more than half the film performers and technicians went on unemployment. Exit the audience: television and sports upstaged the movies, while pay-TV and cable-TV systems waited in the wings for a chance to drive people out of the theaters forever.

But just when the corpse was about to be buried, a book about the Mafia was turned into the most profitable film in history. In just nine months *The Godfather* pulled in $82 million for Paramount (it was made for $6.2 million). That's more money, albeit inflated, than *Gone With the Wind* has earned in thirty-three years. And later this month *The Godfather* will probably pick up at least six Academy Awards—the industry's way of saying thanks. Movie people have started to speak of catastrophe in the past tense; some refer to the Slump of '71. One movie can't save a whole industry, of course, but it can give a boost to morale and help to create a climate in which the industry can save itself.

In purely economic terms, Hollywood's recovery is still unspectacular, but the signs point in the right direction. In the first quarter of this year there were ninety-three theatrical and TV films rolling in and around Hollywood, compared to sixty-four a year ago, boosting employment by nearly 20 per cent and providing $50 million in paychecks to the local craft unions.

Last month the unions and the studios agreed to a new three-year contract that is expected to stimulate production tremendously. Under it, producers will be allowed to use a basic nine-man crew for theatrical and television films, and the members of one craft union will be allowed to lend a hand to the members of any other. In the past, when a lighting man needed help, a prop man couldn't step in to assist him—the producer had to use another lighting man for the day, even if he was needed only for a few minutes. A Hollywood film crew was often two or three times larger than the picture required. The new flexibility may do more than anything else to spur the boom in Hollywood.

Even the real estate market offers evidence of the film industry's recovery. Two years ago there were bargains to be had in Beverly Hills, Brentwood, and the Hollywood Hills, as actors, writers, directors, and producers unloaded homes to raise ready cash. Maps to movie stars' homes were in some cases distributed by realtors. Today there's a shortage of high-income housing in the same areas—a good indication of affluent times in Hollywood.

The fact remains, however, that people are no longer in the habit of going to the movies every week, and the theaters may never recover the audiences they had twenty-five years ago. Weekly theater attendance reached a peak, possibly as high as 90 million, in 1947, when television was just out of the womb. By 1971 nearly every home in America had at least one TV set and theater attendance had plunged to an estimated 18 million a week. In the past year it has climbed back to around 21 million.

And what are people watching on the tube? Movies. They have become the most popular entertainment on television, accounting for more than half of all prime-time network programming and up to 80 per cent of the airtime on nonaffiliated stations. Universal Studios will turn out more than eighty full-length movies this year, breaking the industry record set by Paramount back in 1927. Less than a third of these films will go to theaters; the rest will be features for TV or feature-length shows like *Columbo*.

What television provides is a substantial and reasonably steady income for the studios. For spectacular profit, though, the high-risk theatrical market still has its allure. Paramount's profit on *The Godfather*, for example, already exceeds its investment by more than 1,000 per cent. So, when a studio acquires a sensational script, chances are that it will gamble on theatrical release

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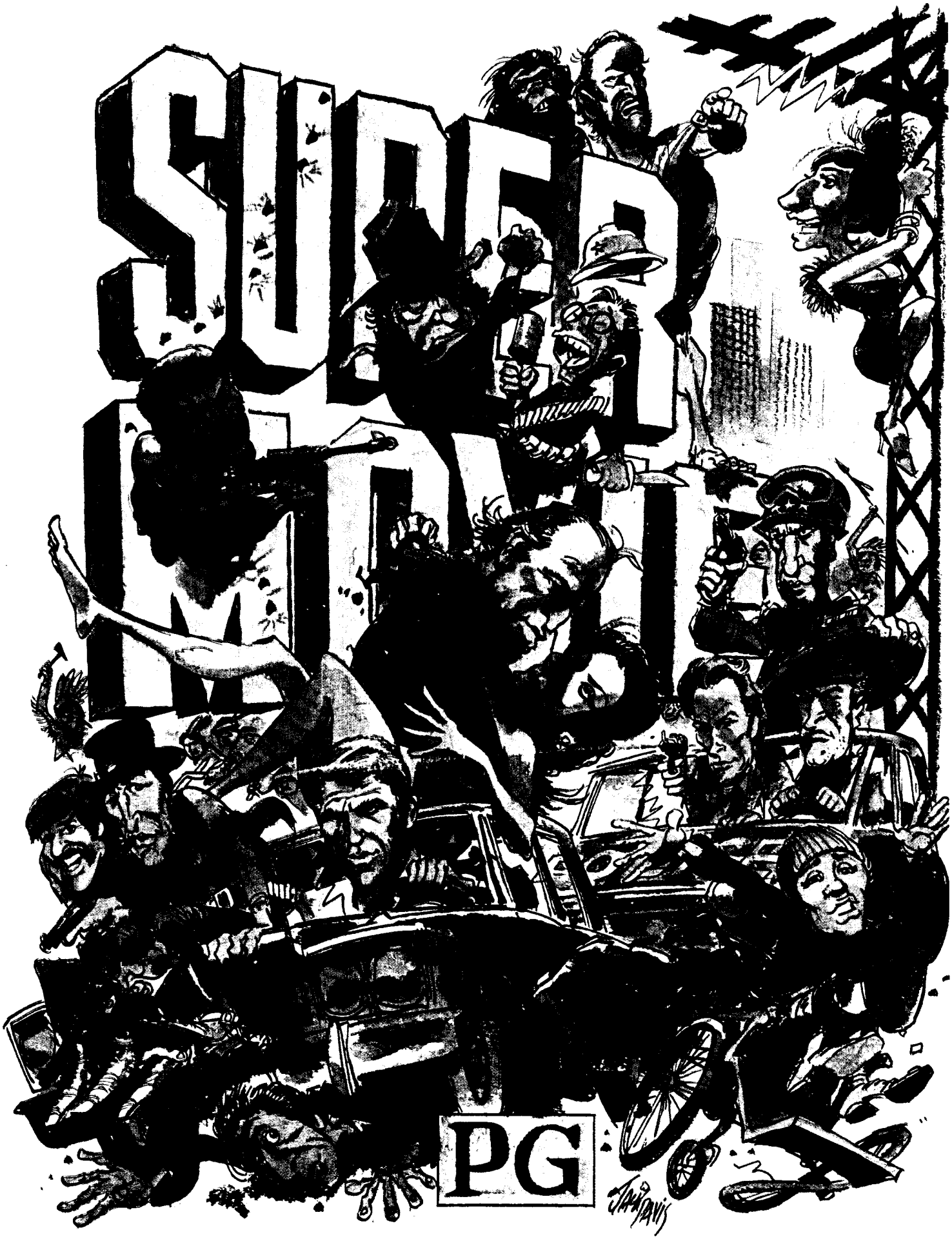

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rather than trying to make a safe sale to television.

The businessmen who make the economic decisions in Hollywood are beginning to realize that people are more inclined to go *out* to the movies if tempted by something superior to the stuff on the tube. Better films are doing better at the box office today. The gap between critical judgment and public taste (epitomized in recent years by such despised but lucrative kitsch as *The Sound of Music* and *Love Story*) has become narrower. Art as well as commerce was served by most of the big hits of 1972: *The Godfather, Cabaret, Fiddler on the Roof,* and *A Clockwork Orange*. The best foreign films (Buñuel's *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie,* Bergman's *Cries and Whispers, Fellini's Roma*) have outperformed most of the domestic potboilers. Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* may achieve something close to *Godfather* status this year: the picture grossed more than $100,000 in New York alone even before it opened.

It's no secret that Hollywood has also come up with some embarrassing new formulas for easy money: gratuitous violence (*Prime Cut, The Valachi Papers*), law and order (*Dirty Harry*), and black exploitation (*Super Fly, Hit Man, Trouble Man, Trick Baby*). But even the cynics concede that it won't be long before audiences will want something different. Already a subtle evolution is taking place in the movies aimed at the black audience—the superspade formula is being superseded by more skillfully made films that convey human emotions with some honesty. *Sounder, Black Girl,* and *Lady Sings the Blues* are examples.

The Godfather, of course, combines class with commercialism more effectively than any film in recent memory. Perhaps it takes some of its character from its producer. A street-educated New Yorker who earned an advanced degree in architecture in California, Albert S. Ruddy is a flamboyant showman when it comes to promoting his pictures, but a prudent penny-watcher when it comes to making them. His popularity with the Paramount brass, he admits, stems largely from his frugality.

The stereotype of a Hollywood producer is a short, fat, gaudy man going on sixty; Ruddy is thin, drab, and thirty-eight. He still lives in the same unimposing two-bedroom house he bought before *The Godfather.* He generally spends twelve hours a day on the ancient Paramount lot in a private office that is comfortable but low-key; nearly all the furnishings are brown. There's a painting by Miró on the wall, flanked by movie posters. Ruddy makes his own coffee and mixes his own drinks in a tiny kitchen behind the office. He wears the same muddy-brown sweater to work every day and puffs away at the same well-worn pipe.

Ruddy insists that there is no such thing as a formula for successful filmmaking, but he is willing to offer some observations on factors that lure people into the theater:

Violence: "You can't say it's a bad thing per se—it all depends on how it's integrated into the story. Violence has always been an element in drama, from Shakespeare to Japanese tragedy. Violence doesn't guarantee success in movies, but it reaches the audience on an emotional level, and that's very important."

Black Films: "They're the safest type of films to do today—every one of them has made a profit. These films have given a whole new lease on life to the downtown theaters. Unfortunately, most black exploitation is so shoddy that the black community is up in arms about it. *The Legend of Nigger Charley* was an artistic embarrassment, but it's made a profit of five or six million dollars."

Westerns: "They're almost always successful. There is a sure audience for a John Wayne or Clint Eastwood Western; they *can't* lose money if they're made on a reasonable budget. Even bad Westerns make more money than bad anything else."

War Movies: "I think a big war movie would do really terrific business today. I wish I had one. Violent films have done well; so it stands to reason that war movies should do even better. One of the projects I'm working on now is really a Western war movie—with a whole regiment of blacks in it."

Gangster Movies: "I wouldn't want to have another Mafia movie coming out in the next six months; it would only get lost. You're going to see ten *Godfathers* and ten *French Connections* coming out before the summer—rip-off after rip-off."

Explicit Sex: "America is basically a puritanical culture, and there's a backlash in this country right now, a general swing toward censorship. The big film companies are getting more timid about sex. I don't think it's fear of the rating system, although some studios flatly refuse to make 'X' films anymore. Still, 'R' films usually do better than 'PG' films, and some kids will go to see an 'R' or 'X' movie just on the strength of the rating."

As the commercial cinema has turned prudish, however, the independent porno producers have begun to thrive. *Deep Throat,* produced for a bare $25,000, has become the *Godfather* of porno, out-grossing (in every sense) all films in its class and taking in millions at the box office. A sequel is already in production. But the porno market remains minuscule compared to the audience for family films; Walt Disney Productions has had the highest percentage of hits and the longest record of rising profit in the business.

If Ruddy is optimistic about the future of the business, he has reason to be; he has already taken home some $4 million from *The Godfather,* and that's only the beginning.

But money isn't rolling in all over town. Every three months or so the rumor of MGM's imminent demise makes the rounds; still, the studio survives. The MGM complex, or what's left of it, is located in Culver City, a bleak little community miles from the heart of Hollywood. Lot No. 3 has already been converted into tract houses and apartments. The 39.2 acres of Lot No. 2 are going the same way, and the studio is negotiating the sale of its Lot No. 1. One recent picture shot there is *Soylent Green,* a sci-fi film set in the year 2022, when technology has broken down and urban civilization has collapsed. The producer says he found

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Artist Jack Davis has come up with his concept of a Super Movie guaranteed to head Variety*'s list of the 50 Top Grossers. How can we argue? No element for success is lacking here—except, perhaps, for a troop of black cavalry. We have Steve McQueen and Gene Hackman doing what they do best—wrecking cars—and Clint Eastwood doing what he does best—killing (for a few dollars more). By way of a violent light touch, Robert Redford and Paul Newman perch on the hood of McQueen's getaway car—which is running over everyone's favorite victims, Dustin Hoffman and Ali MacGraw. Added attractions: George C. Scott and John Wayne (to uphold patriotic values); Jim Brown (for Blaxploitation purposes); Charlton Heston (let's not forget religion) with friend (you gotta have animals); Barbra Streisand (to sing the theme song, "Money"); and, last but not least, the tangoing Godfather himself, Marlon Brando, doing what comes naturally. PG.*

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Marty Rackin, head of the Faberge Hollywood operation, thinks this is a great time to get into the movie business. "I'm so tired of people hanging crepe in this town," he says, "I could throw up."

precisely the atmosphere he was looking for on the back lot.

There is a widespread feeling within the industry that the management of MGM has lost interest in movies. Kirk Kerkorian, the billionaire who owns most of the studio's stock, wants to stick MGM's famous lion logo on hotels, cruise ships, and other leisure-time items—anything, it would seem, except full-scale feature films.

It took me nearly six weeks of constant calling to find an MGM executive who was willing to talk about movies; even the publicity department seemed to be dodging the press. I finally reached Daniel Melnick, vice-president in charge of production. Melnick couldn't say how many films MGM will be making this year, but he didn't think they would include any big-budget pictures. "Only in very rare cases would we spend more than three million dollars," he said. "By keeping the spending down, we have a regulated downside risk."

Melnick has more than a touch of what used to be called the Kennedy style. A tall, slender man in his early forties who dresses impeccably and flashes a broad grin, he joined the studio just over a year ago after nine years as a partner in Talent Associates, where he produced the highly successful *Straw Dogs*. He is currently working without a contract, like all the top executives of MGM, but he doesn't seem the least bit worried about his future.

The new Grand Hotel in Las Vegas, according to Melnick, will be a tremendous money-maker. TV production at MGM is expanding, too. In the coming year the company will also turn out a substantial number of potboilers (including the inevitable sequels to *Shaft* and quasi-sequels to *Skyjacked*) and pick up a few black exploitation films from independent producers. But MGM has scuttled Franklin Shaffner's plans to make *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and may never get around to letting Stanley Kubrick film his long-delayed *Napoleon*; production estimates for both films have apparently been higher than MGM cares to venture. MGM will probably continue to be big in the movie business as long as it maintains its distribution facilities, but the watchword in Culver City today is austerity —"regulated downside risk."

Studios no longer need acres and acres of production space. Columbia and Warner Bros. recently merged their studio facilities, but both companies have increased their output of films. Paramount's lot is devoid of feature filming right now, yet production is at a high rate. "The whole world's a sound stage today," Al Ruddy points out. With the new lightweight, portable equipment, and compact filming vehicles, such as Cinemobiles, it's cheaper to shoot on location—and you get a much more authentic look.

The newer independent production companies maintain no studio facilities of their own; they simply find locations or rent studio space as their needs dictate. The number of independents is growing rapidly. Although major studios put up the money for a great many of these productions, there are some surprising new sources of capital available to filmmakers. Mattel Toys and Quaker Oats have entered the movie business; so has the *Reader's Digest*, which is producing musical versions of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. *Playboy* now has an active feature-film division, and within the next few months *Penthouse* will follow suit. *Screw*, the New York sex tabloid, has penetrated the film market with *It Happened in Hollywood*, a hard-core comedy that has done astonishingly well in New York.

The Fabergé cosmetics empire owns one of these new filmmaking subsidiaries Brut Productions. Its Hollywood operations are run by Marty Rackin, who maintains that the new companies have chosen an opportune moment to get into the movie business. "Somebody tells me Hollywood's dead, I tell him he's full of shit," he says. "I'm so tired of people hanging crepe in this town I could throw up."

Rackin talks like a man who was raised by Damon Runyon; as a matter of fact, Runyon was his godfather. Rackin has been in the movie business for thirty-two of his fifty-odd years, five of them as head of production for Paramount.

"Those major studios have got to grind out a lot of crappy little pictures every year to keep the distribution going," Rackin asserts, "to support all those branch offices and film salesmen. Our overhead's really minimal. We have the luxury of being able to finish a picture with all our own money and then show the final cut to the distributors—that's bargaining power. With no distribution facilities to support, we're not forced to make pictures we don't believe in."

Rackin speaks with boundless enthusiasm about the great days to come: "There are fantastic new markets for films—cable TV, subscription programs, cassettes," he notes. The new markets he talks about constitute the biggest uncertainty in Hollywood's future. A few years ago the mere mention of pay TV was enough to cause panic in the industry; since then, most of the major studios have started divisions to chase the pay-TV market.

Already in some hotels and hospitals you can pay to see new movies on cassettes or through closed-circuit TV systems. The biggest pay-TV market for movies, however, will be found in private homes and apartment buildings. Seven million Americans now subscribe to cable TV, and the figure is expected to rise to ten million by the end of next year. Some cable systems have a potential load capacity of 500 channels and permit the viewer to transmit as well as receive. The viewer may subscribe to a dial-a-movie system that gives him access to a film library containing thousands of titles. He will pick out the movie he wants, and even choose the time he will see it.

Pay TV still has some powerful enemies, including the theater owners, who fear any advance in home entertainment, and the three big networks, which resist any effort to diversify the sources of entertainment. But some big conglomerates are putting money behind pay TV, and the Federal Communications Commission is encouraging it.

It's unlikely, however, that pay TV will put the neighborhood movie theater out of business: people will always look for an excuse to get out of the house. What pay TV may do is to force theaters to change for the better. Eventually the competition may lead to such innovations in theaters as multiple projectors, 360-degree screens, and holograms.

Theaters will also take advantage of the new electronic technology. Imagine domestic satellites delivering movies by microwave to hundreds of theaters simultaneously, eliminating the need for multiple prints and those heavy film cans, and lowering the cost of distribution in the process. At the very least, pay TV will prompt theaters to replace tattered screens, improve antiquated sound systems, and clean those filthy floors and seats more often. None of that will do Hollywood any harm.

"Hollywood's on the verge of the biggest money-making splurge in history," Marty Rackin concludes. "Owning three good negatives right now is better than owning six slot machines in Vegas. If I owned *Public Enemy*, *Little Caesar*, and *Casablanca*, I could retire tomorrow—and I'd be rich forever." □

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THE OSCAR'S CURSE

March 27 is Academy Awards night, and the cameras are poised once again to record the tears of the winners and the smiles of the losers. Ponder this, dear viewer: Is the Oscar in fact a superfluous plum, even a jinx?

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

Let's face it. The Oscar isn't exactly the most reputable award in the world. The Nobel Prize committee may have made a mistake when it overlooked Leo Tolstoi to give its first literary prize to Sully Prudhomme—but no award has been so often withheld from the right people or bestowed on the wrong ones (or the right ones for the wrong reasons at the wrong time) as the Oscar. Now it is Academy Awards time again, and there is little cause to believe that this year anything will have changed.

The industry that was to mush through *The Sound of Music* (1965) and click its heels to *Patton* (1970) managed in 1935 to honor the first great American film director, David Wark Griffith ("for his distinguished creative achievements"), only after he had been wandering around unemployed for five years. Of course, the Oscar had to go to Elizabeth Taylor (*Butterfield 8*, 1960) for her tracheotomy and to "Duke" Wayne (*True Grit*, 1969) for his thirty-eight years on the range, his recovery from cancer, and his hawkish patriotism. How could Hollywood fail to bless Julie Andrews's determination to succeed after Jack Warner had refused her the lead in *My Fair Lady*? So it awarded her the Oscar for *Mary Poppins* made in the same year, 1964.

One of the main culprits is the method of voting used by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The nomination system is fine: actors nominate actors, directors nominate directors, and so on. But the final choice of winners is determined by the entire 3,700 members of the academy, and that is the trouble. Two years ago the academy's board of directors switched to non-voting status a large number of card-carrying elders who hadn't made a contribution since they last penned silent screen titles. Although the academy has modernized its admission policies, nepotistic craft unions (stage hands, film editors, etc.) resist new blood, and a suspicion lingers that the organization remains a refuge for older moviemakers and for studio hacks. No matter how carefully the academy monitors its membership, honest appraisals of nominees are probably impossible as long as the industry makes Oscar synonymous with money and acclaim.

"I'm sorry to say that politics and pressure groups—the studios with the greatest payrolls—control the votes," says Anthony Quinn, two-time winner of the Best Supporting Actor award (*Viva Zapata*, 1952; *Lust for Life*, 1956). "Some studios have used muscle to obtain academy cards for people who shouldn't be voting. If a company loads fifteen million dollars into a picture, its workers are going to vote for that picture since it keeps the studio going and perpetuates their jobs."

If the prejudices of the ancients and the interests of the studios continue to reign, the likes of *M*A*S*H**, *A Clockwork Orange*, *The Damned*, *If . . .*, or *Last Tango in Paris* will certainly never win Best Film. Older academy members seem to have decided to ignore eroticism, experimentalism, and irreverence. It's hard to conjure up the image of innovative directors like Joseph Losey, Lindsay Anderson, and Stanley Kubrick wringing their hands as Raquel Welch rips open the envelope.

A remark that Columbia's titan Harry Cohn made in the early 1930s to the young director Frank Capra seems to grow in irony with the years. Capra, who had just made the film *American Madness*, expressed hopes of winning an award. "Forget it," Cohn rasped. "You ain't got a Chinaman's chance. They only vote for that arty junk."

Dissatisfaction with the whole notion of competition can be heard rumbling through the film colony, not just in the whines or bitchery of losers, but also in the thoughtful consideration of former winners and people anxious to renew the prestige of the academy. Humphrey Bogart (*The African Queen*, 1951) supposedly said that the only way to choose the "best" actor would be to throw all the nominees on stage and let them play the same part. "Honoring five people with nominations is enough," Quinn remarks. "We should stop there. I personally don't like narrowing it down. Although I won twice, I lost three times, and to sit there as the award is given to another actor hurts your ego. Suddenly everyone forgets you were one of the nominees. I felt sorry for the other guys when I won—I really would have been delighted to share my award with them."

Jack Lemmon, whose Ensign Pulver in *Mr. Roberts* won him the 1955 award as Best Supporting Actor, has also sat through three ceremonies as a losing nominee (for *Some Like It Hot*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, and *The Apartment*). He shares Quinn's feeling. "It's like watching a train wreck. Reporters run up to you afterwards asking, 'How do you feel about losing, Jack?' Or you wonder while they're calling out, 'And the winner—COCKEYED HYMIE!' how many cameras are going to cut right to you for a reaction?" The blame doesn't fall on the academy's shoulders alone. We who applaud the crowning of our film royalty also savor watching

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Marjorie Rosen is working on a book about women in film that will be published this fall by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. She has been to one Academy Awards ceremony but refuses to say whether it will be her last.

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them crumble before our very eyes.

But Oscar—who costs $75 to manufacture, can be resold to the academy for $10, and bears a registration number in case executives want duplicates or Bel Air fires and floods wash him away—was originally conceived as a tasteful award for genuine artistic achievement. This gold-plated statuette, composed of 92 per cent tin, 7 per cent antimony, and 1 per cent zinc, was dreamed up by Louis B. Mayer of MGM and designed by the studio's art director, Cedric Gibbons.

The original function of the academy was not simply to present annual awards; it was meant to act as mediator of disputes within the industry. Accordingly, the first awards, in 1929, were given with stylish simplicity at a banquet for 250 people. The winners, Emil Jannings, Janet Gaynor, and *Wings*, were chosen, not by the whole membership, but by a committee. Interest ran so high that the following year the ceremonies were carried by a Los Angeles radio station—and they have been on public air waves every year since.

At the second awards dinner sentiment and profits had found their way into the ceremonies as Mary Pickford took the Best Actress Award for *Coquette*, her first talkie. Neither audiences nor critics were exactly rhapsodic about the film or her performance. The

"....the little gold-washed statuette was thought by skeptics and art lovers a bit on the amateurish side. Still, I saw it as a perfect symbol of the picture business; a powerful, athletic body clutching a gleaming sword, with half of his head, that part which held his brains, completely sliced off."—From Frances Marion's Off With Their Heads!

Reddest Face: **Halfway to podium, Frank Capra realized that emcee's "Come on and get it, Frank" was meant for Director Frank Lloyd (1932).**
Always a Bridesmaid: **Paired from the top are eight multiple nominees who are still empty-handed: Greta Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck (four times each); Charles Boyer (4) and Irene Dunne (5); Rosalind Russell (4) and Deborah Kerr (6); Richard Burton (6) and Paul Newman (4).**
Most Memorable Outfit: **Streisand picks up her Funny Girl Oscar (1968) in a sheer black Scaasi pantsuit with crotch seam.**
Ingrate Award: **1970's Best A George C. (Patton) Sc has twice refused nominations.**
Remembrance of Things Past: **In 1934 a transcontinental express waited while Claudette Colbert got Best Actress Award for It Happened One Night.**
Aw, Shucks, Pa Dept.: **Walter (Best Supporting Actor) and John (Director) Huston are the only father-son winners -for The Treasure of Sierra Madre (19**

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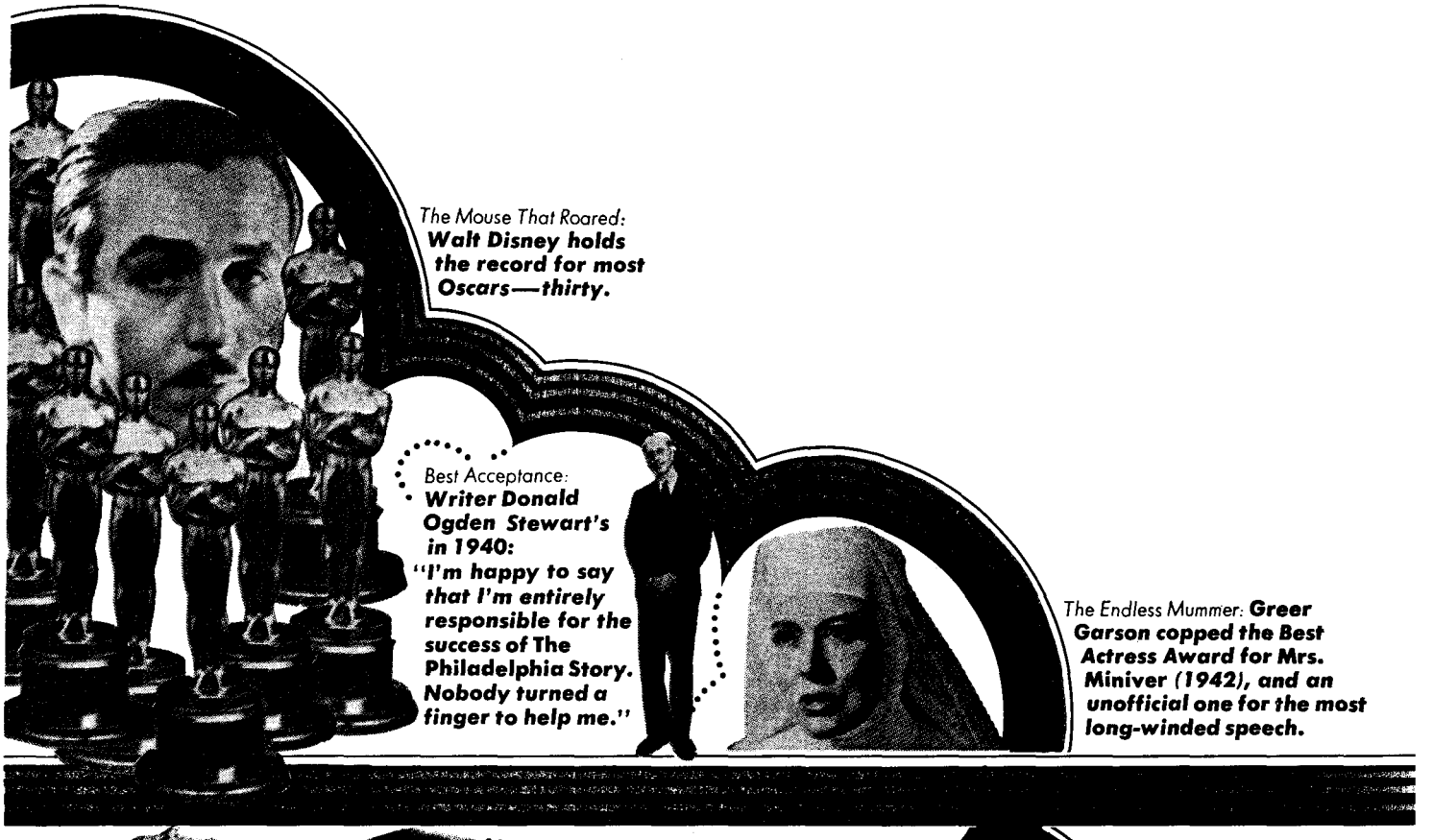
New York Times noted that, while Little Mary acted with competence, her Southern diction sounded forced and she appeared too mature for her role (she was thirty-six). Nevertheless, the industry paid homage to its first real star. Mary's talent, stature, and box-office appeal had rivaled Chaplin's for almost two decades, and at the time of *Coquette* her celebrity was beginning to wane.

In 1933 a showdown in the film industry revealed the self-protective motives of the potentates who had invented the Oscar. The academy had managed to discourage a Screen Writers Guild and other craft unions. The Depression forced a "bank holiday" on the country, and the studios, in a sweepingly empty gesture at economy, asked employees to cut salaries in half. Stage hands, who were the only unionized group, walked out. The ensuing deadlock closed the studios, and while the academy's suggestions for a sliding scale of pay cuts ultimately were adopted, it lost most of its power. The Screen Writers Guild and the Screen Actors Guild were formed soon after. That left the Oscar the academy's chief reason for being.

It still is, even though the academy uses the $1 million that it gets for the telecast of the ceremonies and its dues of $48 per member per annum to support an elaborate film library, awards



The Mouse That Roared: ***Walt Disney holds the record for most Oscars—thirty.***

Best Acceptance: ***Writer Donald Ogden Stewart's in 1940: "I'm happy to say that I'm entirely responsible for the success of The Philadelphia Story. Nobody turned a finger to help me."***

The Endless Mummer: ***Greer Garson copped the Best Actress Award for Mrs. Miniver (1942), and an unofficial one for the most long-winded speech.***

Red Menace: ***No one claimed film-writing Oscar in 1956: winner "Robert Rich" was blacklistee Dalton Trumbo.***

Yumio Kobayashi

Sibling Rivalry: ***Joan Fontaine and Olivia deHavilland are the only sisterly victors. But when both were up for an Oscar in 1941 and Joan won, Olivia fumed. She got hers in 1946 and promptly snubbed Joan.***

Who Asked Him? ***In 1962 gate-crasher Stanley Berman gave emcee Bob Hope a fake Oscar.***

Speak for Yourself, Oscar: ***Three people—Jane Wyman (1948), Patti Duke (1962), and John Mills (1970)—have won for portraying deaf-mutes.***

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Consider Rita Moreno, who worked steadily until she collected a statue for Best Supporting Actress in West Side Story, *and then didn't make a movie for seven years.*

and grants for scientific and technical achievements in film, and working internships for gifted students.

Considering the ever-mounting hoopla surrounding the ritual of Oscar-giving, the number of forgotten, mismanaged, or unlucky recipients of the award is staggering. Some have suggested that to embrace Oscar is to receive the kiss of death, although winners will categorically deny it. But consider Rita Moreno, who worked steadily until *West Side Story*, collected her statue for Best Supporting Actress in 1961, and then didn't make a movie for seven years. "It really was my fault in a way," she says, "because I vowed after I won that I wouldn't play any more spitfires. I was offered a few of those roles but turned them all down."

For George Chakiris, who won an Oscar for Best Supporting Actor in the same movie, the award also seemed a curse. He has not made a film in the past four and a half years.

Supporting winners, such as James Dunn (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, 1944), Miyoshi Umeki (*Sayonara*, 1957), Lila Kedrova (*Zorba the Greek*, 1964), and Katina Paxinou (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*, 1943), faded from the screen shortly after their victories. Explanations for such failures vary, from personal problems and difficulty in casting ethnic or racial types to outpricing of talent after winning an Oscar. Estelle Parsons, honored by the academy for her work in *Bonnie and Clyde*, told me, "If you want to be Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star, the time when you receive your Oscar is crucial. People want to capitalize on you, and you don't always get to choose your next step in building a career."

Even established, top-flight actors find that the Oscar does not protect them from career vagaries. Louise Rainer, the only star to be honored two years in a row, told an interviewer in 1939: "Those two Academy Awards I got were bad for me. They gave them to me for *The Great Ziegfeld* [1936] and *The Good Earth* [1937]. Then, God help me, I did one bad piece. I was treated as if I had never done anything good in my life." Eventually Miss Rainer returned to her native Austria, and there was nary a flinch from the industry over losing her.

The career of Olivia deHavilland, another two-time winner (*To Each His Own*, 1946; *The Heiress*, 1949) also plummeted unexpectedly after her second award. Although she had to her credit an extraordinary number of powerful films and at thirty-three was at the height of her beauty and talent, deHavilland's post-award films were few, far between, and not nearly of the quality she deserved. In 1958 columnist Dorothy Kilgallen commented, in nasty elegiac fashion: "Those who recall Olivia deHavilland as a triumphant Academy Award winner can't picture her as down on her luck or needing an incongruous buck; nevertheless, she signed on to be guide and hostess for the tourists on Betty Murray's Showplace Tour . . . in Paris."

Marlon Brando's talents and movie-star charisma have always remained indisputable. But after the little statue was his, Brando's fortunes vacillated like a seismograph needle. The string of classics he made before his 1954 *On the Waterfront* Oscar seemed to indicate that he could do no wrong. But later, compelling performances were obliterated by the indifferent or the dreadful. *The Godfather*, his first well-received film in over fifteen years, and now *Last Tango in Paris* seem to be reversing his precarious recent history.

One misconception about the Oscar is that the award can make a star of a leading man or woman. It merely makes an Oscar winner. In the long run the public and the winner's own personality or "image" will determine his or her future.

Helen Hayes won for *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, in 1932, but she did not fulfill the public's—or the producer's—ideal of a star's image. Louis B. Mayer offered to outfit her in a sheer white gown, a replica of the one Norma Shearer had worn in *A Free Soul*, in order to test her sex appeal. Miss Hayes declined, and while Mayer conceded that he'd just have to keep her busy acting, so few scripts called for that simple ingredient that she happily returned to the stage. (When she made a rare screen appearance in the 1969 film *Airport*, she managed to collect a second, sentimental trophy for her performance.)

Rod Steiger is another fine character actor who seems to have let the Oscar go to his head—who tried, and failed, to become a star after winning it. His pre-Oscar films included *On the Waterfront*, *The Mark*, *The Loved One*, and *The Pawnbroker*, all highly successful. But since his victory for *In the Heat of the Night* in 1967 he has been plagued by inadequate material. His most recent assignment, a secondary role in a European film, was a "favor" for a director friend. As he has commented about his recent fight to sustain his reputation, "I never figured I'd have to come out for the sixteenth round."

Being on the top rung creates complex demands. "Success breeds unemployment," Jack Lemmon points out. "The more successful you are, the less you can do, because you try to maintain standards. You wind up with one or two performances a year, reading tons of scripts, and hoping like hell to find one that'll stretch you or scare you."

Yet, even if the award is a superfluous plum or possible jinx, the unsurprising truth is that more actors would rather get one than not. In his autobiography, *The Name Above the Title*, Frank Capra talks candidly about his quest for the holy grail. Nominated for *Lady for a Day* (1933), he cockily attended the banquet and was halfway to the podium when he realized, mortified, that the emcee's "Come on up and get it, Frank," was directed to Frank Lloyd, the director of *Cavalcade*.

Three years ago Richard and Elizabeth Burton arrived in Hollywood during balloting month, circulated graciously, and made rare appearances on *The David Frost Show* and *Sixty Minutes*. Some saw this as a publicity campaign to help *Anne of a Thousand Days* reverse Burton's fortunes as a six-time nominee and loser. That year, however, the Oscar went to *Patton* and to George C. Scott—who didn't want the award in the first place.

Unlucky rather than undeserving, Burton keeps good company with Deborah Kerr (six nominations), Peter O'Toole (four), Irene Dunne (five), and Paul Newman (four), among others. In a *Playboy* interview not long ago Newman speculated blithely: "You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to win sixty-nine nominations—I think that's an interesting number—and at the age of ninety crawl on my hands and knees, ridden with arthritis, to pick up the Oscar. That would be kind of stylish."

And yet, on that one night each year, how many unknown Horatio Algers among the 100 million or more TV viewers, how many incipient Lizas or Sophias indulge their own private fantasies? I do . . . *I'm standing alongside Bob Hope in my cerulean-blue starlet chiffon, and slowly, with one opalescent tear running down my cheek, I thank my mother, my father, and my fifth-grade violin teacher who inquired aloud one morning when I was absent: "Where is that fat little girl?"*

I never went back—and because of him I'm here today . . . . □

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TRUFFAUT ON BOGART

The French director sketches the man whom the movies made "the best in everything."

BY FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT

At the end of *The Harder They Fall*, the last movie that Humphrey Bogart made, we see him in front of his typewriter as he sets out to write his confession. But rather than remember him in this final role, in which he was weakly directed by Mark Robson, I prefer to remember him as the film director in *The Barefoot Contessa*. There he is, standing in the rain at Ava Gardner's funeral, in a trench coat, and before leaving the cemetery he says: "It'll be sunny tomorrow. We'll be able to work."

It always amused Humphrey Bogart to say that he was born on Christmas Day in a year when every day was Christmas: 1900. (In fact, he was born in 1889.) Humphrey was his mother's maiden name. A bad student, a bad sailor, a bad husband, he had to wait for the movies to make him the best in everything.

The first time Bogart was mentioned in a newspaper, in a review of a play in which he had a minor part, the critic called him "inadequate." That word left Bogart petrified. It was fifteen years and many parts later that Leslie Howard helped to get him into the cast of *The Petrified Forest*, first on the stage, then on the screen. There followed about thirty thrillers with Bogart filling unsavory supporting roles as a foil to the stars: Victor McLaglen, Spencer Tracy, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, George Raft, and even Paul Muni. Hollywood tradition demands that an actor who becomes

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'He was the man with the gun that has only one bullet left; the man with the fedora who changes its shape according to whether he wants to express anger or joy."

famous playing gangsters climbs up in the hierarchy by changing sides; the killer becomes a cop and makes ten times the money.

From 1936 to 1940 Humphrey Bogart slept his way through films that would have put any actor to sleep. On January 1, 1941, his big break came along and he grabbed it—and his co-star, Ida Lupino—with open arms and eager lips. The movie was *High Sierra,* one of Raoul Walsh's best, based on a screenplay by John Huston. It was a part that had been turned down by James Cagney, among others.

Not long afterward John Huston was about to shoot his first film, *The Maltese Falcon.* To play Sam Spade, Hammett's beautiful character, Huston immediately thought of George Raft, who declined. Bogart agreed to go looking for the false falcon—the real one, if it exists, flies still. The bad guy is now a private eye, but if you didn't see his I.D. you wouldn't know it. He has been through the mill, and here's what it has got him: in fewer than forty pictures he has been put to death a dozen times in the electric chair and has piled up more than 800 years of time. Once only his gun talked; now he does, and what does he say? Ladies, I'm five-ten and weigh a hundred and seventy. My hair's brown, and so are my peepers. My first marriage lasted a year and a half (too long) and my second one eight years (too long), and I won't get trapped till the next time around.

Walking and talking, talking and walking, that's his new job. When he crosses the street, his hand runs over everything in reach; so a fire plug, a railing, the top of a kid's head all become so many touchstones along the way. Bogart adjusts marvelously to life, glues himself to it. Then he invents his character, learning to pull nervously at his ear to express astonishment. You think he is shining his fingernails on the lining of his jacket? Look carefully, watch his arm come at you and put a fist right smack in your kisser. "Take this message to your boss." Didn't I tell you that with him you've got to keep your distance?

The finest screenwriters tailor-made their best screenplays and dialogues for him, so it's possible to speak of Humphrey Bogart's "written work." "What'd be perfect is a broad who could shrink down to six inches, just pocket size." Or: "My, my, such a lot of guns around town and so few brains."

Were you there when he died in *The Big Shot*? He wants to turn himself in, but he's got to shake off the motorcycle cops first. He wins this paradoxical race but dies as he utters the words clearing the young boy who hadn't done anything wrong. "Get married, have kids, just like in the stories," he tells the boy. When someone offers him a cigarette: "So you're still smoking that same junk?"

But Bogart played more serious roles with no less action in them. There's the incorruptible reporter in *Deadline U.S.A.*, which Richard Brooks shot, as realistically as any Italian director, in the offices of the New York *Daily News* with the linotypists as extras. No frills and no music in this film, just the noise of rotary presses, telephones, and typewriters. Another Richard Brooks picture, *Battle Circus,* among the most underrated movies ever, gave Bogart one of his most beautiful parts: an army medic in Korea who would like to love June Allyson without being dragged to the altar.

Then one day Mrs. Howard Hawks, the wife of the most intelligent American director, spotted a beautiful, dreamy-eyed girl on the cover of a magazine. She was the future Mrs. Bogart, "The Look," Lauren Bacall. While she and Bogart made believe in *To Have and Have Not,* their love awoke and they decided to sleep together for life. Don Juan was done in by a glance. If *To Have and Have Not* is his love-at-first-sight movie, then *The Big Sleep* is the movie of his marriage and his panoply: hat, pistol, cigarette, and telephone, now enriched by an accessory called Betty. They got married at Louis Bromfield's farm in Ohio and bought a ranch in Benedict Canyon, still reeking with the perfume of a previous occupant, Hedy Lamarr. Ranch life: "Every egg costs me two-fifty," says Bogart, who becomes Boggy, then Bogey. Their servants took care of worldly needs while Lauren (alias Betty) saw to the spiritual ones. Their yacht was named the *Santana.* Soon Bogart established a production company with the same name, where Nicholas Ray tried out his mastery with *Knock on Any Door* and *In a Lonely Place.* It was Nicholas Ray who permanently made Bogart into something larger and better than an actor: an eloquent hero, a character whose description I'll try to give you.

A five-o'clock shadow, eyebrows tilted toward his temples, eyelids half-shut, one hand thrust forward, ready to acquit or indict, Humphrey Bogart strides from film to film surveying the length and breadth of life's great tribunal, his movements punctuated by Max Steiner's harmonies. He stops, spreads his legs slightly, unbuttons his jacket, slips his thumbs under his belt, and starts to talk. The beginning of every sentence reveals a random set of teeth. His jerky way of speaking favors the vowel *A* and the consonant *K.* We know what heights the word "racket" attains when he pronounces it. His clenched jaw is like the grin of a cheerful corpse, the last expression of a man about to die smiling.

Yes, that was it, the smile of death, and a few weeks before he died, weighing forty pounds less, he sneered: "I won't go outside because I might get blown away, but as soon as I've gained some weight I'll shoot a picture with John." He meant John Huston.

The things Bogart did, he did better than the others. He could act longer than anyone else without saying a word, and he could threaten like no one else. When he sweated, you could wring it out of his shirts.

Humphrey Bogart was tough, and he looked it. The sweat of hard work with John Huston, the purposeful violence of Nicholas Ray, the cold and lucid intelligence of Howard Hawks all suited him. In *The Caine Mutiny,* one of his last films, this fascinating face was lifted to the sublime. In the part of a hard-boiled captain, Bogey appeared as he really was, for in the early Technicolor productions actors weren't made up. Seen for the first time on his upper lip was the scar put there long before, when he was in the navy, by a splinter in an accident on deck.

Humphrey Bogart was a modern hero. Period films, such as historical or pirate dramas, hardly suited him. He was the man with the gun that has only one bullet left; the man in the fedora who changes its shape with his fingertips according to whether he wants to express anger or joy; the man at the radio transmitter: "Calling all cars, calling all cars. . . ."

If Bogart's appearance was modern, his spirit was classical. He was closer to the Duc de Nemours in *La Princesse de Clèves* than to Georges Simenon's Inspector Maigret, and he knew that causes are less precious than the beauty of the gestures that serve them, and that any act is pure that does not shrink from its logical conclusions. □

Francois Truffaut's newest film is entitled La Nuit Américaine (Day for Night). *A collection of his autobiographical screenplays,* The Adventures of Antoine Doinel, *appeared last year.*

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And Now for Our First Exclusive!

HOLLYWOOD SINCE LOUELLA

BY A. J. LANGGUTH

I can count on the fingers of one fist the number of times I have wished that Hedda Hopper were still writing her column from Hollywood. But I did regret that she couldn't have come along on a recent Sunday morning as I paid a visit to David Carradine and Barbara Seagull at their home in Laurel Canyon in Los Angeles.

It was eleven o'clock, but David wasn't out of bed yet. More accurately, had there been a bed, he wouldn't have been out of it. He and Miss Seagull sleep on mats on the floor of their tiny, cluttered house.

Barbara was up, though, feeding her four-month-old son at the breast. Naked under a quilt, David yawned and stretched and finally hopped up and pulled on trousers.

I remember thinking that Louella Parsons probably could have carried it off. Being around Marion Davies and the Chief must have developed considerable aplomb in her. But what, I wondered, would have been Miss Hopper's point of attack:

That, come May, Carradine and Seagull will have been living together for five years in what used to be called, with a straight face, sin?

That their union has produced a child, who has the strange, faintly subversive name of Free?

That, speaking of names, after an agent went to considerable trouble to christen the former Miss Hertzstein with the suitably sweet name of Hershey, the ungrateful girl should now take to calling herself Seagull?

That the couple has posed naked together in *Playboy* in positions that would do no discredit to the director's hand of Bernardo Bertolucci?

That—and I confess to raising my eyebrows over this one myself—although Carradine stars in a TV series called *Kung Fu*, the couple does not have a television set?

The New Hollywood. It's probably a blessing that the twin queens of filmland gossip, the ladies who proclaimed Ingrid Bergman's shame to the world, have been spared the radiant motherhood of Miss Seagull and her spinster sisters—Vanessa Redgrave, Catherine Deneuve, Claudia Cardinale, Joanna Shimkus, Patty Duke, and Juliet Prowse, to name a few.

Hedda and Louella have been spared, too, those unpaid testimonials to various hallucinogens ("Pot is really terrific"—Jon Voight; "Peyote is incredible"—Barbara Seagull). Not that in her day Louella was entirely unbending. At the time of Robert Mitchum's 1948 marijuana bust she wrote, "He could still be cured, providing he wanted to be."

The historic parties, the nights on the town—gone, along with such venerable meeting places as Ciro's and Romanoff's. In its fifty-second year the Cocoanut Grove limps along, but with no hope of another milestone night like the one on which Jack Benny took Mary Livingston there to propose marriage. That was the age when Louis B. Mayer forbade June Allyson to be photographed holding a glass of water, lest the nation's teetotalers think it was vodka. It was also a time of obligatory opulence, revived now only in those moments when Pasquale DiFabrizio, shoemaker to the stars, comes forward to announce that he has made another forty pairs for Dean Martin, some of them black-velvet-satin-trimmed, with DINO spelled out in 18-karat gold across the toe.

Michael Douglas, son of Kirk, saw some of the glamour years in Hollywood; his father's second wife, Anne, is one of the town's most social women. But Michael, now a star in the TV series *The Streets of San Francisco*, rarely goes out.

"You look around the average big dinner party, and you know that everybody's there for a reason," Michael says, scornfully. "It's an evening that has more to do with business than with friendship. When Brenda and I have people over, it's because we want to be with them." Brenda Vaccaro has been with Douglas four years, most recently in a handsome house two canyons over and a hundred thousand dollars up from Carradine's and Seagull's.

Explaining why he and Brenda have not married, Michael speaks perhaps as bluntly as any of the new breed: "Before this house I bought another one, but I found out that someone had falsified the statement that guarantees the house to be free of termites. The house was unlivable, and for the first time in my life I've had to enter into litigation. Going to court has reminded me how strong and binding a marriage contract is."

Both Carradine and Douglas, as television regulars, are exposed to old-fashioned sniping about their personal lives. Carradine's publicity office at *Kung Fu* does its best to ignore Barbara, and Michael Douglas suspects from reading his mail that any prudish fans he might have know only that he and Miss Vaccaro are keeping company.

Apparently nothing restrains the pop musicians who are such a big part of the New Hollywood. The average musician's publicist might be disappointed if his star got into so traditional a coupling as Seagull's and Carradine's. When Mama Cass Elliot announced

A. J. Langguth, a former Vietnam correspondent, has written two novels. He freelances from a base in Los Angeles.

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In the new Hollywood an actor can beget children, snort or ingest on his own time, and not have to answer to a Harry Cohn or a Jack Warner.

seven years ago that she was pregnant, unmarried, and proud, she knew her friends and professional acquaintances would rejoice with her. As for taking dope, even today an actor has less license to get high during working hours than does a musician, who often records during the placid midnight hours at studios where the air is ever sweet. It's doubtful that the eccentric behavior that apparently got Elliott Gould dropped from the cast of *Glimpse of Tiger* would have brought a recording session to a halt.

In fact, the argument could be made that in Hollywood, 1973, the true royalty are the musicians. The singers and other pop stars generally make more money, exert more influence on the styles and mood of the country, and exercise greater artistic control than the young actors do. Lou Adler, an early and prosperous independent record producer, thinks the balance has already shifted. "When James Taylor married Carly Simon," he insists, "that was as good as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

Still, in the New Hollywood even an actor can beget children, snort or ingest on his own time, and not have to answer to a Harry Cohn or a Jack Warner. And when a star has truly arrived, he enjoys the greatest freedom of all: he can get out of the New Hollywood altogether.

Kim Novak did it, but that was years ago, and in exchange for the beauties of Big Sur she had all but to give up her career. Now Clint Eastwood can direct or act in films as it pleases him, edit them in his own studio in Carmel, and appear in Hollywood only long enough to pick up his award from the motion picture exhibitors as top box-office draw of the year. Michael Douglas and Brenda Vaccaro hope eventually to live that way, on land that Michael has been buying in Vermont.

Donald Sutherland has gone them one better. When he realized that during the coming year he would be on location in Florida, Canada, Italy, and Borneo, he gave up his California beach house, and now he's just floating.

These days almost everyone is an independent contractor. Young actors don't sign long-term studio contracts. They have their own agents to fight for roles, their own personal managers to fight with their own agents, and their own publicity men to deny there's been any fighting. Of course the actor may be paying 30 or 40 per cent of his salary to be sure he's not alone.

Manipulating his freedom intelligently can be a burden to the actor. Jane Fonda confounded some of her business associates when she agreed to play in *Klute,* especially since she had made no secret of her chagrin about her *Barbarella* period.

"Why do this one?" one adviser asked. "It's an ordinary script. It doesn't even make a social statement."

Ah, but at this stage she had to keep working, Jane explained. And she had to do well. The industry, she knew, was watching her more critically than the average apolitical actress, and it was vital to have a hit. Out of the sixty or more scripts she got each month, *Klute* was the best written. She got the 1971 Oscar for it.

Barbara Seagull's name change, even in the New Hollywood, has not made her way any straighter. Anyone who flips through beauty-parlor magazines has read by now that during the filming of *Last Summer* Barbara became attached to an injured seagull. When it died, Barbara said, she felt a mystical rush, a commingling of her spirit with the bird's, and she wanted to honor that experience. Anyway, she had never liked the name Hershey ("sounded like a typical starlet"). But there are still executives who yearn for the days when Julius Garfinkel docilely became John Garfield, and they were not braced for a Seagull—not to mention the other Byrds, Animals, and Monkees (and much less for a male rock star named Alice Cooper. Or for the glitter and mascara of the latest British import, pop singer David Bowie).

Glamour has been a casualty of the new sensibility, and Rex Reed, for one, has been heard to lament the passing of elegant dinners and those Crazy Sunday afternoons. Indeed, except for an evening with Sue Mengers, the agent, or Lou Adler's annual Christmas party, at which the caviar flows like fish eggs, the pickings are slim in the New Hollywood.

Of course, when there's a championship heavyweight fight, Jim Brown and Warren Beatty will probably make their way to Hugh Hefner's Los Angeles castle to watch it on closed-circuit TV. Hefner's secretary calls a select list of potential guests on Fridays to tell what films will be featured over the weekend. But the style of entertaining hardly qualifies Hefner as a Hollywood host of the old school. In the manner of the Cunard Line, he makes movies, sauna, and buffet available, but unless a guest is recruited for a predawn backgammon game, he enjoys Hefner's hospitality without his company.

To revive the sluggish night life, Adler and a few other music company executives have opened the Rainbow Bar and Grill on the Sunset Strip. It includes a private club on the second floor, imaginatively called Over the Rainbow (membership fee $100). Another new spot has appropriated not only the name but the décor of Harry's Bar in Florence. But will that sort of social life motivate the teen-ager to leave Marshalltown, Iowa, travel to Hollywood, and become a star? What incentives are left?

A big car, if that's your pleasure. Ryan O'Neal drives a Maserati. But then Jane Fonda contents herself with a Volvo, Donald Sutherland with a Volkswagen van. Although David Carradine exults in his Lancia-Aurelia, it is a balky 1956 model. When an earlier sports car reached the condition this

David Carradine and Barbara Seagull have been keeping house together for five years. Their son, born last fall and raised on mother's milk, is named Free.

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Michael Douglas and Brenda Vaccaro, now four years together without benefit of clergy, hope to trade their elegant Los Angeles home for a place they will build on their own land in Vermont.

one is in, Carradine parked it illegally and let the police tow it away.

Clothes? In the first flush of success, one is likely to go on a shopping spree. Lou Adler can show you a closet with $6,000 worth of Nehru jackets. But at his Malibu beach house Ryan O'Neal lounges in jeans and T-shirts, dropping by Mike Bain's shop on the Strip for only a leather jacket or two.

Why do they do it, if not for the mink and the Rolls and all the rest of the glamour? Odd as it seems, most of the young actors sooner or later mention acting and how they love it. If there's a lingering nostalgia for the stage and a patronizing air about television, it's because acting is taken more seriously in the theater than on a sound stage at Universal.

"I've just finished a half-hour pilot," says Brenda Vaccaro. "I read the script and told the producer, 'Give me a couple of weeks and I'll get it together.' As it turned out we had it finished five days later."

They're serious about their talent, their politics, their private lives. That means the glamour must be gone for good. Except that I seem to remember those stories about Marlene Dietrich cooking her own sauerbraten and Joan Crawford scrubbing her bathroom floors, and I wonder how different it is, after all. □

A HOLLYWOOD LEXICON

BY JOHN LEVIN

The young filmmaker starting out in Hollywood needs more than talent, connections, and luck; he also must learn a new vocabulary. Here are a few terms that the neophyte never found in Eisenstein's *Film Form*:

50 Top-Grossing—Pulse beats quicken and blood pressures soar Wednesday mornings as the citizens of Hollywood scan *Variety*'s list of the fifty films that grossed the most money in the preceding week. Of *Across 110th Street*, one picture doing well recently, *Variety* says, "Fiscally a nice neighborhood as fourth week nears $240,000 at thirty-seven locations."

Ozoner—The trade name for those outdoor screens, which account for a large portion of Hollywood's business. Those who cater to the ozone market can be assured of profitable, if not necessarily artistic, careers.

Rurals—Refers to the small-town audience. Contrary to what one might think, Walt Disney and Doris Day are no longer the only big attractions. As *Variety* headlines it: RURALS GOTTA SEE THOSE PORNO PIX.

Blaxploitation Pix—Movies made for the black audience, a profitable market. Although the actors are black, the members of production crews, with a few exceptions, are white.

In the Can—The phrase studio editors use to inform a script writer that they have just finished a production with the story line he just suggested.

Gofers—Generally, the producer's cousin or the leading actor's nephew, hired on a set to do nothing in particular except maybe go for coffee or cigarettes. In Hollywood nepotism is as strong as in any craft union.

The Good Doctor—The man at the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), in real life Dr. Aaron Stern, who rates the films so that Poppa knows whether he can take Mom and the kids.

"I'd Love to Do It"—The immediate response of the industry veteran to any deal that blows in his direction. His acceptance is no more serious than the offer was. "Why don't you have Fred call up Leon so they can arrange the details" means: "Have your agent call mine, and if the price is right, then I'd love to do it."

My Project—Everyone in Hollywood has one. A soap opera producer might plan to adapt the works of Molière for daytime television; the writer of a weekly cop series might be secretly plotting a three-hour *cinéma vérité* report on police corruption. The single prerequisite for such a project is that it is never done. □

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FILM NEGATIVES

What can you do about an art that is simply too easy?

BY STANLEY KAUFFMANN

I'm tired—and hope you are, too—of that recurrent article in which the writer, usually a professional literary person, takes a look at the film scene and finds it wanting. He says in effect that he has been hearing a great deal about film as the New Art, so he has finally consented to go to five or ten current successful films and has found them pretentious or distorted or cheap. Imagine the sort of article that would result if a nonliterary person, after hearing a lot about the art of the novel, then did nothing more than read any ten current best sellers.

But I do want to play devil's advocate against film for a bit: partly because I dislike the sort of article described above, which finds what it sets out to find; partly because I'm one of those who have hailed the power and importance of film. I'm still hailing, but I have some worries.

Certainly no one needs to prove the high degree of interest in film. Although the audience is smaller than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, there are plentiful reasons to believe that qualitatively it is stratospheres beyond the pre–World War II audience that went to film theaters once or twice a week like automobiles to filling stations. Today's audience has much more knowledge about its enthusiasm.

Just because of this distilled and intensified film furor, proved further by the flood of film books in recent years, I thought this might be a good time for one film enthusiast to take a cool look at that furor—*because* of his enthusiasm. Here are notes on some aspects of film that have been bothering me for a while.

Filmgoing is too easy. I'm not talking about admission prices or the widespread availability of film. I mean the frame of mind.

I mean that it is easier to see a film than to read a book—easier even than to listen to some music. I don't suggest that, if something is easy, it is automatically bad, but this particular ease is frequently taken as proof in itself that film is more apposite to our times than other arts, is richer and more rewarding. There are reasons why film *is* especially apposite for us, but this ease isn't one of them. In one of his novels Edward Hyams writes that the real objection to brothels is that they make us emotionally lazy. There is something of a whorehouse feeling about this film ease, a whiff of lazy gratification in the darkness.

I'm not inveighing against pleasure in filmgoing—not after all the pleasures I've had from it in five decades—nor against the enjoyment of all kinds of films, even some bad ones. I'm concerned about the assumption that there is an absolute equivalence between plunking one's behind into a film-theater seat and a serious cultural act, that the first always and invariably equals the second; more, that the act of attending a film subsumes all other possible cultural and intellectual acts; even more, that it certifies one's contemporaneity.

Only cultural blockheads try to turn clocks backward, and if (as is said) college students now see twenty films for every book they read, then that preference is the product of current pressures and hungers and must be recognized as a cultural condition. Progress can be made *from* that condition, not against it. But culture is a word with both a sociological and an esthetic meaning. The "twenty-to-one" fact, if it is a fact, can be recognized sociologically without being exalted esthetically. Seeing a Humphrey Bogart series at a film society is an experience that no one should either miss or condescend to, but it's esthetic sloth to believe that seeing the Bogart series is a priestly act on the slopes of Parnassus simply because one has done it in the Film Age.

From the same seat we see both junk films and good films, but in a way good films reprove us for indiscriminate rump-plumping. Good films ask us to do something in that seat, make demands on us, help dispel that brothel lethargy (without destroying pleasure). Good films, from *Swing Time* with Fred Astaire to Kurosawa's *Ikiru*, show us that there is more to film culture than film slavishness, that we are cultural trespassers if we have no values, and that values are formed a) within the art and b) by comparison with other arts. As for the first, it is Fred Astaire who teaches us that the most we can get from Busby Berkeley are the slumming pleasures of camp—which means a very easily earned sense of superiority. As for the second: if you don't know Mozart, you don't know Renoir's *Rules of the Game*. If you don't know Strindberg, you don't know Bergman. If you don't know Frederic Remington, you don't know John Ford.

Film slavishness today is a worse narcotic than the shopgirl-shoeclerk escapism of Joan Crawford's heyday because now it has a pietistic rationale. Today the person who submerges himself in B movies of the 1930s tells us that he isn't like the first audiences for those pictures, he is investigating American culture. This would be equally true if he burrowed through Faith Baldwin novels of the period. Not that such things as Baldwin research are unheard of, but they are much less appealing because they—even they—are more difficult than just watching films and lack the inherent power of the lowest film. Film has a wide range of magics, and one of them is that it *can* transmute junk—to a degree—into something better than it could be in any other art. But that alchemy is limited. Not to see where it ends and how it can be abused is film blindness. Orson Welles elevated Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons* into a film that is artistic stratospheres above the original novel, but all his huffing and puffing on *Touch of Evil* only emphasized the vacuous melodrama of Whit Masterson's book.

I suggest that any person, particularly a young person, who thinks that a slump in a film-theater seat with his feet up will bring his mind all it needs for growth and his spirit all it needs for challenge is more interested in the position itself—a near fetal one—than in what he is getting through it.

How to share all the miracles and possibilities of film without making a joke of the medium or a fool of yourself—that is becoming a cultural question of some importance.

Filmmaking is too easy. By which, obviously, I don't mean the raising of capital or the production of a good film. I mean that the basic act of motion-picture photography is relatively easy—and is deluding.

It's easier to take a good photograph of a tree than to make a good drawing of a tree or write a good sentence about one. It's easier to assemble a film, particularly a short one, that has some superficial resemblance to art than it is to paint a picture or write a story

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Stanley Kauffmann is the film and theater critic of The New Republic *and is Visiting Professor at the Yale School of Drama. He lives in New York.*

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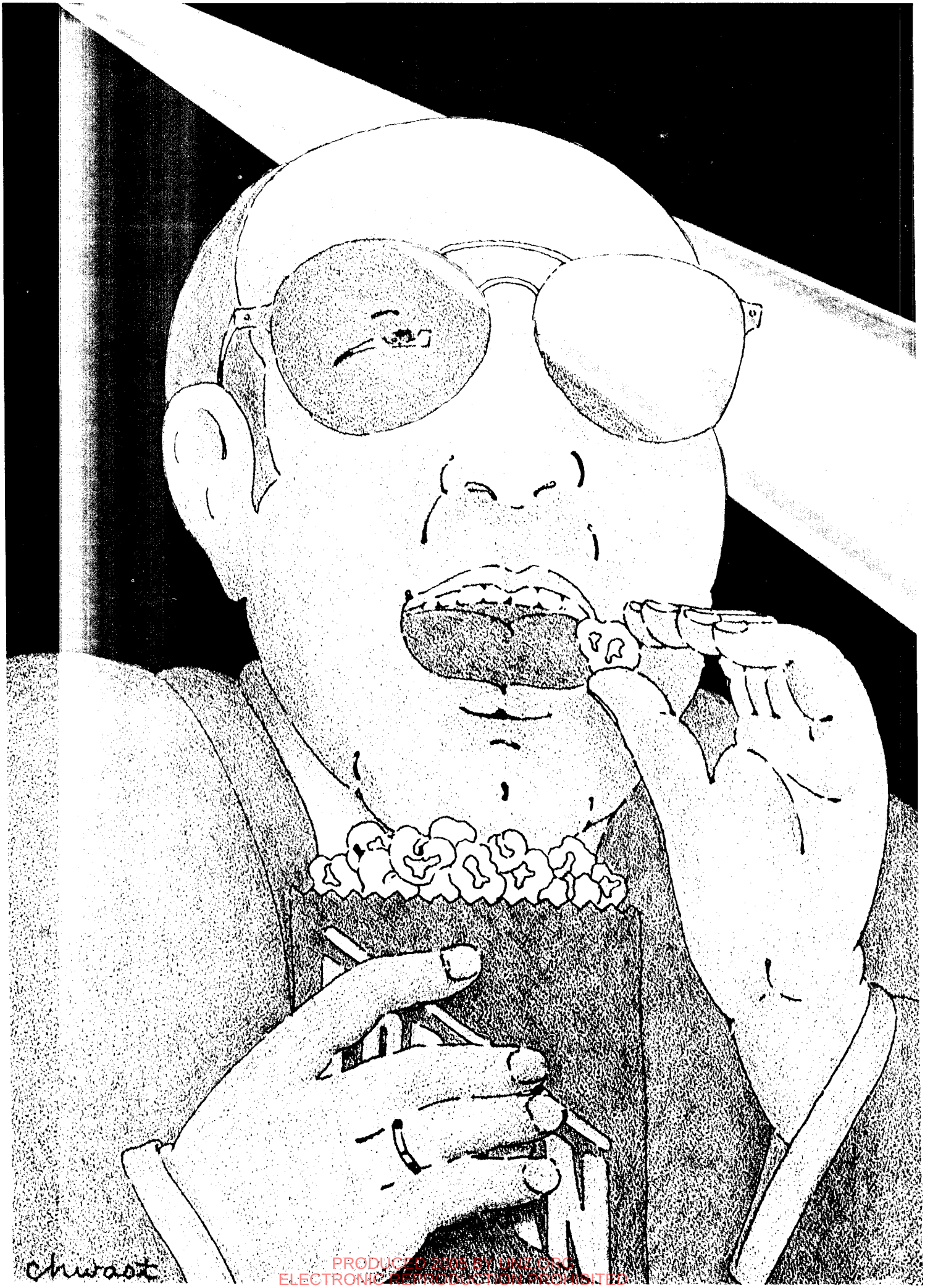

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that produces equivalent effects. Color photography has now made the matter worse; any fool can now ladle lush beauty over anything. (See such vacuous professional productions as *Greaser's Palace* and *Images*.)

All this makes an esthetic problem that is disturbing intelligent film teachers in colleges, even in high schools. The easiness described above leads to quick self-satisfaction, and a teacher sometimes finds it hard to convince a student that there is more to a film than making it look good, that all of the physical world is aching to "act,"

There is something of a whorehouse feeling about this film ease, a whiff of lazy gratification in the darkness.

that physicality is actually quite hammy, that the film camera provides easy outlets for that hamminess, and that the person who merely presses a camera button can take relatively little credit.

Films have to *begin further on*, esthetically, than other arts because they take the first steps so easily. This is certainly not to say that, after those first steps, the film travels further than other arts; it rarely travels as far. But film starts with enormous representational power, enormous symbolic power, just by virtue of its innate properties. All film stuns us, at least for a second or two, just by being flashed in front of us; and the fact that any film student or mere film wallower can use that stunning effect to some degree proves little about him. For four years I looked at about 150 student films a year, from all over the country. I saw much that was technically competent and much more that was briefly eye-catching, but I saw few films that moved past competence, past initial effects. Most of them seemed content just to *be* films! Filmmaking is susceptible of being the greatest con game in the history of the arts, uniquely dangerous in that it often deceives the maker more than the audience.

A grossly simple analogy: The crossbar in pole vaulting is much higher than in high jumping. This doesn't mean that the pole vaulter is the better athlete, only that he has an initial advantage. The critical question for film is: What does the filmmaker do after his initial advantage?

The odds are heavy today against a new art. By the beginning of the twentieth century, when film started, was it too late in the history of Western culture to begin a new art? To anticipate, my answer is no; but the question is central and well worth examining.

The older arts all entered this century with huge bodies of work behind them, including supreme masterpieces. Cultural changes in six decades have smitten them hard, have made many artists believe that the dominant modes in their arts are finished: the mimetic novel, the designed painting, the literary drama, music made by traditional instruments, and so on. Buttressed by their ancient histories, these arts have nonetheless been shaken.

Right in the middle of this cultural tempest, a new art, an infant without a history of its own, was born.

Its newness is, in one way, an advantage. If film lacks the confidence that a past can provide, it is spared the burden on its back that a past can also be. But in addition to its infancy, in addition to the batterings of twentieth-century change, the film has a unique problem. The money needs of filmmaking, and therefore the pressures on filmmakers from outsiders, have always been horrendous, and promise to continue so. Money pressures exist throughout the world of film, even in countries with systems of film subsidy, even in communist countries where the film industry belongs to the state. In the United States the problems caused by money pressures have varied: from the formulas imposed by the factory assembly lines in the humming Hollywood days to—paradoxically—the *lack* of factory routine today, which leaves producers baffled and money men floundering. The causes change, but the money harassments are constant—greater than in any other art.

One might have thought that the Film Generation, first discernible in the late 1950s, would make a difference to the course and development of American film art, even in the midst of all these difficulties. One might have hoped for this particularly within a decade or so because of the tremendous growth in film education. Between 1964 and 1969 the number of college film courses in the United States increased by 84 per cent. The latest American Film Institute (AFI) survey (1971–1972) reports that there are 2,460 teachers of film and allied subjects like television at 613 schools, that there are 22,466 students at the 194 schools that offer extensive programs, and that of those schools 51 offer degrees in film. This would have sounded like fantasy in 1960.

And what, so far, has been the effect of all this education in filmmaking? Production is the most important aspect of study in all these programs. How has it helped the new art in this century of crisis? Not very much. Most of the films now being made reflect a technical sophistication that is miles ahead of 1960, but the quality of theatrical feature films, which are the heart of the matter, has not in any serious, sustained sense benefited from the astronomical rise in film education. The range of subject matter has widened healthily, and there have been occasional good films from new people. But, ironically, the most interesting of the newcomers have not come from film schools—such directors of widely differing ages and temperaments as Barbara Loden (*Wanda*), Peter Fonda (*The Hired Hand*), and Frank Gilroy (*Desperate Characters*). There have been successful film school graduates; in fact, the most successful picture in history, *The Godfather*, was directed by former UCLA student Francis Ford Coppola. Still, for all its slickness, what is *The Godfather* but a film that made many people mistake length for size and that reveled in previously established artistic limits? And what can be expected from Coppola but more, perhaps bigger, successes?

Film education so far seems to reflect, to underscore, the strengths and defects of American life: the ability to master technology and the belief that this mastery is the reason for the existence of the technology. Just as many music school graduates know more about orchestration than Brahms ever dreamed of, so the film school graduate knows more of film technique than Jean Vigo did. But the questions do not often arise about why he has bothered to learn it, who the person *is* that has learned the technique, what relation there can be between the art medium and the transformation of his own experience. Compare this situation with the records of some new foreign directors of the past decade, men whose acquisition of technique seems to have been accompanied by other enrichments, all of which have been married to artistic purpose: such men as Jan Troell (*The Emigrants*), Dusan Makaveyev (*Love Affair*), Marco Bellocchio (*China Is Near*), and Alain Tanner (*La Salamandre*).

There are no AFI statistics about the employment of film school graduates, but given economic conditions, it seems logical to assume that many have gone into TV, and into TV's busiest area, the commercial. Take a careful look at the next commercial you see that comes from a big national sponsor. (Stanley Kubrick reportedly said that he couldn't afford to spend proportionately on a feature what is spent on such a commercial—often more than $100,000 a minute.) Count the cuts and dissolves. That's step one, and will itself probably amaze you.

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The next time you see it—and you'll see it again—note the zoom shots, the crane and dolly shots, the helicopter shots, the opticals, the split screens, the special effects, and, most of all, the subtlety of the lighting. In sum, you are watching a highly compressed encyclopedia of film language: of film techniques and film "vision" evolved by good men and by great men in pursuit of good storytelling or pursuit of an art, all now being cleverly utilized by an army of well-trained vicarious salesmen. And that army must, logic tells us, include many film school graduates. In itself, this is merely predictable on a statistical basis, just as a lot of art school graduates end up in ad agencies; but there are other art school graduates who are doing a great deal for American painting, and that's where the analogy with film breaks down.

Inarguably, it's harder to get started as a film director than as a painter. That condition has to be changed, for all our sakes. I'm not going to try to slough off this enormously complex dilemma in one glib paragraph. But there are ideas in the wind at least to help the situation—for instance, ideas about subsidy and new techniques of distribution. And what I'm particularly talking about is not the situation but the willingness of so many film school graduates (on the basis of what I see and am told) to *accept* it. Who's going to change the situation if they don't?

Still, without any willed affirmation, my prognosis has to be cheery. The long-range reply to the gloomy statement that opened the last section is no, it is not too late to start a new art—not because I say so but on the evidence. That evidence simply is that there are many, many fine films. They exist. It can be done because it has been done.

No film that I know has reached the greatest heights of art, if greatness means something more than its use in the lingo of film journals, if it means Shakespeare and Michelangelo and Mozart. But when you remember that film is so young, so beleaguered by the century into which it popped, so harassed by commercial pressures everywhere, and *still* has produced so many fine works in seventy years, you must feel optimistic. You must feel that it was important to civilization that film be invented and that anything still possible to art is possible to film.

Some of those fine works came from America; most of the world's film images and mythology and impetus came from America. Nothing can be done by film that—in any final arbitrary sense—cannot be done by American film. The trouble so far is not so much that high expectations have been disappointed as that low expectations have been fulfilled. □

INSTANT LIVES BY HOWARD MOSS

EDWARD GOREY

PAUL GAUGUIN

In spite of his increasing insanity, he still made a good husband, Sheila thought, as she raised the blind overlooking the abattoir. And, after all, how many times did a girl like *her* marry a stockbroker like *him*? She came from a small Danish farm, whereas he came from a big French city. He was highly sophisticated as well as well off. And what Sheila really cared about was a home, nice clothes, good food, so she could hold her head up in a crowd, particularly the fast crowd they had started going around with recently. She wondered if she measured up, if Paul really loved her. *Really* really. Quick tears came to Sheila's eyes, tiny as they were. "Oh, I'm being a sentimental fool," she mused. "I'm always this way before I have my Pernod."

She passed Paul's huge experimental painting of a Maori nude asleep in a mangrove grove, beset by flowers. "Ugh," Sheila said, involuntarily. She hated all that stuff. As soon as she walked into the kitchen, she saw the note lying on the table. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" she asked herself out loud. It read: "Sheel: Hate to have to tell you this, but Vince and I have left for Tahiti irredeemably. Marriage and the whole middle-class *shtick* is not for me. Take care of Bunny, Lapsie, Gorgon, and Iseult. I left ten francs for you on one of the tables at La Flore. Paul."

Sheila slumped to the floor, and it was only because a neighbor, hearing the terrific thud—described, to the press, as "a veritable thunderclap"—came in and found her that she survived. Days later, waking up while the nuns bathed her wrists with cognac, she became hysterical, and, in fact, it took several years for Sheila to fully recover. Though she eventually remarried, she only became reconciled to Paul's desertion at the huge Gauguin retrospective of 1946, when, as an old woman, she tottered up the steps of the Louvre to receive the "Old Wives Award," one of France's most coveted decorations, for the many faithful years she had spent as the first, and only legitimate, wife of Paul Gauguin, immortal painter of the South Seas. □

Howard Moss won a 1972 National Book Award for his Selected Poems.

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If you turn to the last page of this magazine first every week . . . here's good news for you.

The first in a new series of Double-Crostic books has just been published. The puzzles, all of which will be brand-new, are worked out by Janet Elliott Cameron, whose sophisticated Double-Crostics appear every week in *Saturday Review*. Three volumes will be published this year. Each will contain fifty puzzles, including an occasional cryptic or diagramless game.

If you're new to the game, try this sample puzzle. We bet you'll turn to the last page next.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vanish, go away	53 45 30 74 55 131 69 98 / 127
B. Composer of Roman pieces, full name	9 22 38 62 143 59 109 132 / 14 29 97 83 120 116 48 6
C. Land farthest north (2 wds.)	92 18 68 135 99 115 104 88 / 148 44 151
D. Ancient board game	77 149 125 81 61 84 140 119 / 51 46
E. Cultured, literate	65 15 39 35 105 150 144 134
F. Former comic strip heroine (full name)	64 43 101 13 85 108 136 33 / 142 117 152
G. Cryptic: Instruction to road builder faced with mountain (3 wds.)	26 56 47 67 86 70 24 100 / 50 93 139 63 133 73 19

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
H. Buck Rogers' vehicle	128 2 12 11 25 58 54 95 / 114 91
I. Monkey's musical companion (2 wds.)	40 37 5 21 90 137 52 71 / 32 145 49 106
J. Arguments, disputes	82 147 17 31 3 141 27 89 / 130
K. Said of one heavily armed (3 wds.)	57 126 1 123 102 110 96 4 / 87 76
L. Inherently	42 7 138 79 94 112 8 20
M. Personal, movable property	75 111 36 103 122 129 78
N. Bosh (3 wds.)	107 23 28 16 41 118 80 113 / 60 10 121 34 66 72 146 124

			1 K	2 H		3 J	4 K	5 I	6 B	7 L		8 L	9 B	10 N	11 H							
	12 H	13 F	14 B	15 E	16 N	17 J	18 C	19 G	20 L		21 I	22 B		23 N	24 G							
25 H		26 G	27 J	28 N	29 B	30 A		31 J	32 I	33 F		34 N	35 E	36 M	37 I							
38 B		39 E	40 F		41 N	42 L	43 F	44 C		45 A	46 D		47 G	48 B	49 I							
	50 G	51 D	52 I	53 A	54 H		55 A	56 G	57 K	58 H	59 B	60 N	61 D		62 B							
63 G	64 F		65 E	66 N	67 G	68 C	69 A	70 G		71 I	72 N		73 G	74 A	75 M							
76 K		77 D	78 M	79 L	80 N	81 D		82 J	83 B	84 D	85 F	86 G		87 K	88 C							
89 J	90 I		91 H	92 C	93 G		94 L	95 H	96 K		97 B	98 A	99 C	100 G								
101 F	102 K	103 M	104 C	105 E	106 I	107 N		108 F	109 B		110 K	111 M	112 L		113 N							
114 H	115 C	116 B	117 F	118 N	119 D		120 B	121 N		122 M	123 K	124 N		125 D	126 K							
127 A	128 H	129 M	130 J	131 A	132 B	133 G	134 E	135 C	136 F	137 I		138 L	139 G	140 D	141 J							
142 F	143 B	144 E	145 I		146 N	147 J	148 C	149 D	150 E	151 C	152 F											

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SUNDAY AFTERNOONS WITH A MONSTER

Here is a *cinema-verite* shock that not even modern Hollywood can match: the home movies, in color, of Hitler and his mistress. Discovered by the producers of a new documentary, *Swastika,* these historic films are published here for the first time.

BY FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

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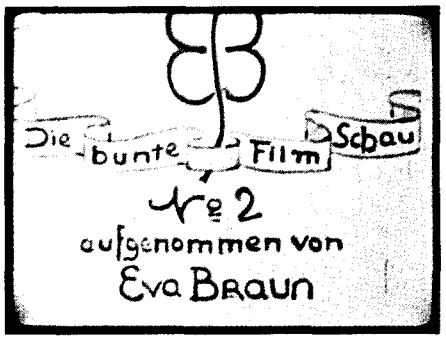

The backdrop is sane and gorgeous alpine scenery, and the hills seem alive with the sound of music, all right. In the foreground we have a Bavarian chalet in the grand style. On the terrace stands a girl in a red dirndl, looking slightly bored; she has nothing to do but sunbathe and chatter with her friends. Blonde and buxom, she looks too round-faced to be considered an outstanding specimen of the Aryan race, whose members were meant not only to be blond but, according to one Nazi racial theorist, Hans F. K. Gunther, to be "tall, long-skulled, with narrow faces, pronounced chins, narrow noses with a high ridge, soft fair hair, widely spaced pale-colored eyes, and pinky-white skin color."

Nor, for that matter, does the man she's waiting for conform to these specifications. When the film shows him as he steps out on the terrace, shielding his eyes against the sun, it is a self-conscious, dark, and rather dapper little man who emerges—Chaplinesque, I'm afraid to say.

This is Adolf Hitler, the unspeakable, as we have never seen him before: comparatively at ease and sometimes almost affable, having tea with Eva Braun, his mistress and eleventh-hour wife, kissing ladies' hands, chucking children under the chin. Note his immaculately tailored uniforms in gray, brown, white, and blue; a far cry, this, from the old rumpled shirts of beerhall *putsch*ing. Suddenly it becomes much easier to understand how so many talented and otherwise normal people could have accepted this vicious megalomaniac as the *Führer* not only of the nation but of their very souls.

Swastika, a two-hour documentary due for release this month, offers an astonishing number of insights into the whole nagging question of how Nazism was allowed to happen. I think the movie will surprise you with the depth and subtlety of its perceptions of the Nazi phenomenon—and what it says in general about the behavior of human beings under social stress.

This documentary is unlike any other that has ever been made about the Third Reich. There is no commentary on the sound track: every episode is allowed to make its own point in a totally unsensational way. Nor does it move with the jerky tempo and rapid succession of short shots typical of the newsreel documentary; the pacing is that of a feature film, and the camera work, in many cases, is among the best the 1930s had to offer.

By choosing very carefully from hundreds of hours of raw material, the Australian director Philippe Mora has made it seem as if a cameraman had been sent into Germany in Hitler's heyday and been given permission to roam at will through all levels of Nazi society. Essentially, *Swastika* is an insider's view of Hitler's world, and the most damning thing about this document is that, with few exceptions, the Nazis filmed it all themselves. As luck would have it, we see Hitler himself through the camera eye of the one person who had unrestricted access to his most intimate moments—Eva Braun.

The discovery of Eva's home movies is something of a coup for the producer of *Swastika*, Sandy Lieberson, and for the team of specialists working for his London-based company, Visual Programme Systems (VPS). Lieberson and his partner, David Puttnam, had purchased the film rights to Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*. In the course of tooling up for the forthcoming dramatized version of Speer's best seller, they realized that there was a devastat-

The woman in the Tyrolean costume, opposite page, is not Julie Andrews but Eva Braun, who directed and starred in this remarkable set of home movies. At left, she filmed one of the Führer's *secretaries reacting to his wit. But his dog Blondie, above, chose to cringe rather than double over. Blondie was banished soon after: she fought with Eva's Scotch terriers.*

Frederic V. Grunfeld, roving editor of Horizon, *currently observes the European scene from London.*

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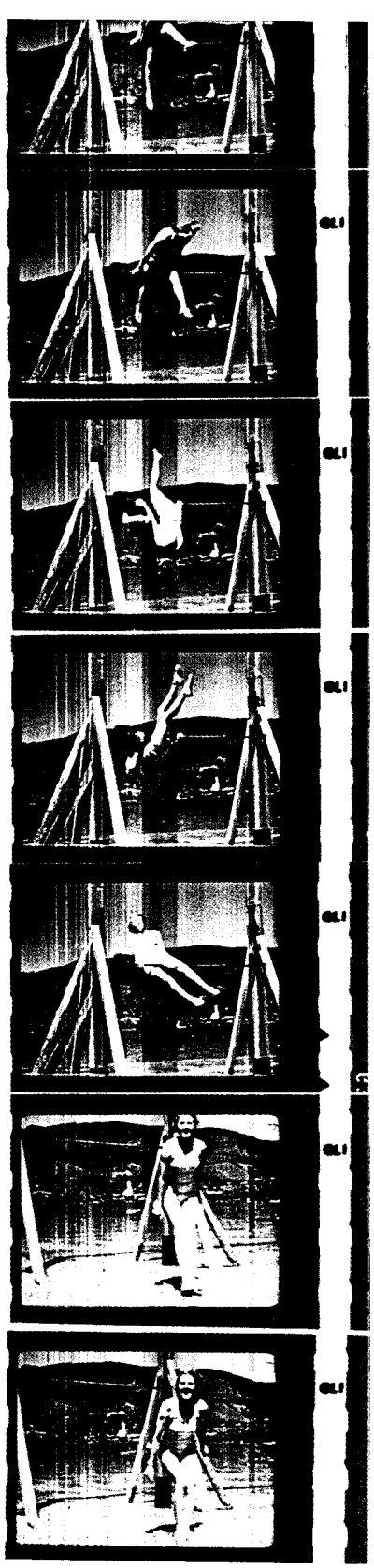

Eva caught a restless Führer, *left, as he waited for* Foreign *Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop to install his gaunt frame in an easy chair. Above, Hitler displays his fondness for Aryan tots. He and Eva never did have children—which was perhaps just as well, for it gave her the time to keep in shape, right, for the day when she would take the world by storm as a dancer and movie actress.*

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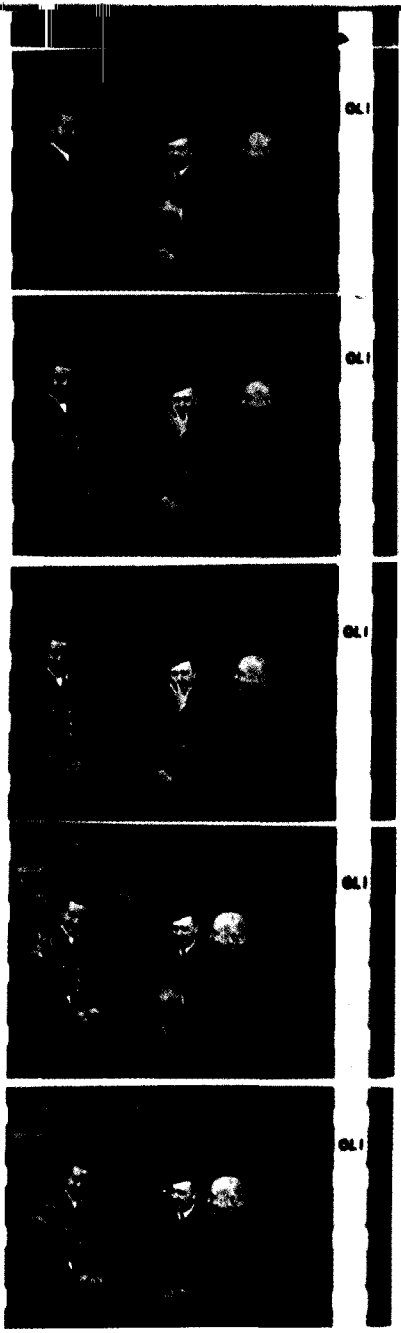

Only Hitler's inner circle knew of his Obersalzberg love nest. One of those in on Adolf and Eva's little secret was Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, whose arrival at the Bavarian weekend retreat she recorded, left. Eva also caught her great and good friend, above, joking with aides and the smooth-domed Gauleiter *of Munich. Right: hand kissing was surely a treat for a man of humble origins.*

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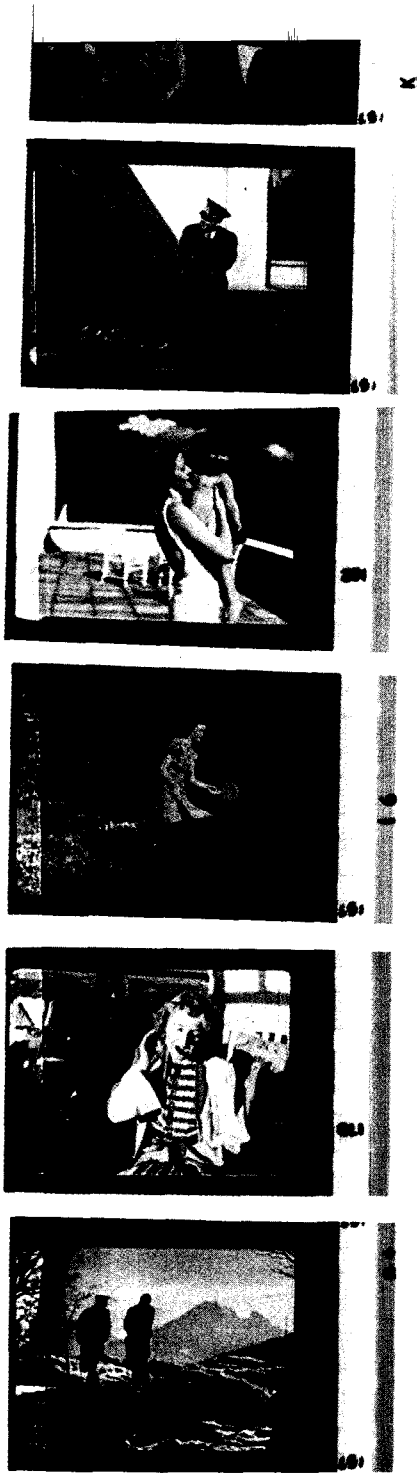

Individual frames show from top to bottom: Eva on the Obersalzberg terrace; Hitler with pups; Eva with a child; Eva playing Ping-Pong; Eva on the deck of a Nazi cruise ship on a voyage through the Norwegian fiords just before the war; and Hitler and von Ribbentrop heading into the sunset.

ing documentary to be made on how the Nazis saw their imminent utopia.

The first expert consulted was Lutz Becker, a young German lecturer in film history at the Slade School of the University of London, who had already done seven years of research into Nazi filmmaking. Becker is now at work assembling a companion film to *Swastika*, on Germany in the 1920s, but in preparation for Mora's film, he brought together a vast amount of long-forgotten material.

His most spectacular find was the five-hour Braun home movies. A chance conversation with a U.S. Marine veteran at a party in Houston, Texas, put Becker on the track; the ex-captain told him that at the end of the war he had led a raiding party on Hitler's residence at Obersalzberg, near Berchtesgaden, and he remembered having seized a batch of film cans stored in Eva's bedroom. Becker then launched a search, which eventually located the original footage in U.S. Marine and Signal Corps files. Some of the film, shot in an experimental Agfa color, was badly damaged, and the work of restoration was jointly undertaken by VPS and the National Archives in Washington, D.C.

Eva Braun was a lackluster young woman who moped away her youth in a Bavarian convent school and spent the last seventeen years of her life as a secret sexual accessory to Hitler's paranoid lifestyle. Publicly her existence could not, of course, be acknowledged; her name and picture never appeared in the German press, and she was kept strictly out of sight whenever official visitors paid calls. Her home movies show her leading the Bavarian version of the life of a harem girl: doing half-hearted gymnastics and dance exercises, playing Ping-Pong, watering the lawn, and attempting some abysmal stem-turns on snow-covered hills not much higher than a Teutonic warrior's burial mound.

It could hardly have been a very exciting life for a girl who had dreamed of being an actress, no matter how little talent she might have had. Movies were her passion, and she is said to have spent her happiest hours watching private screenings of Clark Gable pictures. "When the Chief has won the war," she told a friend, "he has promised that I can go to Hollywood and play my own part in the film of our life story."

As it turned out, she had to content herself with starring in home movies and filming the *Führer* on his rounds of the Obersalzberg estate. Her camera technique was nothing to brag about, but she managed to preserve some amazing glimpses of the essential psychotic weakling who hid behind the strong-man mask. I was fascinated, for example, to watch the ex-corporal's gestures whenever he finds himself confronted by other people: usually he folds his hands protectively over his crotch to strike one of the characteristic Hitler poses; then they flutter up to his face, covering his eyes for a moment, sweep back the famous forelock, and then travel down to be folded again, piously, over the *Führer*'s pelvic region. The official Soviet autopsy report on Hitler's body states that he had only one testicle; perhaps that was the reason why he felt so defensive in that area.

A body-language specialist would have a field day at *Swastika*, in any case. What would one make of Hitler's curious inability to unbend? Even when he reaches down to pet his German shepherd, Blondie, he bends from the waist, not the knees—while the dog, with an intuition apparently denied the other members of his entourage, visibly cringes at his touch.

As for the human beings around Hitler, Mora's brilliant editing slowly envelops and involves us in their dream of a world at last safe for order, discipline, and cleanliness. In other parts of *Swastika* members of the paramilitary workers' battalions do a sort of soft-shoe, or hard-boot, routine in praise of their new order. At Christmastime Goebbels and Goering play harmonicas and buy toy steel helmets; while "Silent Night" is sung by children's voices, a giant Christmas tree is illuminated by a swastika glowing in the place formerly reserved for a five-pointed star.

Throughout all this one gets the impression that the best Bavarian creamery butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. The Hitler Youth girls go marching and singing through the sunlit German landscape; the first Volkswagen is given its ceremonial sendoff with the *Führer*, its "onlie begetter," as Passenger No. 1; Wilhelm Furtwängler conducts Beethoven's Ninth in a swastika-bedecked hall: Goering hunts deer in medieval *Jagd* costume, attended by a squadron of horn players. As the chorus of adulation swells from a hundred, to a thousand, to a million voices, Mora chooses to show us not the lampshade people but the plain-folks jubilators, heel-clickers, and Heil-Hitlerers, all energetically at work on a collective idea, which has, among its main features, the advantage of making some other people's lives thoroughly miserable.

It was the perfect solution to social discontent: progress wedded to *Schadenfreude*, terror and vindictiveness. This whole *Kampf*, as Mora documents it, was a peculiar double-vectored relationship between Hitler and the Germans that defies the old question as to who was really responsible, the leaders or the led. *Swastika* is not a *J'accuse*. It is an autopsy report, the case history of a fatal madness. □

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MUSIC

Classical Recordings: Three Sides of Elgar

Sir Edward Elgar awaiting recognition

ELGAR: Symphony No. 1 (Op. 55). London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Georg Solti. London stereo, CS-6789.
Symphony No. 2 (Op. 63). London Philharmonic conducted by Daniel Barenboim. Columbia stereo, M-31997.
The Dream of Gerontius. London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus and the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, conducted by Benjamin Britten; with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Yvonne Minton. London stereo, OSA 1293, $11.96.

Confronted by the uncommon favor represented by these new issues, the late Sir Edward would doubtless have indulged in some such wild expletive as "So there!" This would be his proper reaction to the circumstance that, fifty and more years after they were written, his works are enjoying favor for the very reasons they were being put down in the Twenties. Among these are highly explicit songfulness, outgoing sentiment, and a determined intent not to outrun the comprehension of his public.

Each of the works here reproduced has had at least one illustrious earlier recording: both symphonies by Barbirolli, the oratorio by Malcolm Sargent. Each, nevertheless, profits from exposure to a new evaluation.

In the symphonies it is the exterior examination, from what might be called a European point of view, by two conductors now English-oriented. Solti has an easier task in the outgoing No. 1. But Barenboim works tenaciously at the introspective Second Symphony and contributes something of his own to its better understanding, as Solti does to its predecessor.

With Britten, it is the compositional insights that contribute to an individual outcome. It is all too clear, however, that Peter Pears's voice is no longer able to sustain a major assignment, and Britten *must* find a suitable replacement for his long-time tenor collaborator.

CANTELOUBE: Chants d'Auvergne. CHAUSSON: Poeme de l'amour et de la mer (Op. 19). Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; with the Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra conducted by Jean-Pierre Jacquillat. Angel stereo, S-36897.

Doubtless it is the promise of hearing Victoria de los Angeles perform the cherished *Songs of the Auvergne* that will arouse the initial interest in this release, but it is the fulfillment she achieves in the seldom-heard, infrequently recorded works of Chausson that gives it a place in recorded history. On the one side, there is the inimitable prototype by Madeleine Grey, and the more recent achievements by Natania Devrath to establish high standards for Canteloube; on the other, there is no traceable version (with orchestra) of Chausson to come close to Miss de los Angeles's.

It is improbable, even so, that the *Songs of the Auvergne* have ever been performed with such beauty of sound as is lavished upon them by de los Angeles. For all that, her versions of "Baïlèro," "Lo fiolaire," "Passo pel prat," the Berceuse, and "Chut, chut" are a shade overrefined, a mite too consciously "artistic" to unseat the Grey versions from the gritty throne on which they rule supreme. (The other titles are "L'Aïo dè rotso," "Bourée," "Obal, din lou Limouzi," and "La delaïssádo.")

Ernest Amédée Chausson

For Chausson, however, every bit of subtlety, control, and artistry a singer can provide is an enhancement of the composer's purpose. To describe the settings by Chausson of his friend Maurice Bouchor's verses as a vocal equivalent of the *Poème* for violin is an oversimplification. But any cycle that includes Chausson's atmospheric "Le temps des lilas" as its climax must rate high, and this one assuredly does. Jacquillat's name is new to me, but his evocation of the Debussy in Chausson (as well as the Chausson in Chausson) promises much for the future.

PETTERSSON: Symphony No. 7. The Stockholm Philharmonic conducted by Antal Dorati. London stereo, CS-6740.

The practice of symphonic writing being as widespread as it is, it should surprise no one that Sweden has a master symphonist named Allan Pettersson who is all but unknown in America (though he is sixty-two this year). At that, he is doing substantially better than his fellow Scandinavian Carl Nielsen, who was dead for decades before his music began to be heard here in the late Forties.

Whether Pettersson is a man with anything like the diversity of Nielsen is impossible to tell from this first major release to come my way. But that he is very much his own man is unquestionable. Since 1950 he has written nine symphonies. To judge from this No. 7 of 1968, there are eight others worth hearing, if only to put it in proper perspective.

In common with such other recent writers as Shostakovich and Vaughan Williams, Pettersson subscribes to Gustav Mahler's definition of a symphony, which was: "To build a world by all available means." He does, here and there, succumb to the Sibelius syndrome of churning strings and vague brass mutterings. Prevailingly, however, it is a straightforward, uninterrupted dissertation on his subject matter. Antal Dorati has made an absorbing experience of its forty minutes, and the excellent performance by the Stock-

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holm orchestra is well reproduced.

HENZE: Der langwierige Weg in die Wohnung der Natascha Ungeheuer. William Pearson, baritone; with ensemble conducted by Hans Werner Henze. DG stereo, 2530 212, $6.98.

Whatever else may be said of *Natascha Ungeheuer* (as it is becoming known), it lacks any such self-generating idiom as the Cuban-derived one Henze exploited so artfully in his recent *Cimarron*. As in that exposition by the same William Pearson of the Cuban-born black who was put upon by successive waves of white entrepreneurs, *Natascha Ungeheuer* has its share of the doctrinaire. Here it is the seduction of the "left wing" bourgeois by a "siren of the false Utopia," by name Natascha (*und so weiter*).

This may all make very good sense to the protagonist of "class warfare" that Henze reaffirms himself to be in this treatment of a text by Gastón Salvatore. It does not, however, make very good music—which is the seductive power of *Cimarron* but not of *Natascha*. Maybe they ought to get together in a future Henze work titled "Cimarron's Undoing of Natascha." Pearson, a fine black singer of American background, is restricted here, unfortunately, mostly to the *Wozzeck* kind of *Sprechstimme*.

IRVING KOLODIN

Shorter Reviews

BOIELDIEU: Zoraime et Zulnar; and other overtures by GRETRY, PAER, HAYDN, and SALIERI. Richard Bonynge conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. London stereo, CS-6735.

The musical values in this collection are not quite as consistent as in some other similar discs directed by Bonynge (or his English coequal, Raymond Leppard). However, one can hardly quibble with versions so well played of overtures so rarely heard as Grétry's *Le Magnifique*, Haydn's *Orlando Paladino*, and Salieri's *La fiera di Venezia*.

DELIUS: A Village Romeo and Juliet. Robert Tear, Elizabeth Harwood, John Shirley-Quirk, the John Aldis Choir and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Meredith Davies. Angel stereo, SBLX-3784, $11.98.

Those who have long awaited the appearance of this appealing work in accessible form will welcome brief mention of its appearance. More detailed comment next month. The cast has been carefully chosen, Davies is well qualified for his task, and the orchestra (which shines particularly in "The Walk to the Paradise Garden") is the one indoctrinated by Beecham in the true gospel of Delius.

DVORAK: Poeticke Nalady ("Poetic Tone Pictures," Op. 85). Gerald Robbins, piano. Genesis stereo, GS-1019.

Pianist Gerald Robbins

This can hardly be called piano music by Dvorák (the keyboard was not his chosen instrument), but it can be called Dvorák music for piano. The thirteen pieces (the longest is six minutes thirty-seven seconds) filter through Dvorák's mental processes the characteristics of such predecessors as Schumann, Schubert, and Brahms. Thanks to the skill and sympathy of Los Angeles–born Robbins, it all comes out Dvorák.

LEHAR: Excerpts from Paganini, Friederike, Schon ist die Welt, Der Land des Lachelns, Die lustige Witwe, and Der Graf von Luxembourg. Werner Krenn, tenor; and Renate Holm, soprano; with Anton Paulik conducting the orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper. London stereo, OS-26220.

Neither Krenn nor Holm has a voice of the first quality for this repertory, but Paulik is thoroughly versed in the Lehár style, and the fourteen items are all choice.

RACHMANINOFF: Seventeen Songs. Nicolai Gedda, tenor; with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. Angel stereo, S-36917.

At his best, which is to say in such lyric songs as "Oh, Never Sing to Me Again," "In the Silence of the Night," "At My Window," "Arion," and "Vocalise," Gedda's idiomatic command of Russian and Weissenberg's keyboard resources produce artistic results. In those with more virtuoso piano parts, Gedda strains uncomfortably for the needed volume. A qualified "yes."

SCHUMANN: Fantasy (Op. 17). CHOPIN: Fantasy in F minor. Jakob Gimpel, piano. Genesis stereo, GS-1030.

The perceptions and the poise noted in Gimpel's recording of the Beethoven Fourth Concerto are present here, but not the order of pianistic power required for two of the biggest works in the repertory.

STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre du printemps. Leonard Bernstein conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia, SQ-, MQ-31520.

Bernstein's latest version of a work for which he has a special affinity delivers its dynamism and earthiness with extraordinary clarity. I do not find the SQ (Quadraphonic) form, reproduced with all the approved equipment, a material improvement upon its stereo equivalent.

I. K.

SR RECOMMENDS

A selection of ten current classical recordings that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of SR of The Arts. *( ) indicates the number of months a record has been on the list.*

CHAUSSON: Poeme de l'amour et de la mer. Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. Angel, S-36897. Reviewed in this issue.

DELIUS: A Village Romeo and Juliet. Meredith Davies conducting. Angel, SBLX-3784, $11.98. Reviewed in this issue.

DOWLAND: The Woods So Wild. Julian Bream, lutanist. RCA, LSC-3331. An aural purifier for those bowed down by noise pollution. Bream at his best, in a repertory especially partial to Francesco Canova da Milano.

HANDEL: Ballet Music from Alcina, Ariodante, and Pastor Fido. Neville Marriner conducting. Argo, ZRG 686. The light, medium, and heavy fantastic, artfully articulated by Marriner.

SCARLATTI, A.: The Spanish Lady and the Roman Cavalier. Fiorenza Cossotto and Lorenzo Alvary. Richmond, SR-33153, $2.98. The birth of the buffo, with laughter rather than tears. (2)

SCHUMANN: Songs (Op. 35). Martti Talvela. London, OS-2624. A singer of the lowest, rather than the highest, promise, rumbling eloquently. (3)

STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre du Printemps. Leonard Bernstein conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia, SQ-, MQ-31520. Bernstein's latest *Sacre*, reviewed in this issue.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Songs. Robert Tear, tenor. Argo, ZRG-707. A productive blend of British restraint and Slavic excess. (2)

VERDI: Attila. Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, Christina Deutekom, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ricardo Cassinelli; with chorus and orchestra conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. Philips, 6700-056, $13.96. A rarity of rarities, one of Verdi's least performed operas, with a nearly all-star cast.

WAGNER: Overture to Die Meistersinger, etc. Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony. London Phase 4, SPC-21090-1, $11.96. A documentation of Stokowski's London concert celebrating his debut there in 1912. A monumental testimonial to will and endurance.

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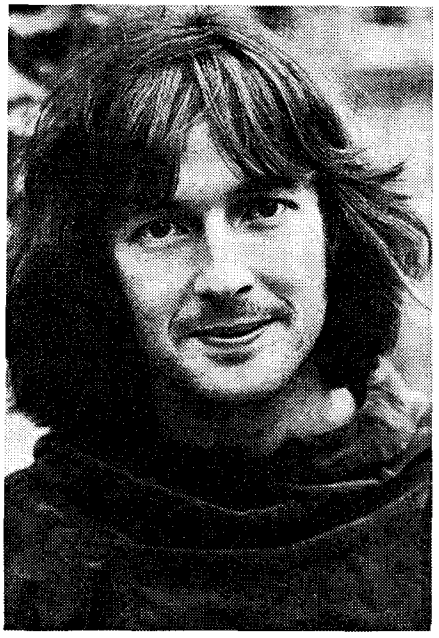
Pop Recordings: Funk and Filigree



Clapton: Can a superstar be modest?

Eric Clapton, the rock and blues guitarist, has often been quoted as asking of his idolators, "Why all the fuss? I'm just a guitarist."

From other mouths that would smack of false modesty, for Clapton is probably the world's foremost rock and roll guitarist. For a decade, through the Yardbirds, John Mayall's various bands, the immortal Cream, the ill-fated Blind Faith, Derek and the Dominos, as studio musician, sideman, or guest artist, Clapton has stayed at the top.

When it looked as if Keith Richard might not get a visa for the Rolling Stones' Nicaragua benefit in January in Los Angeles, the one that raised a third of a million dollars for the earthquake victims, it was Eric Clapton who was asked to be ready to step in for that one momentous night.

Yet his modesty is quite real, as is the conflict that has dominated his personal life, and health, during the past few years: how to avoid being a Superstar when you *are* a superstar. Clapton's answer, so far, seems to emulate those of Greta Garbo and Bob Dylan—Vanish. Since 1971, when he toured and recorded *Layla* with Derek and the Dominos, his output has been virtually nonexistent. One album appeared last year, *History of Eric Clapton*, but it was almost completely dominated by previously released material, as is the more recent *Clapton* on Polydor. Now comes **Derek and the Dominos in Concert** on the RSO label, which was recorded live at Fillmore East almost exactly two years ago. It is both good and disappointing.

The strengths come virtually by default; the material is at least original, and musicians of this caliber (he is joined by drummer Jim Gordon, bassist Carl Radle, and Bobby Whitlock on various keyboards) are incapable of making a really bad album. Through four sides, and an average of over eleven minutes per tune, they play good, strong rock, sometimes with a bouncy, honky-tonk Leon Russell flavor, sometimes just straight-ahead truckin'—the charge of the heavy brigade. But only on the last tune of the last side, "Have You Ever Loved a Woman?" does the real Eric Clapton stand up, playing the blues with a pain and beauty no other white musician, save Duane Allman, has equaled.

The disappointing aspect of the album returns, ironically, to modesty. Clapton refuses to play out and dominate the group, even when the space is his. The result is a jumble, but without the transcendent energy that marked an equivalent situation in Cream. Clapton is an extraordinarily exciting guitarist, with the implacable solo logic that is found only among truly gifted musicians. But if he refuses to be heard, and the sound-mixers can't or won't do anything about it, the result is frustrating. If you are a Clapton fiend, by all means buy the album. Otherwise, go to the aforementioned *History of Eric Clapton*, *Layla*, or the classic Cream album, *Wheels of Fire*.

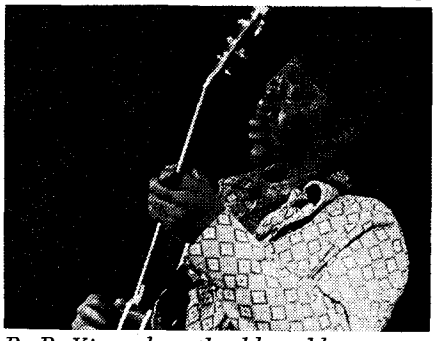
Another guitarist equally eager to avoid the mendacity and distortions of superstardom is John McLaughlin, who discourages the Mick Jagger syndrome by keeping his hair short, his mouth shut, and his name changing. On his

Alias John McLaughlin

four previous albums—jazz-rock hybrids on Douglas, Polydor, and Columbia—he has been billed as John McLaughlin, Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, and Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin. The new album is billed simply as Mahavishnu Orchestra. It is entitled **Birds of Fire**, and it is certainly the most furious, frenetic, and intense album to appear in months.

McLauglin, on double-necked guitar, is accompanied by violinist Jerry Goodman, bassist Rick Laird, drummer Billy Cobham, and Jan Hammer on keyboards and Moog synthesizer. The solos are dominated by Goodman and McLaughlin, but the overall impression is ensemble and mood—either a ferocious, unrelenting assault or dark and sinister seduction. A point of reference might be the John Handy Quintet's classic *Spanish Lady* recording of the middle Sixties—trapped in a nest of rocket-powered hornets.

Last of our guitarists this month is **The Best of B. B. King** on ABC. It is not, of course, the best of B. B. King,



B. B. King plays the blues bluer.

but few musicians are as consistent as this great man, so it doesn't really matter. He is, if it need be said, the nonpareil blues guitarist. *The Best of B. B. King* was recorded over a period of three years in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles with King's own band and various luminaries, including Leon Russell, Jim Price, Chuck Findley, Bobby Keyes, and singers Merry Clayton and Clydie King. "The Thrill Is Gone," "How Blue Can You Get," "Hummingbird," and "Why I Sing the Blues" are included. All are re-releases. The record company, predictably, makes no effort to point this out.

If funk be your desire, three recent LPs will take you right down to the rusty-dusty. Funk Inc.'s second album on Prestige, **Chicken Lickin'**, is several months old but cannot be ignored. The group is a soul-jazz-blues quintet, light on singing, heavy on playing. Funk Inc. is a group that lives up to its own billing. It's the funkiest, baddest, nastiest, meanest instrumental band of this kind working today. I haven't heard anything like guitarist Steve Weakley's solo on "They Trying to Get Me" since Roy Buchanan's debut album; "Jung Bungo," which covers the last six and a half minutes of the Funk LP, cooks like a radar-range.

Pianist and singer Dave Alexander, a bluesman out of Oakland (which was famous for blues long before baseball), has his first album out on Arhoolie, **The Rattler**, and it is an absolute delight. The songs are all original, with five vocals, two blues instrumentals, and three boogies—classic, unembellished, personal music by a man who knows whereof he speaks. "The Sky Is Crying" is an exceptional song.

Claudia Lennear (**Phew**, Warner

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MUSIC

Bros.) is the latest of the back-up singers (Aretha Franklin, Merry Clayton, Valerie Simpson) to move to center stage. Miss Lennear might be loosely categorized as soul but moves easily from syrup to raw steak. She started with Ike and Tina Turner, wound up in the chorus of Joe Cocker's *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, and matriculated to vocal backing for the ubiquitous Leon Russell. It is said that Mick Jagger wrote "Brown Sugar" under her inspiration. Judging from the cover photograph, that is entirely likely. She sings with authority and emotion and looks as Funk Inc. sounds. It should be enough.

On a quieter, more mellifluous level are new albums by the Swingle Singers, Paul Horn, Hubert Laws, Eumir Deodato, Chick Corea, Mickey Newbury, and Burt Bacharach-Hal David.

The Swingles, of course, recorded the remarkable *Bach's Greatest Hits* ten

The new Swingle Singers

years ago, but, save for *Going for Baroque*, which closely followed, and a re-release of both, little has been heard from them since. The new album, **The Joys of Singing** on Philips, is sung by an octet (with four of the originals), backed by bass and drums, and is indescribably gorgeous. The Swingles thing, of course, was to sing verbatim transcriptions of Bach in what is commonly called scat, or vocalese, style. This round they do Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi, Marcello, and Pachelbel.

The Paul Horn and Hubert Laws albums (**Inside II** on Epic and **Morning Star** on CTI, respectively) are both by master flutists: Horn plays up to seven different multi-tracked instruments, solo, accompanied only by various sounds of nature and, of all things, sympathetic vibrations from an unplayed piano; Laws's context is more conventional, backed by myriad musicians, arranged by Don Sebesky, including "Amazing Grace" and "Where Is the Love?" Both are gorgeous albums. Horn's first *Inside*, recorded solo in the Taj Mahal, is a classic.

Which brings us to Deodato's irresistible **Prelude** (which should be somewhere very high on the charts when you read this, thanks to a nine-minute track of the theme from *2001: A Space Odyssey*) and Corea's **Light as a Feather**. Both are from jazz folks who have moved in recent times to the electric piano and discovered how to make it sound very pretty. The Deodato album is the more svelte and pleasant, Corea's more interesting, especially for the presence of singer

Eumir Deodato, electric pianist

Flora Purim, who seems to be working on a style that involves singing sharp a great deal of the time. This is not meant sarcastically. It is an intriguing effect.

Mickey Newbury's new release, **Heaven Help the Child,** is a series of laments, reveries, and quietly vulnerable agonizing by a master of this sort of thing. The album is pretty, sometimes touching—especially on "San Francisco Mabel Joy"—and avoids, somehow, whining. That isn't easy when you write lines like "Sunshine, you may find my window, but you won't find me."

The Bacharach-David score of **Lost Horizon** is, I suspect, without having seen the film, extremely functional and just about totally devoid of future hits. The music is lovely; the construction will give singers fits.

Some other recent releases of interest: Ike and Tina Turner's **Let Me Touch Your Mind** on United Artists, Judy Collins's **True Stories and Other Dreams** on Elektra, Sarah Vaughan's **Feelin' Good** on Mainstream, Ravi Shankar-Ali Akbar Khan's **In Concert: 1972** on Apple, Johnny Cash's **Any Old Wind That Blows** on Columbia, Dionne Warwicke's **Just Being Myself** on Warner Bros., and **Doug Sahm and Band** on Atlantic, with Sir Douglas himself, Bob Dylan, David Bromberg, Dr. John, and like that.

JOHN L. WASSERMAN

Cross-Eyed Puzzle

Yoko Ono has a new album out on Apple entitled Approximately Infinite Universe. *Musically, it is reminiscent of the work of: a) Florence Foster Jenkins; b) Elmir de Hory; c) Anna Russell; d) Mrs. Miller. Choose one.* □

SR RECOMMENDS

A selection of ten current pop recordings that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of SR of The Arts.

CARLY SIMON: No Secrets. Elektra, 75049. The liaison with James Taylor appears salutary. Carly fulfills her promise both as singer and as songwriter. Former number-one album in the country. Join the fun—guess who "You're So Vain" is about. Jim Nabors? Marlene Dietrich?

KENNY BURRELL: 'Round Midnight. Fantasy, 9417. A clean and lyrical collection of seven ballads by a master of the hollow-body electric guitar. First-rate songs (Thelonious Monk's title tune, "I Think It's Going to Rain Today," "Since I Fell for You"), embellished by tasteful accompaniment and unsurpassed elegance of style. Richard Wyands, Paul Humphrey, and Joe Sample are among the illustrious celebrants.

AZTECA. Columbia, KC 31776. An eclectic seventeen-piece Latin-rock-jazz band. An impressive debut album by a number of veteran players, including graduates of the Santana band. This LP is further indication that the best modern Latin-based bands are almost exclusive property of San Francisco's Mission District.

DAVE ALEXANDER: The Rattler. Arhoolie, 1067. The piano and vocal blues by a young man from Oakland, California, who's not likely to wind up in the Vegas lounges. A-1 originals, including some boogie. No "name" sidemen, no lush strings, just the blues. There is an earnest, honest, and direct quality about Alexander's music that can be felt but not described.

THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA: Birds of Fire. Columbia, KC 31996. An extraordinary jazz-rock album, furious and sinister music featuring guitarist John McLaughlin and violinist Jerry Goodman. Background music for a nervous breakdown.

THE SWINGLE SINGERS: The Joy of Singing. Philips, PHS 700-004. The unique French-based vocal group scats Mozart, Vivaldi, Bach, and other fave raves. Their first album in years is mellow of tone, awesome of technique, gorgeous of sound. The remarkable Ward Swingle has devised the most salutary technique to date for fusing pop and classical music.

FUNK INC.: Chicken Lickin'. Prestige, 10043. The group is true to its name, down and dirty. Not for black-tie dinners. Guitarist Steve Weakley stands out, but the whole group moves like a landslide.

EUMIR DEODATO: Prelude. CTI, 6021. *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is finally on the charts, with a little help from Stanley Kubrick and a lot from arranger-conductor-electric pianist Deodato. Plus other delights. Bassist Ron Carter, percussionist Airto Moreira, and conga drummer Ray Barretto lift the whole business about two feet off the ground.

PAUL HORN: Inside II. Epic, KE 31600. The flutist who created *Inside* (inside the Taj Mahal) is at it again. Lush, multi-tracked flute solos you could hang laundry on. Accompanists are a school of killer whales. Something to do with ecology. . . .

B. B. KING: The Best of B. B. King. ABC, ABCZ-767. The better to fill the holes in your collection, my dear. The blues is King may be questionable grammar, but it's accurate assessment. These previously issued cuts include "The Thrill Is Gone," "How Blue Can You Get," and "Hummingbird."

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FILM & TELEVISION

Artsy Junk, Junky Art

O'Toole, Taylor, and Burton: Under Milk Wood*'s troika of misused stars*

I suspect that Andrew Sinclair's film version of **Under Milk Wood** might be fairly effective if you sat through it with your eyes tightly shut, as if listening in the dark to a Caedmon LP of the Dylan Thomas work. I, however, made the mistake of keeping my eyes open, and so I was nearly bored to tears by the picture. Thomas, of course, originally wrote *Under Milk Wood* as a radio play for the BBC in 1945, and, though he himself subsequently adapted it for the stage and it has now belatedly turned up as a movie, the work stubbornly remains a radio play. *Under Milk Wood* is, in short, written for the ear and not for the eye, and it is cheapened and debased when used by Sinclair as the voice-over narration for something akin to a Fitzpatrick travelogue of a Welsh village.

For those who may be unfamiliar with *Under Milk Wood*, it is a plotless evocation in wildly tumbling free verse of a single April day in the life of a seaside village in Wales called Llareggub, which lies below a dark and tangled forest—Milk Wood. (Thomas's private joke: though the name of his fictional village, Llareggub, couldn't look or sound more authentically Welsh, it is actually "bugger all" spelled backwards.) And the radio play—or dramatic poem for a fugue of voices—is alternately poignant, comic, sentimental, and ribald as it explores the dreams, memories, and uneventful lives of a chorus of obscure Welsh villagers.

Much of the film is narrated by a character known only as the First Voice, who is portrayed in the film by Richard Burton. As an unseen voice, Burton is first-rate; a Welshman himself, of course, he gives a brilliant reading of Thomas's densely imaged lines. But, unfortunately, Burton is also seen in the movie as a stranger to Llareggub trudging dumbly about the village with a seedy companion at his side and looking mainly hung over and bored. Elizabeth Taylor appears briefly in the picture, too, as a dead whore of fond memory named Rosie Probert. But with her heavy blue eye make-up, modish hair-do, and tentlike gown, Mrs. Burton looks as though she belongs in the audience at the Academy Awards, rather than in a grave in Llareggub. We also get an uninspired Peter O'Toole looking exceedingly foolish in absurd make-up as an aged and blind seafarer known as Captain Cat.

In theory, I suppose, someone might have been able to make a successful film out of *Under Milk Wood*, but that someone certainly isn't Andrew Sinclair, who both directed the movie and adapted it for the screen. His singularly unimaginative approach to turning the radio play into a movie has been to show us a literal picture of everything that Thomas mentions in *Under Milk Wood*. Whenever Thomas speaks of the sea, for instance, Sinclair dutifully gives us a shot of the sea; or, to cite an even more ludicrous example, when Thomas talks of the villagers sleeping at night with "glasses of teeth" on their bedside tables, Sinclair doggedly shows us a shot of a pair of pink-and-white false teeth in a water glass.

Sinclair and his director of photography, Bob Huke, never seemed to have settled on a coherent cinematic style for *Under Milk Wood*. Parts of the film are shot in misty soft-focus, while other parts are in flat sharp-focus, and the camera is all over the place, shooting often from arty and pretentious angles but never from a unifying point of view. At times the camera trails Burton and his pal about the village and so seems to be an objective observer of life in Llareggub, but Sinclair and Huke will then abruptly switch to a subjective camera, and we find ourselves looking at Llareggub through the eyes of one or another of the villagers. In terms of cinematic style, in other words, the film is a mess.

Under Milk Wood is probably a classic example of a movie that never should have been made in the first place. Even in the hands of the most brilliant directors, stage plays (and musicals) rarely make very good movies, and for Sinclair to have attempted to make a movie out of a Dylan Thomas radio play seems at best to have been a quixotic idea. The trouble with making a movie from a play has always been that the original work wasn't conceived by its author in cinematic terms, and so the film that is made out of it—though it may be a commercial success—is almost bound to be an artistic failure because the director has been forced to make something visual out of something that is essentially nonvisual. With only a handful of exceptions, the greatest films by the greatest directors—from Chaplin and Eisenstein onward to Bergman, Fellini, and Buñuel—have been works that were originally conceived solely as movies. To make a great work of cinematic art, in short, the initial artistic impulse must be cinematic—a vision in the mind's eye of the director.

After all of my talk about cinematic art, I'm somewhat embarrassed at this point to recommend a movie that is a piece of utter *shlock*—**The Poseidon Adventure**. Still, there are times when all of us would rather dine on a Big Mac cheeseburger, a chocolate milk shake, and a box of Good 'n' Plenty than on *boeuf en croûte* in a

Jack Albertson, Shelley Winters, and Red Buttons at a deathday party

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FILM & TELEVISION

three-star Parisian restaurant. In any event, *The Poseidon Adventure* is one of those mindless and egregiously silly Hollywood pictures that turn out to be so bad that they're good—and are tremendous fun to sit through when your critical faculties have taken a sabbatical for the evening.

In *The Poseidon Adventure* an earthquake in the Mediterranean generates a giant tidal wave that—at midnight on New Year's Eve, yet—capsizes an ocean liner, the S.S. *Poseidon*, aboard which we have, among others, a mod-radical priest (Gene Hackman), a New York City detective and his ex-hooker wife (Ernest Borgnine and Stella Stevens), a homey Jewish couple from Brooklyn (Jack Albertson and Shelley Winters), a folk singer (Carol Lynley), and a lonely bachelor haberdasher (Red Buttons), along with a nubile teen-aged girl, a prepubescent boy, and a ship's steward. "Who will survive?" ask the ads for *The Poseidon Adventure*, and it's this simple-minded question that indeed keeps up your giggling interest in a movie that has special effects as spectacular as its script, and performances as ludicrous. Who does survive? I will reveal that only six of the endangered passengers make it finally to safety, and that one of them is not Shelley Winters, who is plump enough these days to sink an ocean liner all by herself.

THOMAS MEEHAN

TV Specials: Relevance and Other Irrelevancies

"Relevance" is probably the single most misunderstood and most slavishly sought-after quality in television programming today. But, like a reflection of the moon on a lake, the harder one pursues it, the faster it slips away.

Marlo Thomas's first ABC special, *Acts of Love and Other Comedies*, written by Renee Taylor and Joe Bologna, is a wonderful example of TV "relevance." In a series of six vignettes (a sweet sixteen party, breaking up with a boy friend, virginity, childbirth, a narrowly escaped divorce, and a narrowly escaped affair) the show presents at their most banal and inane the thoughts men and women have about each other. We laugh at these malignant attitudes, but in a helpless way, as if on laughing gas. The show is supposed to be a look at "the unliberated woman"—relevant topic, that—but what we see is woman as lathering hysteric or mannequin.

By comparison, PBS's ninety-minute Hollywood Television Theatre adaptation of Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* couldn't seem less, or be more, pertinent to contemporary Americans. It is the story of George Willard, a young man growing up at the turn of this century in a small Ohio town and struggling to find his "voice." His father, hoping to "expand, diversify" his meager hotel business, wants to keep his son at home to do it. George's girl friend pushes him toward a secure, symbiotic marriage in Winesburg. But George's mother (played by Jean Peters in her first role since her divorce from Howard Hughes) wants her son to go: "I feel something striving to grow in him . . . it's what I let die in myself."

At first, George tries to do what his father and girl friend want. But when

Joseph Bottoms and Jean Peters as the simpatico son and mother in Winesburg

his mother tells him about the boredom of her life in Winesburg and the lovers she has taken to relieve it, he decides to leave. "There's something to be understood," he says, wondering about her life and his own. "Something about the need to be connected."

This is, of course, what all of us want—from art as much as from life—to be connected. But what connects us to most of television's supposedly relevant programs? Too often they are solipsisms, referring only to themselves. Until the television industry stops mistaking glare for illumination and empty laughs for approval, we're not likely to get anything better.

JIM GAINES

Forthcoming Programs

Winesburg, Ohio—See the above review. Air time: Monday, March 5, 8 p.m., EST.

Long Day's Journey Into Night—ABC taped this London National Theatre Production of Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece, starring Laurence Olivier and Constance Cummings. Air time: Saturday, March 10, 8 p.m., EST.

The Dance Theatre of Harlem—Arthur Mitchell of the New York City Ballet directs this exciting young dance ensemble. A PBS special. Air time: Monday, March 26, 8 p.m., EST.

Consult local listings for time and channel.

SR. RECOMMENDS

A selection of ten current films that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of SR of The Arts. ( ) *indicates the number of months a film has been on the list.*

LIMELIGHT—After nearly twenty years on the shelf, Charlie Chaplin's poignant film about the romance between an aging vaudevillian (Chaplin) and a young ballerina (Claire Bloom) has once again been released. If you've never seen it, now is definitely the time.

CRIES AND WHISPERS—Ingmar Bergman's brooding and beautifully photographed film about a young woman dying of cancer in a lonely country house belongs in a class with *Wild Strawberries* and *The Seventh Seal*. With Liv Ullman, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan. (2)

SLEUTH—Gimmicky goings-on that may include murder in an isolated English manor house. You'll probably see through the main trick of the plot, but the picture is nonetheless worth watching for the performance of a small cast led by Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine, both of whom are nominees this year for Best Actor. (2)

THE EMIGRANTS—This epic film (the first of two parts) deals with the plight of mid-nineteenth-century Swedish farmers and their flight to America. The experience of emigration, and the reasons why Europeans came to the New World, have never been so well portrayed on the screen. Liv Ullman (a nominee for Best Actress) and Max von Sydow head an excellent cast. Jan Troell directed this film, and he might just get an Oscar for it, as may the film itself. (2)

SOUNDER—Martin Ritt directed this eloquent account of a black sharecropping family in the Louisiana of 1933 and their fight for dignity in difficult times. With Cicely Tyson (a nominee for Best Actress), Paul Winfield (a nominee for Best Actor), and Kevin Hooks (son of Robert). The film is also a nominee for Best Picture this year. (2)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—Bernardo Bertolucci's much-discussed new film is about how Paul (Marlon Brando as an emigre Midwesterner who's managed to survive a variety of odd jobs and years of globe-trotting) and Jeanne (Maria Schneider as a friskily sensual ingenue) get together in an apartment for X-rated sex. Brando gives one of his best performances to date in this devastating film. It's one you shouldn't miss. (2)

THE HEARTBREAK KID—Written for the screen by Neil Simon (from a Bruce Jay Friedman story) and directed by Elaine May, this film tells what happens when a young New York sporting-goods salesman drifts in and out of marriage to a middle-class Jewish girl and takes up with a WASP goddess (Cybill Shepherd). Both Jeannie Berlin and Eddie Albert won Oscar nominations for their supporting roles. (2)

FELLINI'S ROMA—An overwhelming aural-visual cinematic experience in the form of a love letter to the director's spiritual and actual home. (3)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE—One of Luis Bunuel's finest and funniest films, it puts on, in an often surreal manner, the forms and ambiguities of social life in France. Bunuel, known for his serious and often grim films, seems to have found a sense of humor. (3)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES—Diana Ross is up for Best Actress for her screen debut as Sidney J. Furie's idea of Billie Holiday. Though her voice is different, she is still supreme. (3)

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VISUAL ARTS

Photography in the After-Life

When *Life* ceased publication in December, an era in photography came to an end. For close to forty years the big weekly picture magazines (*Life, Look, Picture Post* in England, *Paris-Match* in France) were almost synonymous with photography in the public mind. These magazines invented and perfected a photographic art form, the picture essay, and facilitated the achievements of such acknowledged masters as Robert Capa, W. Eugene Smith, and Henri Cartier-Bresson. Until the advent of television these magazines were (along with the movies) most people's principal source of visual information about the world beyond their horizons.

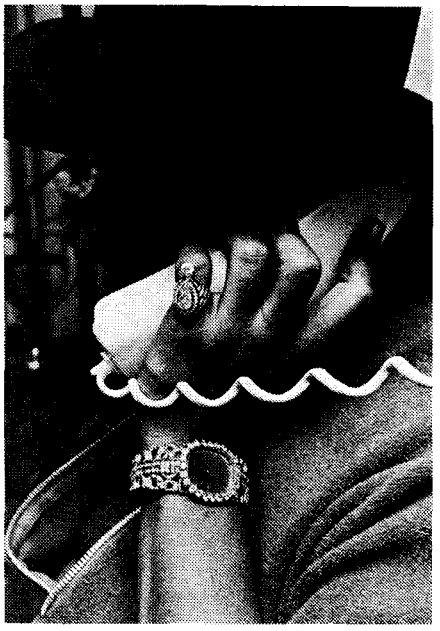
W. Eugene Smith's famous Country Doctor *photo essay appeared in* Life *in 1948.*

It is doubtful that any photographers of the future will be as well known or have such opportunities as the great *Life* stars. Photojournalism continues on a less exalted level in the daily press, and quality photography is increasingly used in magazines such as this one. In addition, there are two places where photography may be seen that make up in prestige and publicity what they lack in audience. These are the photography book and the photography exhibition. Neither of these, in fact, is new. Paul Strand and Stefan Lorant pioneered the modern photography book back in the 1940s, and there have been photo exhibitions since the nineteenth century. In the last year, however, as famous professionals from the picture magazines seek new outlets for their work, there has been an astonishing increase in the number and quality of books and exhibitions.

Many of the new books are in effect retrospective exhibits of established masters' work. Among these are *André Kertész* (Grossman, $19.95) and *Halsman Sight and Insight* (Doubleday, $25). Others are self-published books by newcomers, such as Geoff Winningham's recent *Going Texan* (Kelsey, $20) and Ralph Gibson's new *Déjà Vu* (Lustrum, $5.95).

This year two of the Museum of Modern Art's major exhibitions featured photographs: the current From the Picture Press, which examines the newspaper photograph, and the Diane Arbus exhibition, which opens April 1 in Chicago on the first leg of a nationwide tour. The Metropolitan Museum currently has two important photography exhibitions running simultaneously: the touring Paul Strand show, which opened in Philadelphia in 1971, and The Painterly Photograph, 1890–1914, a survey of art photography in its days of innocence, before it was used in advertising and journalism.

The gallery scene is even more active. Three years ago there were only five or six photography galleries in the entire country. Now there are fifteen galleries in New York City alone, and new ones are opening almost daily.



From Gentleman of Leisure, *a recent book by photojournalist Bob Adelman*

Most of them, to be sure, are nonprofit ventures run for fun or glory. But the one or two commercially successful ones have served as an inspiration to the rest.

All this activity has made some observers proclaim a renaissance in serious photography. It is true, for better or worse, that a photographer who publishes his own book or runs his own gallery is more free to "do his own thing" than one who must satisfy the editors of *Life*. Still, a few audience figures cast a cold light on this glamorous photography boom. During its palmy days *Life* sold five to seven million copies a week. The self-published book is lucky to sell 5,000 copies, while only the most successful gallery exhibitions have that many visitors even over a four- or five-week period.

GENE THORNTON

Frank Stella Explores A New Dimension

If Frank Stella's recent show in New York is as prophetic of the art of the Seventies as his creations a decade ago were of the Sixties, we may expect to see a body of work characterized by a meticulous complexity. Stella's huge new wall reliefs are composed of interlocking bars and chevrons. Some of the pieces tilt out toward the viewer at slightly varying angles; their elements are covered with an assortment of materials that look like wallboard, contact paper, plywood, burlap, or cardboard. They seem to be machines that at any moment will begin to work: dicing, chewing, shredding, stamping, and extruding products never yet envisioned.

Stella would probably not be pleased with such a metaphor. He and the other minimalist artists who dominated the Sixties abhorred the notion that a work of art might remind a viewer of anything but itself. They, and the eloquent critics who theorized about their work, rejected the dramatic, highly personal canvases of the abstract expressionists in favor of laconic, geometric, simplified images. They also rejected the brilliant, improvised brushwork and complex compositions of the older artists.

Stella's new reliefs seem to be a synthesis of the complexity of the Fifties and the austere simplicity of the Sixties. One could never accuse Stella of being a romantic, dragging up disturbing forms out of his unconscious; *that* aspect of abstract expressionism

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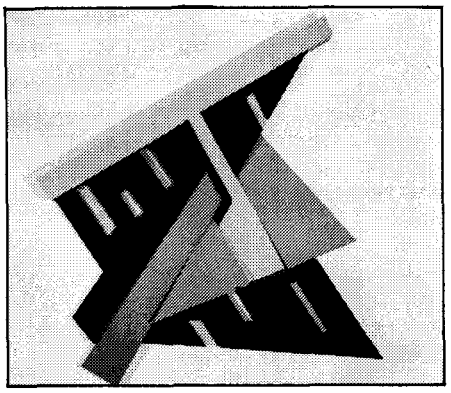
VISUAL ARTS



Frank Stella's Janów Sokólski, *1972*

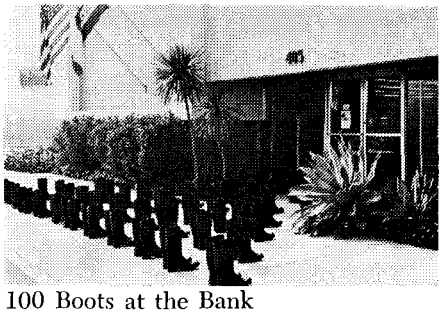
has not been resurrected. Nor has the splashy brushwork. But the new show does suggest motion, or at least the promise of motion (as soon as some turbine is turned on), and it also invites participation; in these two ways Stella does remind me of his elders.

In the last decade he made us look at black pinstripes or fluorescent crescents on canvases to which he sometimes gave added depth by attaching them to contoured stretchers. We acknowledged that Stella had fumigated the art world, getting rid of the stink of personality, of muscular involvement, of wild-eyed poetry. But would this work have meant much to us had it not been bolstered by reams of theoretical writing, essays pointing out how much Stella was *not* doing?

I myself was very skeptical about Stella's past work. It seemed obvious and theoretical (two qualities that go together more often than is generally acknowledged). But after stumbling into the Leo Castelli Gallery, where Stella's new work was exhibited, I was overwhelmed by a peculiar combination of excitement and calm. Stella is as calculated and immaculate as ever, but the viewer now has something to *do*. Stella now demands participation, not merely acknowledgment.

EDMUND WHITE

100 Boots Head East



100 Boots at the Bank

"Is a small box (a gallery) or a big one (a museum) lent to artists by the month really the highest piece of good fortune or success we can attain? . . . The only space I really want to occupy is somebody's head." The author of this heresy is Eleanor Antin, a California-based artist-poet who has found a unique means of occupying heads without submitting to the tyranny of the gallery system. Antin is using the U.S. mail to distribute her ongoing work titled *100 Boots*, a series of post cards that, taken together, form a photographic, picaresque "novel" about the adventures of fifty pairs of plain, black rubber boots.

For two years Antin's boots have been hanging around Southern California, at first participating in the Establishment culture (*100 Boots at the Bank*, *100 Boots in the Market*), then, symbolically, *100 Boots Turn the Corner* and commit their first crime—*100 Boots Trespass*. It is after this that they hit the road for a series of Kerouackian adventures at deserted ranches, on river boats, in and out of odd jobs. In the next six months they will move eastward to New York, where, according to Antin, they will explore a wide range of little known, but "iconic," urban spaces.

Ironically, the end of the road for *100 Boots* will be the most prestigious box of all, New York's Museum of Modern Art, where, in June, the entire saga will unfold for the first time in public. MOMA will also serve as a crash pad for the boots while their story is being displayed there. They will be supplied beds, an FM radio, a sink—all the necessities for a comfortable stay. "I am very curious what the reactions to my 'flesh and blood' hero will be like. His 'celluloid' image has been personalized, or anthropomorphized, if you will, by so many people, it's kind of like seeing James Dean or the young Marlon Brando in the flesh."

The Compleat Gallery

How does an unknown artist get his or her work shown in New York? How does an adventurous collector find art that's been rejected by the big commercial galleries? Harry Nasse may have come up with a solution.

Two years ago he opened his nonprofit Ward-Nasse Gallery at 178 Prince Street. Works by 120 artists are on display there, one piece by each artist. Nasse, who makes his living by running a frame shop, keeps on file slides of other pieces that his artists have created. If a buyer sees a slide of something he likes, Nasse directs him to the artist's own studio.

What is unusual is that the artist

Harry Nasse at his Prince Street gallery

does not have to agree to show only at Ward-Nasse, nor does Nasse take a commission of any sort. The quality of the work varies greatly, but the collection has a raw, jazzy quality, perhaps because of the odd juxtapositions of style. In any event, if you want maximum exposure as an artist or as a collector, either head for Prince Street or send for the catalogue, *Salon 1972–73*, which pictures four examples of each of the current exhibitors' work. The price is $4.50, or $3.50 for students and artists.

Competitions

SR of The Arts *from time to time will inform our readers of contests and exhibitions open to amateur and professional artists.*

Photography

MIT photography professor Minor White is looking for photographs by amateur and professional cameramen to include in Celebrations, an exhibition to be held at MIT in 1974.

By "celebrations" White means those moments when the spirit reveals itself: birthdays, graduations, weddings, divorces. The deadline for receipt of prints is November 1, 1973. For further information and guidelines, write: Minor White, c/o News Office, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

Graphic Arts

A worldwide competition for graphic artists is being sponsored by the California College of Arts and Crafts in association with the San Francisco Museum of Art. Entries, which are due by August 15, 1973, must be created specifically for the competition in one of the following graphic media: lithography, etching, block printing, screen printing, photo silkscreen, or mixed graphic media. A distinguished jury including Riva Castleman, curator of prints and illustrated books at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, will select the winners. Entry forms and further information may be obtained by writing: World Print Competition '73, 633 Battery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. □

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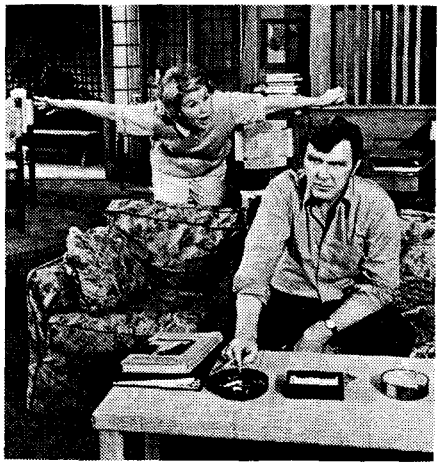
PERFORMING ARTS

Jean Kerr Revisits Broadway

Jean Kerr, whose *Mary, Mary* ran longer than any play Neil Simon ever wrote (indeed, *Life With Father, Tobacco Road, Abie's Irish Rose, Harvey,* and *Born Yesterday* are the only plays to have registered longer Broadway runs), has come up with a new comedy. *Finishing Touches* paints a candid portrait of two upper-middle-class parents who with shockingly slight discomfort reconcile themselves to a life of routine contentment despite the challenge of their less convention-bound children, and of proffered love affairs with attractive partners.

The wife, Katy, played by Barbara Bel Geddes, is an extension of the Mary she played a dozen years before. She is a woman who can't keep herself from doing the wrong thing for the "right" reasons. As she says, "I think I'm very intolerant, and I intend to stay that way!" Katy is also a bit like a Con-



Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing

greve heroine when her husband tells her an unpleasant truth "because she asked him." She adds, "You might stop telling me things I don't want to hear whether I ask you or not." Ms. Bel Geddes can play Katy in her sleep, which, come to think of it, is a pretty good way to act the role.

The husband, Professor Jeff Cooper, is performed by Robert Lansing, who exhibits an academic objectivity and an astonishingly thorough perception of detail one finds in some drama critics. For instance, after his son has interrupted his concentration by bouncing a basketball several times outside his window, he doesn't go back to work when the bouncing appears to have stopped. He waits for what he knows will be a final bounce. Then he can resume his work, explaining, "There's only *one* last bounce." Jeff's infallible method of avoiding problems that are beyond his capacity is to concentrate on smaller ones that he can deal with. He knows that a forty-three-year-old married man faces profound and permanent damage by risking a fling with a twenty-six-year-old woman, but he recognizes the danger only when he finds himself stopping in mid-flight to buy Gelusil. Jeff is a master at interpreting minor reactions.

The rest of the play is fairly depressing comedy, excusable only because the life it represents is depressing. However, as in a Neil Simon hit, little daily inconveniences, such as the wife's always ending up with the rotten half of the *New York Times*, hit a comic truth. And it's nice to find a line like "Hope is the feeling you have that the feeling you have isn't permanent." *Finishing Touches* may not be hilarious or romantic enough to be a smash hit, but it has flashes of candid humor and a certain discreet charm.

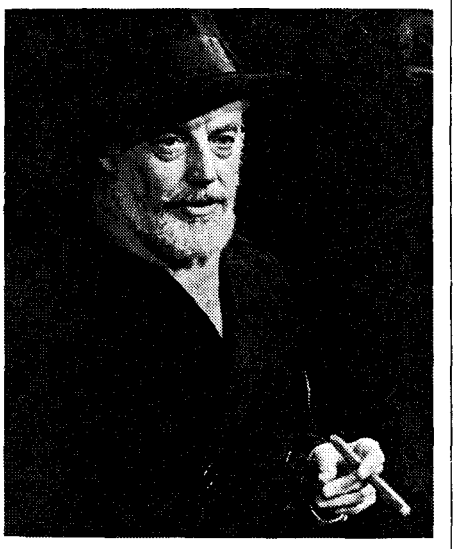
HENRY HEWES

A Frisch Look at Crime

In Washington, D.C., Arena Stage is presenting the American premiere of Swiss playwright Max Frisch's *A Public Prosecutor Is Sick of It All.* The drama follows the personal nightmare of a successful official who has reached a point in his career when he starts thinking about the nature of the crimes he has been prosecuting. One particular crime has set him on this course. A placid bank teller has for no apparent reason murdered the bank's night watchman with an ax. The prosecutor speculates that "this act we call a crime may in the end be nothing else but a bloody accusation raised by life itself. Against hope, against substitutes, against postponement."

The prosecutor's subsequent nervous breakdown leads him into becoming a different kind of ax murderer, a personification of the mythical Count Oederland, who once rose up to save the peasants with his ax. When his people's uprising succeeds, the prosecutor is forced to form a new government. Sadly he realizes his entrapment within a system in which whoever overthrows power in order to be free must himself assume power.

Because it is a dream play, there is



Shepperd Strudwick as the prosecutor

not always a causal connection from episode to episode. The interrogation of the murderer and his unexpected pardon are compellingly acted by Max Wright, but the scenes are part of a secondary plot. And Richard Bauer's amusingly theatrical performance as a clairvoyant brought in to solve the mystery of the prosecutor's disappearance is just a brief interlude. The main story is carried by Shepperd Strudwick as the prosecutor. Strudwick is convincing as a stern aristocrat whose concern for absolute justice motivates his joyless antiestablishment violence. Zelda Fichandler has staged the play with a unifying sense of style, and it is handsomely mounted with Santo Loquasto's stylish arrangements of rough-textured white panels and contrasting ornate furnishings.

H. H.

My Kingdom for a Stage Role

Al Pacino, not content to follow Marlon Brando's course as a movie star who has abandoned the theater, last spring insisted upon playing in *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* with the Theatre Company of Boston. Now, with the same organization, he is taking a crack at the title role in *Richard III.* Although he lacks the experience and vocal equipment for a traditional Shakespeare performance, he is effective in low-speaking passages, and his portrayal is made interesting by a controlled cynicism about the vulnerability of most people's loyalty and honor.

H. H.

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PERFORMING ARTS

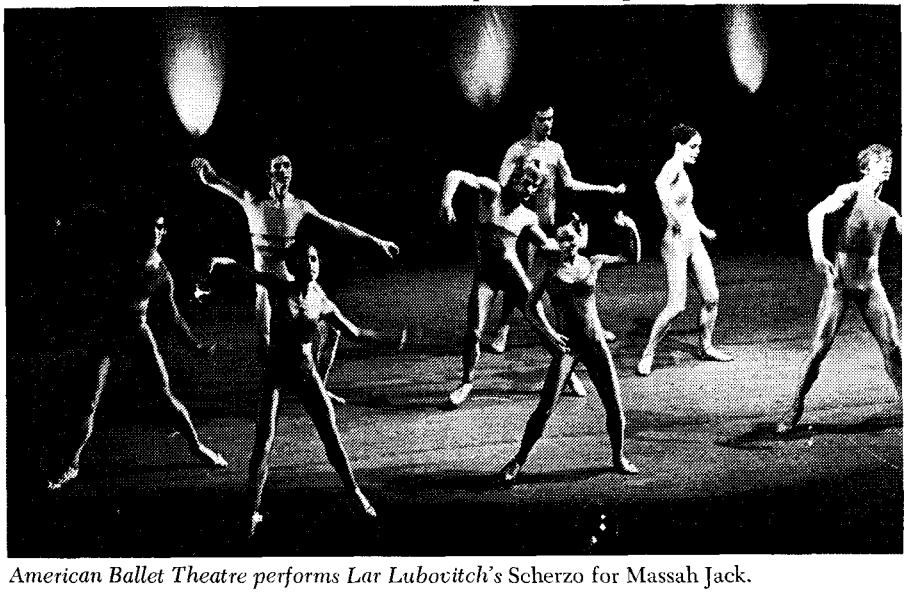
Dance: ABT's Identity Crisis

American Ballet Theatre has problems. One of them is the lack of a New York home. New York, like it or not, is where dance standards are set and judgments are made. ABT needs a theater there, a place it can call its own, and stability. Until then the company has little chance of developing either an adequate repertory or the sort of audience that could sustain it and help to guide its efforts. As matters stand, ABT scarcely knows from season to season what it is. During the summer, when it plays the superb New York State Theater in Lincoln Center (home of Balanchine's company), it aspires to historical grandeur and builds its season around full-length classics, usually *Giselle, Swan Lake*, and *La Sylphide*. These, though not imaginative or opulent productions, are sound enough, and when they frame a great performance like Natalia Makarova's Giselle—or even a cleverly manufactured one like Carla Fracci's—they prove very popular with the large theatergoing public.

But in the winter, when Lincoln Center's resident companies are at home, ABT has to change its address and, as a result, its identity. The shabby and inadequate City Center Theater, which the company is forced to use, cannot take big productions. A flimsy *Coppélia* and a flimsier *Fille mal gardée* alone represent the classics. Otherwise the repertory is made up only of short ballets that are easy to stage. Antony Tudor's elaborate *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, cannot be mounted. In the winter new works and revivals occupy the public's attention. A dancer like Makarova has few chances to infuse the season with her personality; ABT perforce becomes adventurous.

This is the point at which the most serious problem of all reveals itself. Even granted the double identity imposed by the shift in theaters, it is increasingly evident that ABT has only a vague idea of what its artistic destiny ought to be. This season at City Center Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith, directors for the thirty-three years of ABT's existence, again stumbled on from one choreographer to another, never quite finding a winner, and naming the results diversity. After Alvin Ailey's inchoate *Sea-Change* and David Lichine's thin *Graduation Ball* came four more additions, none very compelling, and two devoid of dance interest: Herbert Ross's *The Maids* and Rudi van Dantzig's *Monument for a Dead Boy*. The former, even with the title roles played by men, managed to convert Genet's strangeness into mere oddness; the latter, presenting the case history of a homosexual in a series of unilluminating vignettes, kept tumbling into ludicrous melodramatics. Lar Lubovitch's *Scherzo for Massah Jack* at least featured dancing, though the blend of representational comedy and abstract movement was disconcerting without being stimulating. *The Flames of Paris*, a pas de deux from Vassily Vainonen's full-length Soviet ballet of 1932, turned out to have too much dance for the limited skills of Eleanor D'Antuono and John Prinz.

Next summer will presumably see a return to the classics, the following winter to further adventures at City Center. The news that ABT's 1974 season at Lincoln Center has been preempted by Leningrad's Kirov Ballet only makes the company's need to reconsider its artistic aims and acquire a full-time resident choreographer more urgent. DALE HARRIS



American Ballet Theatre performs Lar Lubovitch's Scherzo for Massah Jack.

Two at the Top

Any list of New York's prime assets should include the dancing of Patricia McBride and Gelsey Kirkland. Both gave extraordinary performances all through the recently ended New York City Ballet season. McBride is at the peak of her powers. In the revival of Balanchine's *Tchaikovsky Concerto Number Two* (formerly known as *Ballet Imperial*) she offered what must be the most dazzling display of classical virtuosity to be seen today. In this work she performs prodigies of skill and daring—and at a speed to awaken disbelief—without ever once turning a hair. She breezes radiantly through Balanchine's fearsome combinations, all the while smiling mysteriously to herself, bemused, supremely confident.

Gelsey Kirkland, by comparison, is still in the process of being formed. Though her technique is fully mature, her personality is as yet indeterminate. There are times when she looks like a little girl lost. In Robbins' *Goldberg Variations*, however, and in Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* and *Harlequinade* (a nearly full-length work revised this season) she comes into her own and reveals her ballerina qualities: poise, beauty of line (unequaled by any other dancer in the company), self-possession, the gift of holding the audience's attention with even the simplest movement, and musicality. The news that Robbins is presently choreographing a ballet to *Swan Lake* music for her is good; it awakens the hope that Balanchine will someday create a major role to exploit her gifts. D. H.

Forecasts

Three major companies are touring the country this month—American Ballet Theatre, Merce Cunningham's troupe, and the National Ballet of Canada with Rudolf Nureyev:

American Ballet Theatre:
San Francisco, Calif. (March 4–11); Portland, Ore. (14–18); Seattle, Wash. (21–25); Denver, Colo. (March 29–April 1), Milwaukee, Wis. (2–7.)

Merce Cunningham:
Brooklyn Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N.Y. (March 22–25); State University of New York, Albany, N.Y. (28–29); Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. (March 31–April 1); State University of New York, Genesec, N.Y. (3–4).

National Ballet of Canada:
Houston, Tex. (March 6–11); New Orleans, La. (12–13); Memphis, Tenn. (15–16); St. Louis, Mo. (17–18); Kansas City, Mo. (20–21); Iowa City, Iowa (23–25); Champaign, Ill. (27–28); Bloomington, Ind. (29–30); Indianapolis, Ind. (March 31–April 1); Gary, Ind. (3–4). □

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ARTS FOR LIVING

Charles Eames: Chairman of the Board of Designers

Charles Eames is so revered by the design community that its members have called him a Renaissance man, the greatest American furniture designer, one of the first men of the twenty-first century. Yet his name is not a household word—except in connection with contoured chairs—principally because he believes that design, and presumably designers, ought to remain anonymous.

But this month the general public will have two opportunities to become better acquainted with Eames's contributions to modern living. New York's Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) is holding its second exhibit of Eames's furniture design and Harvard University Press is publishing his book *A Computer Perspective*, based on the exhibit he designed for IBM to document the history of "information machines," from 1890s tabulators to the electronic computer. The glare of publicity will also catch Ray Eames, Charles's wife and full-time collaborator.

The Eameses' genius is perhaps best explained as an ability to adapt industrial techniques—and to invent new techniques when necessary—in order to mass-produce objects that are sophisticated both technologically and esthetically. The early, mass-produced Eames chairs are lightweight, comfortable, and virtually indestructible. They possess an integrity so fully and naturally resolved that, as Hugh De Pree, the president of the firm that manufactures them, once observed, they seem "to have been plucked whole from some reservoir of preexistent ideas, if not from the sky." Many of them are in fact new generic forms. The molded plywood chair, for example, was the result of years of private research into the technology of bending plywood not merely into flat curves, which Finnish architect Alvar Aalto had accomplished in the Thirties, but into variable curves contoured to fit the human anatomy. The molded chair was introduced at MOMA in 1946 and soon went into commercial production. The Eameses went on to experiment with other materials that might be adaptable to sitting. Their office has created a family of seating furniture, using plywood, plastics, wire, leather, foam, and other substances for innumerable classrooms, offices, airline terminals, and private consumers.

Though the Eameses have been content to produce relatively little architecture, the house they designed for themselves in 1949 in Santa Monica, California, is a milestone of twentieth-century building. Made of mass-produced components—the parts could literally be ordered from factory catalogues—it proves that machined products can be used to create a flexible, gracious, informal, and personal home. The Eameses, who have lived in it since its construction, taught us to appreciate the "machine esthetic" and to accept the compatibility of beauty and technology.

Eames's multiscreen projections in the IBM *Theatre at the New York World Fair, 1965*

In the early Fifties the Eameses became interested in film and were among the first to use multimedia techniques for short, information-packed explorations of subjects such as science, space, mathematics, and time. Their films have been commissioned by corporate and government clients and viewed by millions at world's fairs, at film festivals, in classrooms and at business meetings. They are produced using the "information overload" technique by which the viewer is bombarded with far more data than he or she can consciously grasp. At the 1959 Moscow World Fair, for example, the visitor to the United States exhibit was greeted with "Glimpses of America"—scenes of American life projected simultaneously on seven screens. Each screen presented its own series of images so that much of the information could be retrieved only subliminally. As *Film Quarterly* put it, the Eameses' films represent "a peculiarly contemporary synthesis of films with science and technology."

Since 1971 the Eameses' show, A Computer Perspective, has run at the IBM Exhibit Center in New York. Viewing the display, one is immersed in a staggering environment of information. A forty-eight-foot-long wall of objects, photos, and text traces the history of "information machines." The wall is actually a three-dimensional communications device—graphically rich, overlapping, multilayered—that can yield a simple message after a quick survey or deeper understanding after prolonged study.

In experimenting with almost every aspect of design and communications, the Eameses have shown us that controlled technology can enrich our lives materially and esthetically. They have educated our visions and sensibilities.

NICHOLAS POLITES

The Eames MOMA retrospective will open March 27 and run through May 30; thereafter it is expected to travel to other museums around the country. Celebrating twenty-five years of furniture manufacture by Herman Miller, Inc., it will include famous designs as well as prototypes of objects never mass-produced. Photographs of the Santa Monica house will be exhibited, and a selection of the Eameses' films will also be shown.

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ARTS FOR LIVING

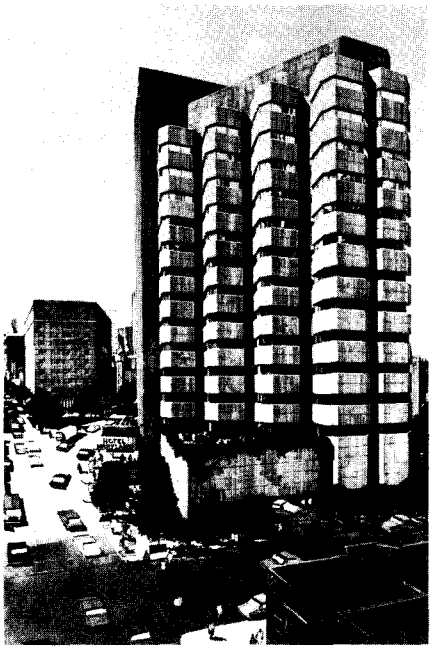
High-Rise Restaurants

Anyone who dines out has noticed the steadily rising price of a good meal. Now it appears restaurants themselves are rising. Edward Durell Stone & Associates has designed the country's first restaurant skyscraper—a fourteen-story tower to be erected on Chicago's rapidly growing Near North Side. Construction is scheduled to begin this spring.

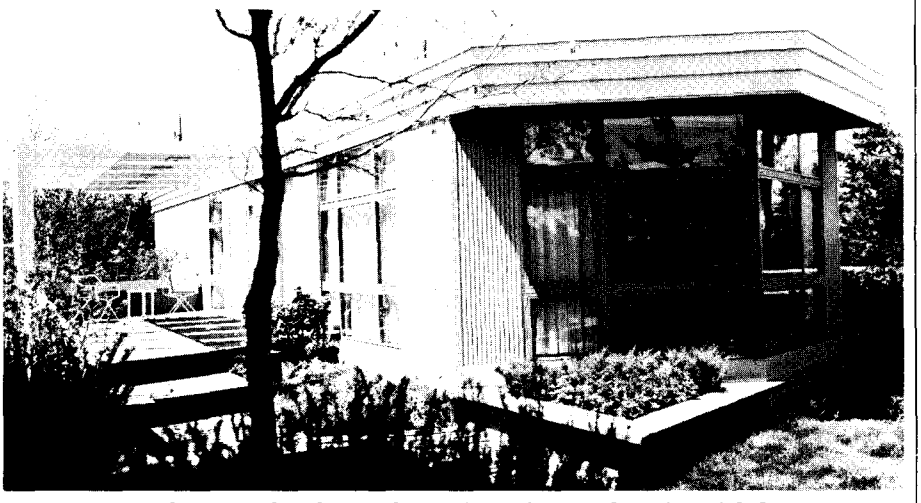
Twelve restaurants (with a total seating capacity of 2,760) and one nightclub (capacity 600) in a single building on a busy intersection pose mammoth service, traffic, and parking problems, but the architects believe they have the solutions. They will give each kitchen two points of access to the dining area, lessening the distance waiters must walk; also, each kitchen gets its supplies from two freight elevators. The tower's facade will cut a 45-degree angle across the corner of well-traveled Rush and Walton streets; the architects reason that this will ease the flow of vehicular traffic since the "motor court," where patrons will be discharged from taxis and private cars, is accessible from both streets. Studies show that adequate parking facilities are in the area and that many patrons will walk to the restaurants from nearby offices and residences.

Each floor of the Restaurant House will consist of modules containing 575 square feet. Those in the rear of the structure are devoted to kitchen space, elevators, restrooms, and exit stairs. Six octagonal modules intended for dining and bar space are on the perimeter of the plan, affording the patrons a panoramic view. The subdivision of floorspace provides a measure of intimacy unusual in a large restaurant. On a slow night the manager may close off several of the modules and increase efficiency. Each module, or two or three in combination, may be appointed in a different manner, giving a *restaurateur* the opportunity to vary menu and décor within a single establishment.

The architects considered their paramount esthetic challenge to be "how to design a multistory building to house twelve restaurants and a nightclub and avoid making it appear as though it were an office building with restaurants in it." Did they succeed? The artist's rendering leads one to answer yes. It looks like an *apartment* building with restaurants in it. RONALD NAJMAN



Edward Durell Stone's latest venture—The Restaurant House in Chicago



The prow-shaped, glass end of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation's mobile home

Taliesin in the Trailer Park

Despite the late Frank Lloyd Wright's legacy of personal shrines for wealthy clients, he was always interested in low-cost housing. That dream is now being realized by the organization that he founded. The Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation at Taliesin West, near Scottsdale, Arizona, is not only a school for young architects but also an energetic architectural firm. Run by Wright's widow, Olgivanna, the office is home for thirty-five of the master's disciples. One of them, Vernon D. Swaback, has designed a mobile home that will soon be marketed for less than $6,000 and is true to the Wright esthetic of "organic architecture"—the harmonious blending of structures with their natural settings.

Swaback's basic design, being manufactured by National Mobile Homes, a division of National Homes Corporation, incorporates a pair of novel concepts. The first is a break with the traditional "trailer" look. One end of the structure has floor-to-ceiling windows and is shaped like the prow of a ship. If two of the homes are placed together in the increasingly popular "doublewide" manner, the "box-with-wheels" stigma completely disappears. Nor does Swaback's mobile home try to resemble an English coach, a Swiss chalet, or an Early American colonial. Strong, horizontal lines, textured aluminum in earth-tone colors, and the avoidance of unnecessary trim contribute to a fully integrated design. The emphasis on the horizontal "earth line" is reminiscent of Wright's "prairie houses."

The second feature that makes Swaback's project unique grew out of the realization that mobile homes are on the road less than 1 per cent of the time. Most are moved only once—from the factory to their destination. They are purchased not because they are mobile but because they are inexpensive. Once the buyers of a home are established in a mobile park, they usually personalize their dwelling by purchasing "add-on" components. Until now such components have not been available from the manufacturer but only from suppliers dealing solely in the "add-on" business. The integrity of Swaback's design can be maintained because the manufacturer will also produce patios, trellises, screens, fences, cupolas, and planting boxes. These are treated not just as cosmetic elements but as integral parts of the design.

Swaback says that the trend is now toward selling mobile park space, although most parks are still run on a rental basis. His hope is that pride of land and home ownership may result in a demand for better design. Swaback and the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation have models on the drawing boards; other designers could take a cue from the people at Taliesin West. □

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BOOKS

Rocket Power

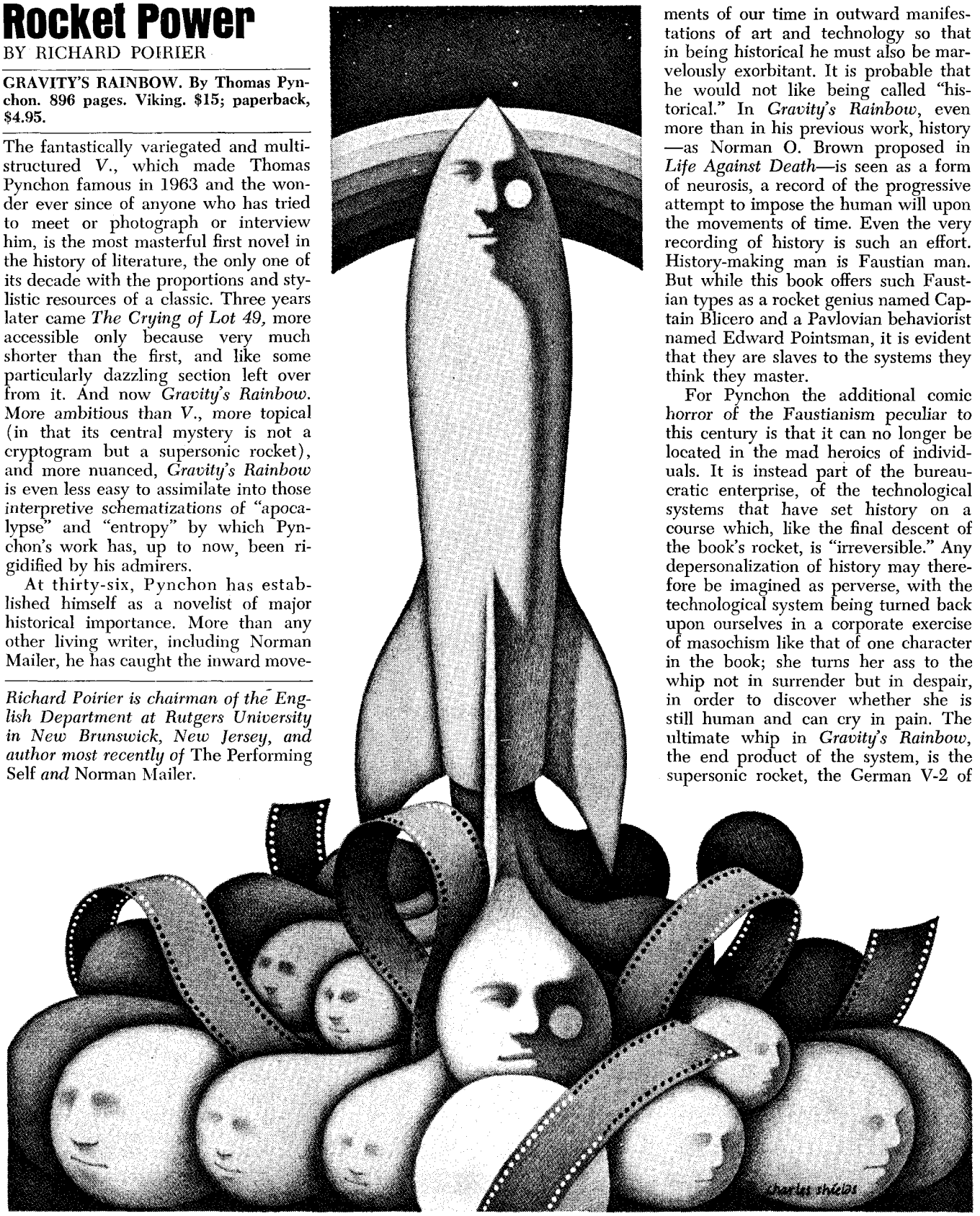
BY RICHARD POIRIER

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. By Thomas Pynchon. 896 pages. Viking. $15; paperback, $4.95.

The fantastically variegated and multistructured *V.*, which made Thomas Pynchon famous in 1963 and the wonder ever since of anyone who has tried to meet or photograph or interview him, is the most masterful first novel in the history of literature, the only one of its decade with the proportions and stylistic resources of a classic. Three years later came *The Crying of Lot 49,* more accessible only because very much shorter than the first, and like some particularly dazzling section left over from it. And now *Gravity's Rainbow.* More ambitious than *V.*, more topical (in that its central mystery is not a cryptogram but a supersonic rocket), and more nuanced, *Gravity's Rainbow* is even less easy to assimilate into those interpretive schematizations of "apocalypse" and "entropy" by which Pynchon's work has, up to now, been rigidified by his admirers.

At thirty-six, Pynchon has established himself as a novelist of major historical importance. More than any other living writer, including Norman Mailer, he has caught the inward movements of our time in outward manifestations of art and technology so that in being historical he must also be marvelously exorbitant. It is probable that he would not like being called "historical." In *Gravity's Rainbow*, even more than in his previous work, history —as Norman O. Brown proposed in *Life Against Death*—is seen as a form of neurosis, a record of the progressive attempt to impose the human will upon the movements of time. Even the very recording of history is such an effort. History-making man is Faustian man. But while this book offers such Faustian types as a rocket genius named Captain Blicero and a Pavlovian behaviorist named Edward Pointsman, it is evident that they are slaves to the systems they think they master.

For Pynchon the additional comic horror of the Faustianism peculiar to this century is that it can no longer be located in the mad heroics of individuals. It is instead part of the bureaucratic enterprise, of the technological systems that have set history on a course which, like the final descent of the book's rocket, is "irreversible." Any depersonalization of history may therefore be imagined as perverse, with the technological system being turned back upon ourselves in a corporate exercise of masochism like that of one character in the book; she turns her ass to the whip not in surrender but in despair, in order to discover whether she is still human and can cry in pain. The ultimate whip in *Gravity's Rainbow*, the end product of the system, is the supersonic rocket, the German V-2 of



Richard Poirier is chairman of the English Department at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and author most recently of The Performing Self *and* Norman Mailer.

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BOOKS

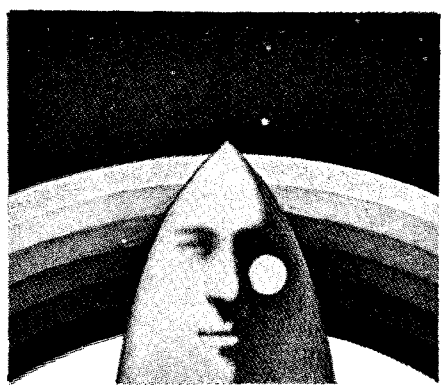
the Second World War. It is Moby Dick and the *Pequod* all in one, both the Virgin and the Dynamo of Pynchon's magnificent book.

If in the structure of his books Pynchon duplicates the intricate networking of contemporary technological, political, and cultural systems, then in the style and its rapid transitions he tries to match the dizzying tempos, the accelerated shifts from one mode of experience to another, which characterize contemporary media and movement. As the recurrent metaphors of the book would have it, we are being delivered beyond the human "margin," beyond "gravity," and the natural beauties created by its pressures. Our exhilarations are at the expense of any safe "return," any re-entry, except a self-destructive one, into the atmosphere that has made the earth a congenial and precarious "home" for our vulnerable, time-ridden natures.

In Pynchon we "return" to ourselves, come back to the remembered earth of our primal being, reified by the objects to which we have joined our passions, our energies, and our needs. We have become like the young Gottfried, a soldier who allows himself to be placed inside a specially assembled V-2, number 00000, then to be fired beyond the speed of sound, over scenes he thinks he would remember fondly were he able to see them, and down to fiery annihilation.

It is impossible to summarize a book of some 400,000 words in which every item enriches every other and in which the persistent paranoia of all the important characters invests any chance detail with the power of an omen, a clue, to which, momentarily, all other details might adhere. The novel clarifies itself only to create further mysteries, as one such pattern modifies or displaces another. This is a cumulative process with no predictable direction so that any summary is pretty much the product of whatever creative paranoia the book induces in a reader. To complicate matters further, characters are not introduced as they customarily are in fiction, with some brief account of identity and function. Instead, any one of the chapters—which are separated not by numbers but by little squares apparently meant to simulate the sprocket holes in a film—suddenly immerses us in a scene, a mass of persons and furnishings, much as if it were flashed before us on a screen.

In *Gravity's Rainbow* there are some 400 characters all bearing Pynchonesque names (Old Bloody Chiclitz is back, by the way, from *The Crying of Lot 49*), along with a fair number of people who, if you bother, can be found in reference books (e.g., such pioneers in organic chemistry as Kekulé, von Liebig, and Clerk Maxwell). There are scores of submerged references, including one to "The Kenosha Kid." I'd guess this is Orson Welles, born in Kenosha, Wisconsin. A most apt allusion, if one thinks of the hero of *Citizen Kane* and of how his last word, "Rosebud," is taken as some clue to the lavish assemblage of his wealth and power, when it is instead the name of a little sled, at the end consigned to junk and fire, that he loved as a boy. Any reference or detail in the book can



"As it turns out, his map of the location of various girls around London perfectly synchronizes with another map kept by the authorities marking V-2 hits."

redeem itself this way. But no one of them should ever be regarded as a central clue, and the reader need not fret unduly at what he might miss.

No one, for example, will want to keep track of the hundreds of alphabetical agencies from World War II and the international cartels that are mentioned in the book, nor is anyone expected to. The confusion is the point, and CIA is not what you think it is, but Chemical Instrumentality for the Abnormal. The book is full of disguises, of changes and fusions of identity. The principal character in the main plot is Lt. Tyrone Slothrop, whose ancestry goes back to Puritan stock in colonial New England, but he is sometimes also known as Ian Cuffing, a British correspondent, and sometimes as Der Racketmensch, a title he picks up in Berlin when he sports a cape and helmet looted from a Wagnerian opera company (*"Fickt nicht mit den Racketmensch,"* the poor bastard cries, using a veronica to elude two would-be muggers). He picks up yet another title and another costume in a small German town where, at the behest of some little kids, for whom he will always do anything, he plays the role of Plechazunga, or the Pig Hero, in the yearly pageant to celebrate a tenth-century liberator who appeared in a flash of lightning. He continues to wear his pig costume through a whole series of subsequent adventures.

Aside from the main plot, which deals with a competitive effort to see who can first put together a facsimile of Rocket 00000, there are at least four other major plots, one of which would alone make or enhance the reputation of anyone now writing fiction. There is the story of Lieutenant, later Major, Weissmann, better known by his aforementioned ss code name of Captain Blicero, his love for the Herero tribesman Enzian, both in South-West Africa and in Germany, and his later relationships with Gottfried and with Katje, a double agent who also has an affair with Slothrop. There is the story of Franz Pökler, who has worked on the rocket for Weissmann-Blicero, partly out of fascination but also with the hope thereby of recovering his wife and his daughter Ilse from the concentration camps. There is the story of Tchitcherine, a Soviet intelligence officer, of his exile in central Asia just before the war, his search for his half brother, Enzian, in what Pynchon calls simply "the Zone" after the war, his Koestler-like dialogues with Comrade Ripov, who might have him exterminated, and the subsequent, successful search for him by his German girl, the adoring Geli. And then there is the story of the half brother, Enzian himself, a leader of the *Schwarzkommando* (they are Hereros exiled in Germany for two generations from South-West Africa) and the organizer of their effort to locate all the parts necessary to put together and fire Rocket Number 00001. In all these is a species of travel writing about Berlin before Hitler, London during the Blitz, the Zone after the war, central Asia in the 1930s, German Southwest Africa early in the century —all of it apparently staggeringly authentic not only in researched detail but in tone, in creating the spirit of times and places Pynchon has never seen.

There are also dozens of wondrous ancillary plots featuring characters whose motives and activities are essential to the movement of all the major ones. Probably the most important of these is an elusive Doctor Laszlo Jamf, whose early career as a behaviorist brought him from Darmstadt for a year at Harvard. While there, by agreement

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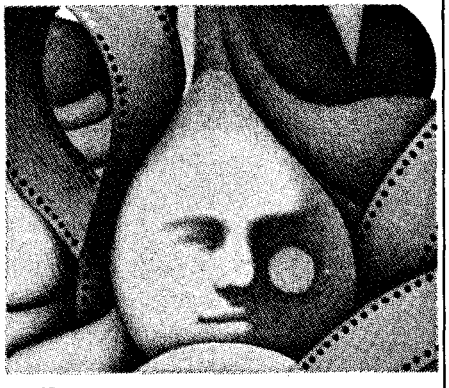
between Infant Slothrop's father and I. G. Farben, who will later subsidize Slothrop's education at the same university, Jamf conditioned Infant Tyrone's sexual reflexes. Unfortunately, Jamf's later deconditioning process is ineptly managed so that in London in 1944 Slothrop finds himself getting a hard-on at times and places where the V-2 rocket is to fall.

This phenomenon has not gone unnoticed by Slothrop's superiors, especially Edward Pointsman, in an experimental group called The White Visitation. What mystifies them is that, because V-2 is supersonic, the sound of approach follows rather than precedes the sound of impact. The conceivable stimulus for Slothrop's conditioned response therefore follows the explosion it should warn him about so that, given his repeated proximity to spots where the rocket is to fall, he should be dead. It has to be assumed, therefore, that his conditioning has given him special powers of responding not to the rocket sound but to mysterious precursors of its arrival, to some configuration of sights and circumstances. As, it turns out, his map of the location of various

"The 'secret' is that sex, love, life, death have all been fused into the Rocket's assembly and into its final trajectory."



girls around London perfectly synchronizes with another map kept by the authorities marking V-2 hits. (The reader is free, without any prodding from Pynchon, to play with the joke that perhaps Slothrop's capacity to read signs about the intent of the heavens is part of his Puritan inheritance; he is one of the Elect, one of the Saved.) In any case, Jamf can be said to have programmed the score and bangs for both Slothrop and the rocket, since one of his accomplishments when he later phased himself from behaviorism into organic chemistry was the development of Imipolex G, a plastic essential to the mysterious Rocket 00000.

The central character is the Rocket itself, and all the other characters, for one reason or another, are involved in a quest for it, especially for a secret component, the so-called *Schwarzgerät*, which was wrapped in Imipolex G. Because the multiple search gradually exposes the interlocking relationships among the cultural, economic, and scientific aspects of contemporary life and its historical antecedents, Pynchon can properly refer to it as "the terrible politics of the Grail." Slothrop is compelled because rockets turn him on and because Pointsman contrives to have him observed in his obsession before removing his testicles for analysis. (The designated guinea pig gets away when the wrong man is picked up wearing Slothrop's Pig Hero costume.) Enzian wants to reassemble the Rocket as a final Revelation to his people: the white races who practiced genocide upon them have devised now an instrument of their own annihilation, which is figuratively and, as their firing of the Rocket will show, literally "irreversible." Tchitcherine's pursuit of the rocket is a pretext for finding and destroying Enzian, thus removing the humiliation of having a black half brother. The real powers on the Anglo-American side, whom Pynchon calls "They," indulge Pointsman and Slothrop for the same reason that their Soviet counterparts indulge Tchitcherine—so that They might come into possession of the rocket assembly but, more importantly, so that They might destroy at last the *Schwarzkommando*. "They" want the world to be bleached, as the name Blicero suggests, after Blicker, a folklorish German nickname for Death, for blankness.

What only a few of the various searchers suspect, and what none of Them knows, is the lesson made obvious by the compulsion of the search: the Rocket has taken possession of everyone, and Gottfried is only a physical manifestation of their collective ultimate destiny. Gottfried *is* the *Schwarzgerät*, and Rocket 00000 was assembled in such a way as to make room for his body, covered with an aromatic shroud of Imipolex G. The "secret" is that sex, love, life, death have all been fused into the Rocket's assembly and into its final trajectory.

It can and will be said that such a book as this would have no audience except one prepared by the kind of analytic study of literature that has been in vogue for some thirty years. It's been said already of *V.* and of the works of other related contemporary novelists like William Burroughs, who shares, by the way, Pynchon's mar-

SR RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1951–1971. By A. R. Ammons (Norton, $12.50)—An important and absorbing collection by a renewer of the central tradition of American poetry.

DEEPER INTO MOVIES. By Pauline Kael (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.95)—This huge new collection of movie reviews (1969–1972), by a critic whose writing combines intelligence, enthusiasm, wit, and clarity, serves also as a record of current interaction between movies—our national theater—and our national life.

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. By Thomas Pynchon (Viking, $15)—A mammoth new novel—in size, complexity, and theme—set toward the end of World War II and concerned in part with our relationship with technology.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

HOME COMFORT. Edited by Richard Wizansky (Saturday Review Press, $8.95)—A handsomely published and completely beguiling collection of first-person accounts (with illustrations) of the joys, hassles, challenges, and accomplishments—practical and spiritual—of life on a communal New England farm.

THE INCOMPLEAT FOLKSINGER. By Pete Seeger. Edited by Jo Metcalf Schwartz (Simon & Schuster, $12.50)—Social and political observations, a survey of folk music and musicians, and along the way an autobiography of the troubadour who sets it all down with grace, verve, and an unself-conscious humanity.

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE. By Sharon R. Curtin (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $6.95)—A powerful, personal, and affecting essay about how this country regards (and treats) its elderly, how they regard themselves, and what they might do about it.

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES. By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Simon & Schuster, $8.95; paperback, $2.95)—A complete medical guide for, about, and by women, and a breakthrough book of feminine consciousness.

THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME. By Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Random House, $15)—This well-written, detailed account of the fate of the most far-reaching social legislation proposed since the New Deal provides a rare inside view of the workings of government and the pressure of politics.

THE UNKNOWN ORWELL. By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams (Knopf, $8.95)—This first volume of a major biography of George Orwell covers the first thirty years of his life—from schooling at Eton to down and out in Paris and London.

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BOOKS

velous sensitivity to the metaphysical implications of technology, especially film technology, and the way the mind can schizophrenically work like a film projector. But the argument that writers like Pynchon and Burroughs are a by-product of contemporary literary criticism is trivial, since, for one reason, the two books—*Moby Dick* and *Ulysses*—that come to mind most often as one reads *Gravity's Rainbow* indulged in the same kind of complexity, not because criticism had made it fashionable to do so, but because the internal nature of culture made it necessary. And it is further beside the point because *Gravity's Rainbow* marks an advance beyond either book in its treatment of cultural inheritances, an advance that a merely literary education and taste will either distort or find uncongenial.

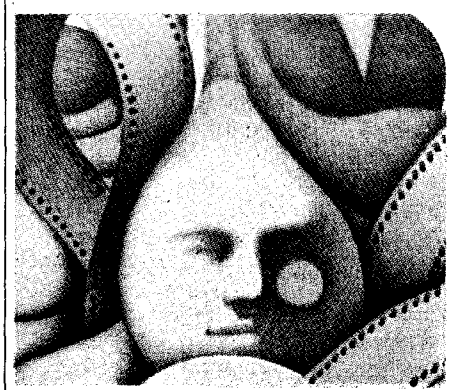
However outwardly similar, these three works do not conceive of the world in the same way. For historical reasons alone, including a radically changed idea about the structure of human personality, they would have to be vastly different from one another. Where they are alike is in the obligation, assumed without condescension, to shape the world occasionally in compliance with techniques developed outside literature or high culture. All three books take enormous, burdensome responsibility for the forces at work in the world around them, for those "assemblies" of life, like movies, comics, and behavioristic psychology, that go on outside the novel and make of reality a fiction even before a novelist can get to it. That is why all three books are full of renditions of styles and forms other than those derived from literature itself. The rhetoric in *Moby Dick* often owes as much to the political oratory of Melville's own time as to the works of Shakespeare. *Ulysses* has as much of the newspaper and the music hall as of Homer. Film is everywhere in *Gravity's Rainbow*. So is musical comedy—any given scene might break into a lyric. So are comic books, and although Plastic Man and Sundial are directly mentioned, Superman, Batman, and Captain Marvel, the superheroes of the World War II comics, determine the tone and the conduct of many of the characters.

This kind of thing is now familiar enough, but what distinguishes Pynchon in *Gravity's Rainbow*, especially from such writers as John Barth and Borges, is that he does not, like them, make use of technology or popular culture or literary convention in an essentially parodistic spirit, though he tended to do so in *V*. He is not so literary as to think it odd, an in joke, that literary techniques are perhaps less powerfully revealing about human nature and history than are scientific ones.

Pynchon, who was a student of engineering at Cornell, knows and respects the imagination embedded in the instrumentalities of science. If he is a scholar of film and super-comics, he is, even more, a scholar of mathematics. There are learned disquisitions on, among other things, organic chemistry and the theory of pauses in classical music, the possibilities of "dodecaphonic democracy" where all the notes in a work get equal hearing, something Pynchon might have gotten from Glenn Gould. Whether or not there is "dodecaphonic democracy" in Beethoven, there is most surely a kind of cultural democracy in Pynchon, and it is different from that in Melville or Joyce, the latter of whom shows a high-cultural nostalgia that is absent from Pynchon. Pynchon is apt to wax nostalgic about lost moments of American adolescence, especially moviegoing, and his idea of character derives more from cinematic media, post-Freudian psychology, and drugs than from other fiction.

Pynchon is willing and able, that is, to work from a range of perspectives infinitely wider, more difficult to manage, more learned than any to be found elsewhere in contemporary literature. His genius resides in his capacity to see, to see feelingly, how these various perspectives, apparently so diverse and chaotic, are begotten of the same technology, the same supportive structures that have foundations in the theology of the seventeenth century and the science of the nineteenth. A good example is his exploration into what are called "frames" in photography, the relation of "frames" to acceleration in moving pictures and in rocketry, and the consequence of this relationship to the human image. About Pökler's work on the rocket, we are told that, in prewar experiments, models of the rocket were dropped by Heinkel airplanes from 20,000 feet and that "the fall was photographed by Askania Cinetheodolite rigs on the ground. In the daily rushes you would watch the frames around 3,000 feet, where the model broke through the speed of sound. There has been this strange connection between the German mind and the rapid flashing of successive stills to counterfeit movement, for at least two centuries—since Leibniz, in the process of inventing calculus, used the same approach to break up the trajectories of cannon balls through the air. And now Pökler was about to be given proof that these techniques had been extended past images on film, to human lives."

This kind of speculative writing abounds in the book, brilliantly bringing together technological and much



"Film is everywhere in *Gravity's Rainbow*. So are comic books: Superman, Batman, and Captain Marvel, the superheroes of the World War II comics, determine the tone and the conduct of many of the characters."

THOMAS PYNCHON is known almost exclusively through his writing; in all other respects he craves and guards his privacy. This does not mean that he is a recluse (like, say, J. D. Salinger), but rather, simply, very private, and very determined to avoid all publicity. The public facts about his life are therefore few and far between. He was born on May 8, 1937, in Glen Cove, New York. He attended Cornell University (Class of 1958), where he studied—principally—engineering, and wrote his first published short story, "Morality and Mercy in Vienna," for *Epoch* magazine. Three more stories followed: "Under the Rose," published in *Noble Savage*; "Entropy," published in *Kenyon Review*; and "Low-Lands," published in *New World Writing 16*. (He later wrote a story for the *Saturday Evening Post*, "The Secret Investigation," and an essay on Los Angeles for the *New York Times Magazine*.) In 1963 the Viking Press published *V.*, which won the coveted William Faulkner Foundation First Novel Award. His second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, appeared in 1966. (Both novels are currently available in Bantam paperback editions.) He is currently rumored to spend his time primarily in California and Mexico and to live, in one informant's phrase, "wherever you can find him."

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earlier analytical methods that combine to the eventual distortion of lives. Such passages indicate a dimension of mind and of meditative interest that combines the talents of Henry Adams with the talents of Henry James. One thinks of similar excursions in Mailer, but it is precisely Mailer's limitation that he hasn't shown the courage to admit, as Pynchon continually does, that there are forms of inquiry into the nature of life that are beyond the reach of the Novelist's imagination (Mailer's self-enhancing capitalization), that the Novelist's imagination is often less inclusive or daring than the imagination of mathematics or organic chemistry.

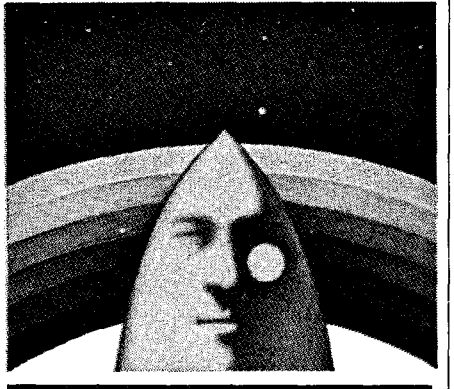
It is not enough to say that Pynchon records the effects of technology on human lives or adapts the methods of technology to the investigation and dramatization of them. Any number of writers have done and are doing that. What he is doing is of far more historical and literary significance. He is locating the kinds of human consciousness that have been implanted *in* the instruments of technology and contemporary methods of analysis; not content with recording the historical effect of these, he is anxious to find our history *in* them. Kekulé's dream, in which he discovered the shape of the benzine ring, the basis of aromatic chemistry, is as beautiful to Pynchon, as humanly revealing, as mythological as is any dream in *Finnegans Wake*. In the case of Pökler and his daughter, Pynchon is showing how the poor man comes to recognize the insidious aptness, for someone of his predilections, of the bait and punishment meted out to him by his superiors. He is allowed to see his long-missing daughter once a year —he cannot even be sure whether it is the same girl one year to the next—in a children's town called Zwölfkinder:

"So it has gone for the six years since. A daughter a year, each one about a year older, each time taking up nearly from scratch. The only continuity has been her name, and Zwölfkinder, and Pökler's love—love something like the persistence of vision, for They have used it to create for him the moving image of a daughter, flashing him only these summertime frames of her, leaving it to him to build the illusion of a single child—what would the time scale matter, a 24th of a second or a year (no more, the engineer thought, than in a wind tunnel, or an oscillograph whose turning drum you could speed or slow at will . . .)?"

She is what Pökler calls his "movie child," the more so since he remembers that on the night of her conception he had been aroused to sex with her mother by a porno film of the 1930s starring one Margherita Erdman, later to be a sometime bed mate of Slothrop. The loved child was in that sense begotten of a film and has since become as if "framed" by film, just as Gottfried is at last "framed" by the Rocket that Pökler helped develop. And both film and Rocket derive from the same analytical and technological legacies.

Everybody in the novel is to some extent similarly "framed," and in the various senses imagined in the wistfully recurrent references to John Dillinger coming out of the Biograph moviehouse, the movie images not yet faded from Dillinger's eyeballs (they are images of Clark Gable going manfully to the chair), Dillinger walking into the ambush prepared for him. At the end of *Gravity's Rainbow* Slothrop, the most "framed" of all, is given a piece of cloth by his buddy, the brawling sailor Bodine, who claims he dipped it in Dillinger's blood that night in Chicago. Dillinger got out of the "frame" only by dying, Gottfried by annihilation, Slothrop finally by some gradual dispersal of self, once the "framed" need to find the Rocket has expended itself. He more or less simply gets lost in the novel, begins to "thin, to scatter," until it's doubtful that he can ever be "found" again in the conventional sense of "positively identified and detained."

"Readers who get impatient with this book will most likely be too exclusively literary in their responses rather than not literary enough."



The only good way out of the "frame" would have been a saving surrender to peripheral vision. Apparently, it is only there that love is possible, especially love for Pynchon with his extraordinary affection for adolescent girls. As Slothrop sits with Bianca, Margherita's sweet little daughter, herself the offspring of film—conceived while her mother participated in the orgy that would later excite Pökler and lead to the conception of Ilse, the other "movie child"—he senses the timid and frightened desires in her. She wants to escape being "framed." He remembers similar glimpses of possibility when, as a kid, he wheeled around the roads of his hometown in New England, on the lookout for girls:

"Her look now—this deepening arrest—has already broken Slothrop's seeing heart: has broken and broken, that same look swung as he drove by, thrust away into twilights of moths and crumbling colony, of skinny clouded-cylinder gas pumps, of tin Moxie signs gentian and bitter sweet as the taste they were there to hustle on the weathered sides of barns, looked for how many Last Times up in the rear view mirror, all of them too far inside metal and combustion, allowing the days' targets more reality than anything that might come up by surprise, by Murphy's Law, where the salvation could be."

Even while being unpretentiously exact, these images of an American adolescence seem, in their very substantiality, to belong to the images of "framing," which in turn belong to the whole historical vision of the book. The vision confirms itself, not by generalization or by abstraction, but as a natural emanation from a mind in which ideas are saturated in the color, texture, and minuteness of daily experience. There are of course any number of other, equally reverberating structurings or assemblies, but a good many of them are designedly without this kind of human poignancy. One obvious example is the sign of double integrals, resembling two elongated S's. It is at once a mathematical principle behind the velocity rate of the Rocket, the insignia of the ss, the shape of the tunnels at Nordhausen, the shape of lovers side by side in bed; in physics, the symbol of entropy is S. This kind of patterning has become a tiresome game, and in Pynchon it is, when blatant, usually the object of high spoofing, a symptom of mechanical paranoia.

Readers who get impatient with this book will most likely be too exclusively literary in their responses rather than not literary enough. They'll stare at designs without listening to voices, wonder about characters when they should be laughing at grotesques, and generally miss the experience in a search for the meaning. Above all, they'll be discomfited by a novelist who posits a world in which experience is often most meaningfully assembled in ways considered alternative, often antithetical to literature, like science, or inferior to literature, like film and comic books. It is not possible dogmatically to feel

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BOOKS

this way about literature and enjoy *Gravity's Rainbow*, or, I would suppose, read the times with much comprehension.

If literature *is* superior to any of these things, then it takes a book as stylistically wide-ranging as *Gravity's Rainbow* to prove it. To know what the book is up to, one must also know the nonliterary genres, so to speak, in which life has been expressing itself. These include not only science and pop culture but the messages sent out by those who usually escape the notice of either, the lost ones, those not "framed," not in the design of things. The signs of their existence are to be found in the waste along the highway, the litter in the trunks of cars, the stuff in the bureau drawer. In his cataloguing of such wastes Pynchon here and in *The Crying of Lot 49* is the most poignant and heartbreaking "realist" since Dreiser.

This is a terribly haunted book. It is written by a man who has totally isolated himself from the literary world of New York or anywhere else. This remoteness is what has freed him from the provincial self-importance about literary modes and manners that is the besetting limitation of writers like Philip Roth—there are some twenty sequences here superior in kind to *The Breast*, accomplished as it is, and at least ten superior to Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. Pynchon is almost unbearably vulnerable to every aspect of contemporary experience, open to every form of sight and sound, democratically receptive to the most common and the most recondite signatures of things. "I resist anything better than my own diversity": what Whitman said of himself could be said of Pynchon and of the inexhaustible and elastic powers of synthesis that make his book a kind of assembly of so many other kinds of contemporary assembly, including that of the Rocket.

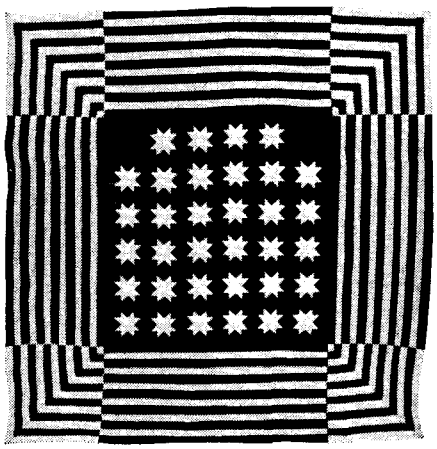
Pynchon is far too historically intelligent to suggest, however, that the schizophrenic paranoia of his own time is unique to it or that its causes are attributable to that bugaboo Technology. Slothrop can trace his ancestry to a member of Governor Winthrop's crew on the *Arbella*, the flagship of the great Puritan flotilla of 1630, and to a William Slothrop who wrote a nearly heritical book on the relations between the Elect and the Preterite, those who have been passed over, those not elected to salvation. Puritanism is evoked as an early version of the paranoia conditioning us to look for signs of Election and rendering the rest of mankind and its evidences invisible, merely so much waste. The book is therefore a profound (and profoundly funny) historical meditation on the humanity sacrificed to a grotesque delusion—the Faustian illusion of the inequality of lives and the inequality of the nature of signs. □

Rag Bag Beauty

AMERICA'S QUILTS AND COVERLETS. By Carleton L. Safford and Robert Bishop. Illustrated. 313 pages. E. P. Dutton. $25.

Custom and necessity once had it that young women should complete thirteen quilts for their hope chests before walking down the aisle or as a folk tune puts it: "At your quilting, maids don't dally,/A maid who is quiltless at twenty-one,/Never shall greet her bridal sun." And early American women became remarkably adept at salvaging bits and pieces out of a rag bag (whole cloth spreads in vogue in the 1700s as often as not ended up as pieces in a crazy quilt 100 years later), and they fashioned them with an ingenuity that transcended merely "making-do" into a high folk art that Americans have only recently begun to appreciate.

Examples of the best of these are depicted in *America's Quilts and Coverlets* and dramatically illustrate how even such standard old patterns as the "Star of Bethlehem," "Tree of Life," and "Log Cabin" were creatively rearranged in seemingly inexhaustible variety to please the maker. Elaborate coverlets were made from as many as 4,000 separate pieces and combined several techniques: patchwork (pieced individual scraps), appliqué (design elements cut from various fabrics and sewn onto a plain background fabric), quilting, and embroidery. Most memorable occasions were marked by the presentation of a quilt; there were "freedom" quilts for young men reaching twenty-one, patriotic motifs, and album quilts to render a quilter's favorite flowers, birds, and so on. The quilt makers, almost as if they anticipated that examples of their art would, 200 years later, be exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (among others), generally made it a practice to sign and date their work by embroidery —a lovely tradition that continues to this day. G. S.



Patriotic motif quilt from America's Quilts and Coverlets

Non-Party Lines

POEMS OF MAO TSE-TUNG. Translation, Introduction, and Notes by Hua-ling Nieh Engle and Paul Engle. 160 pages. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

THE POEMS OF MAO TSE-TUNG. Translation, Introduction, Notes by Willis Barnstone in collaboration with Ko Ching-po. 149 pages. Harper & Row. $4.95.

BY ROD McKUEN

Born into poverty of the plainest peasant stock, his mother an illiterate, his father with but two years of schooling and barely able to read, Mao Tse-tung at eighty is the acknowledged leader of a quarter of mankind. But is he a poet? Offered these two books that cover virtually the same material, the answer would very much depend on which of the two you decide to read.

The book put together by Paul and Hua-ling Nieh Engle lapses so often into political tract, almost as though consciously trying to avoid any poetry that might be there, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish it from that popular little red book of a few years ago entitled *Quotations From Chairman Mao*. That book, however, sold for $5.95 less. I do not mean to imply there is no poetry here; there is. But the Engles have given us a travel guide and what look to be valuable historical and personal data concerning the Chairman-poet's life. They have not given us a book of poetry. Indeed, the explanatory notes covering each poem take up two-thirds of the book. Sometimes the authors find it necessary to give us two or three pages of notes for an eight- or nine-line poem. In 481 words, for instance, the Engles describe an eight-line verse of forty-nine words. We are told how wide a mountain is, how long, how many men and guns the Chairman had there. We are informed that two bands of renegades tried to attack the Chairman's troops but were persuaded

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Mao Tse-tung

to join in his fight, that the "conditions were rough, the soldiers inventing the slogan, 'Down with capitalism; eat squash.'" Honest. Finally, here is the third paragraph from the end of the *description* of that poem (or that mountain or Communist politics or the terrible twentieth century or whatever):

"Communist politics are, if possible, more complicated than any in the world. Lyrical as Mao's verse is, the real basis of his poetry only reveals itself through a knowledge of the political scene. The terrible twentieth century (surely more men, women, and children have died violently than in any other period of the dismayed world's history) has produced a vast quantity of verse with political intent, most of it dreadful. In Mao the politics and the poetry are like bands of muscle wrapped around each other: when one is flexed, the other moves. Thus, 'Chingkang Mountain' is a poem about power: the Nationalist party trying to destroy the Red force; the Reds not trying to expand, but merely to survive. And because they did survive, the guerrilla wars of the following years, culminating in the Long March, were possible."

By contrast, the translation/adaptation of that same poem in the book by Willis Barnstone and Ko Ching-po is nine lines long and the note on the poem ten. An additional three lines tells us what Chinese traditional form the poet used and from what that form is derived.

But on to the poetry. As set down by Barnstone/Ko Ching-po, poetry it is. They have translated the final line of "Snow," the Chairman's best-known work, as "Only today are we men of feeling." In contrast, the Engle interpretation of that same line is "For heroes, now is the time." Again, in summing up one of Mao's most lyrical poems, "Huichang," the Engles give us: "Fighting men, looking south toward Kwantung,/point where the landscape/is lush green, green lush." Again, the Barnstone/Ko Ching-po adaptation: "Our soldiers point and look eagerly/south to Kwangtung,/onion green and sensual in the distance."

Make no mistake, I am grateful for both books. Together they have told me more about the Chairman, his China, and the China of his ancestors than any of the biographies and histories I have read. Being neither far right, left, nor extreme middle (though having antagonized in my brief span each faction in turn), I am more concerned with poetry than with politics: It is more important to me to write and be read than posture for posterity to analyze.

Nor do I believe that because a man is politically oriented his poetry should be one long tract. Pablo Neruda's is not. Yeats, Dante, Shelley, Lowell, Whitman, and Ginsberg give us every indication as to where their politics and patriotism lie. Each campaigned for social change, yet paused as poets to catch the seasons changing, stood in wonder at love and friendship, arrested birds in flight, traced sunlight through the trees and pressed it into pages,

Rod McKuen is the best-selling poet living in the Western world; all told, his books of poetry have sold over nine million copies during the past six years. In addition, he has translated the songs of Jacques Brel and has just completed a new translation of Pierre Louys's Aphrodite. *His current volume of poetry is* And to Each Season.

SOLUTION OF THIS ISSUE'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2029)

RENE LECLER:
HOMMAGE A FROMAGE

Because it is a crime to drink good wine after dessert and because good cheese cannot be appreciated without good wine, the cheese course in any French meal comes last but one. And one does not eat it with crackers but with large chunks of crusty French loaf.

30 years later, Americans are still looking for The Big Rock Candy Mountain.

First published in 1943, this novel by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Angle of Repose* is now recognized as a classic of Western Americana. It tells the story of Bo Mason, a man who followed the illusive dream of the Big Rock Candy Mountain — the American dream of a golden future — up and down the vanished frontier of the 1920s and 30s, from Nevada to Saskatchewan. In his slow disillusionment, there is an affirmation for a new sort of dream that men like Bo and their nation are still learning in 1973 — to rely less on pipe dreams and more on themselves.

THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

WALLACE STEGNER

DOUBLEDAY

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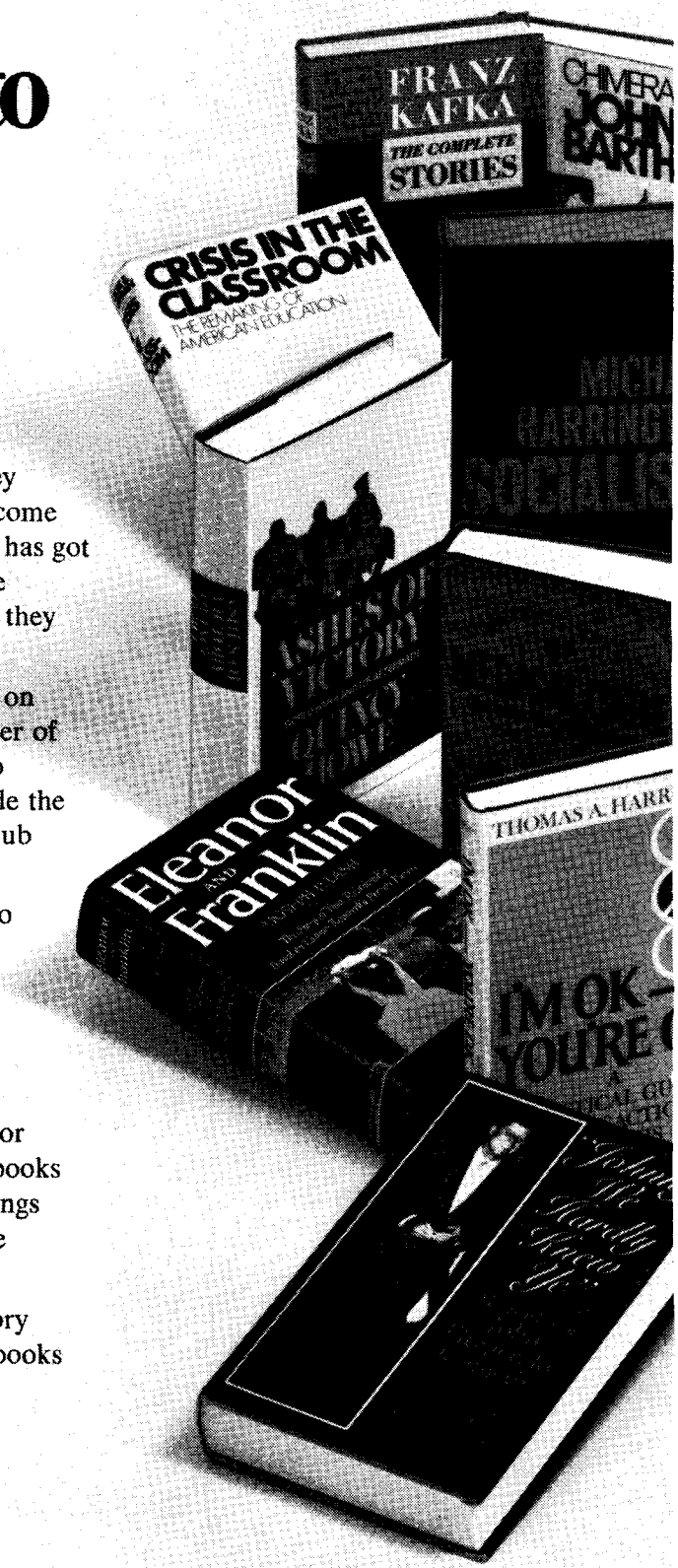

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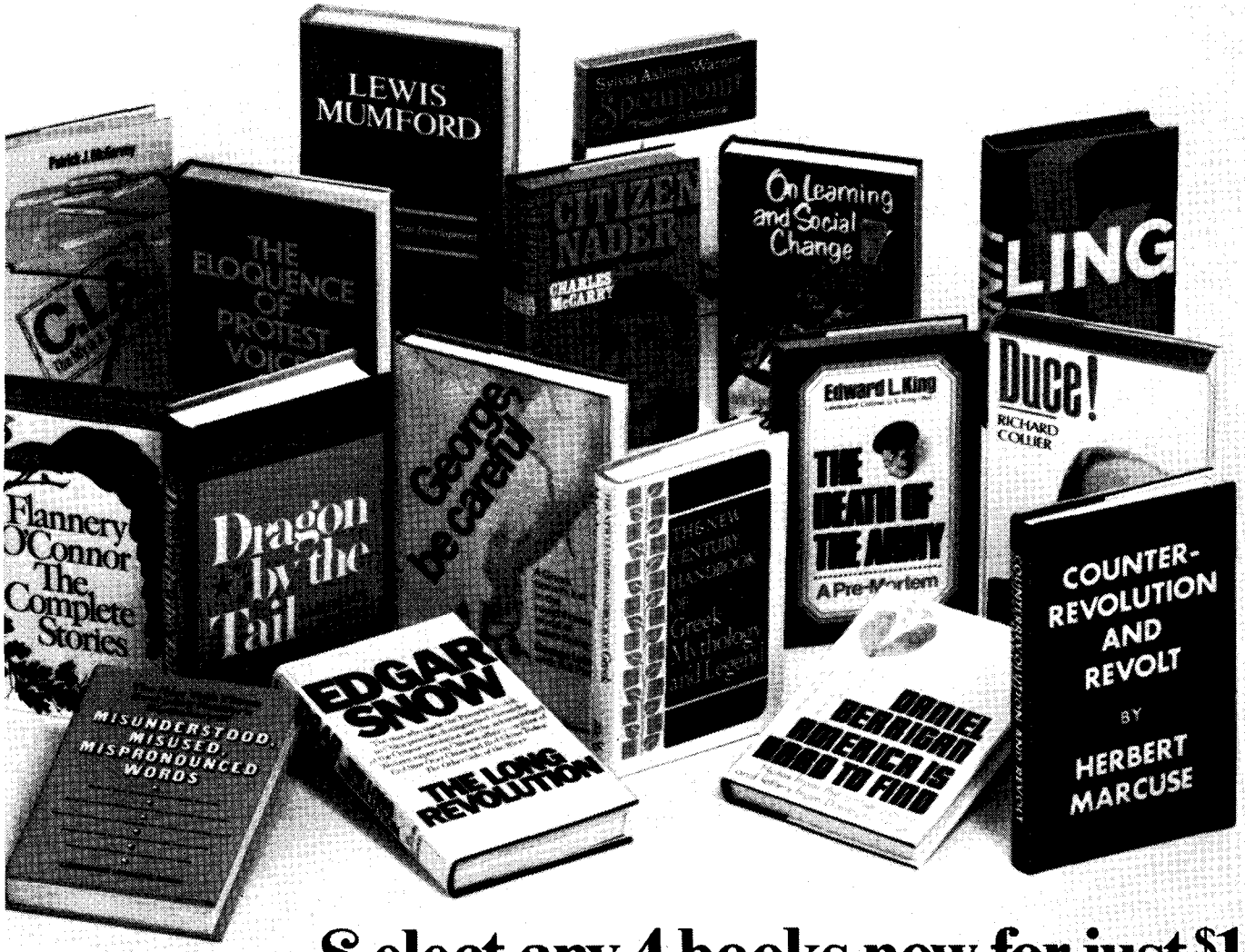

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setting down guidelines for poets and people everywhere. To write about only what occupies the forefront of one's life would mean that William Carlos Williams might have set down endless paeans on the pancreas or that Donne, the man of God, would have been so moved by his mystical and mysterious Father that he might not have found time to guide his hand along a few soon to be (for him) familiar forms and given us the sensual as well as the spiritual.

It will be argued, I suppose, that we are here dealing with translation and that everything has to be explained. To use a not very poetic word, bullshit. Rolfe Humphries, in his modern translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, gives us a 3½-page foreword and nearly 400 pages of poetry. W. S. Merwin didn't bore us with endless notes when he translated Neruda's *20 Love Poems*. Creighton Gilbert let his adaptation of Michelangelo's poetry stand on its own.

Above all, Chinese and Japanese poetry has relied down through the ages on direct, simple, eloquent, and very easy to understand language and metaphors to get its point across. You have but to understand the tightness, yet freedom of imagery, in haiku to realize this. The classic *Hundred Names*, translated by Henry H. Hart and published in 1938, compresses an introduction—a history, the technique and problems of translation—into less than thirty pages. This is followed by a selection of poetry beginning in 2300 B.C. and going through A.D. 1911. It contains all the classic Chinese forms, and, reading it, only a geography student would be concerned where the Huang Ling Temple is, once he discovered that "near it the waters whisper softly/over it hang the gray-tinged clouds of sunset and in the distance winds the mountain road that leads to Yueh Yang."

"All translation is impossible and all possible translation must be done," the Engles claim in their introduction. Given that criterion, translators everywhere should take more care. They also claim that Mao Tse-tung's one concern in his poetry is the Communist cause. Maybe. But unless Willis Barnstone and Ko Ching-po's book is largely a work of fabrication, a phrase like "A hard west wind,/in the vast frozen air wild geese shriek/to the frozen morning moon./Horse hoofs shatter the air/and the bugle sobs," leads me to believe their contention that Mao, "like Robert Frost, has that rare ability to speak to us on several levels at once."

Their book has made me want to get my hands on every work they have produced separately or in collaboration. The Engles' book has given me the urge to visit China, and thanks to them I think I can do it without Arthur Fromer. □

Company Men

THE DEVIL TREE. By Jerzy Kosinski. 208 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $6.95.

BY ALAN HISLOP

Jerzy Kosinski's prose is in itself so remarkable—terse and hard-edged but still supple and fluid—that it seems impossible he could ever fail or bore his readers. His theme in his fourth novel is again the mysterious relationships between the self and what is not the self, which in Kosinski can never be comfortably described simply as "the outside world." Reading him is both a startling experience, like suddenly finding yourself in front of a distorting mirror, and a rather frightening one.

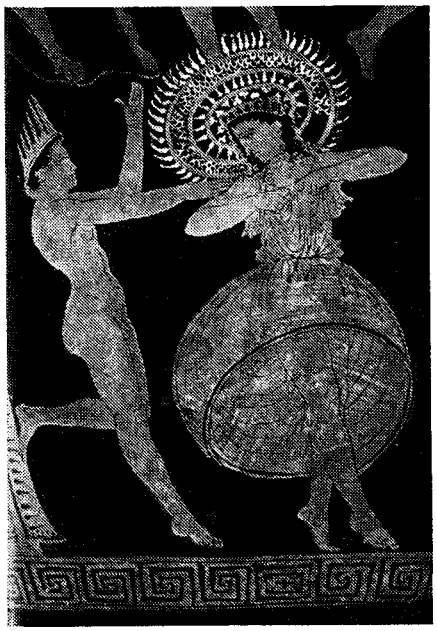
The Devil Tree, like *Steps*, Kosinski's 1969 National Book Award–winning novel, is composed largely of brief elliptical scenes, often monologues and dialogues, but it has a more conventional narrative structure. Jonathan James Whalen returns to the United States after the death of his mother to assume his legal responsibilities as heir to an immense industrial fortune and major stockholder in "the Company," an enterprise so vast that it is beyond the comprehension of any one person. With his unlimited wealth, and the freedom it should give him, Whalen is supposed to have "everything," but, rather predictably, it turns out that he does not, that his wealth and his heritage are confining and destructive. The novel traces his struggle to find a self that is his own and not derived from his money or "the Company." Encounter groups, drugs, sex, and long discus-

The Age of Athens

CLASSICAL GREEK ART (480–330 B.C.) By Jean Charbonneaux, Roland Martin, and Francois Villard. Translated by James Emmons. Illustrated. 431 pages. George Braziller. $35.

The grandeur and harmony of classical Greek art—the Parthenon, the sculpture of Phidias, Myron, Praxiteles, the great wall and vase paintings—is practically a cliché. Yet to see these works in person, or to open this magnificent book, is to be awed anew. Grandeur, of course, derives from power, and harmony from a kind of inspired rationalism; and it is youthful power, inspiration, zestful but controlled experimentation that emanate from Greek art at its zenith, when refinement enhanced interior force and had not yet gone external and mannerist.

Vase detail of the dance of the Karneia, c. 415 B.C., from Classical Greek Art



The 150-year period covered in this book begins with the victory at Salamis and ends with the accession of Alexander. It is a period one tends to think of as having been far more peaceful ("the Golden Age of Pericles") than it was. It was in fact a time of, at best, "precarious equilibrium" and, more often, of strife and tension. And yet it was a period of extraordinary artistic and intellectual endeavor and creativity, and Athens was the artistic center of the Greek world. For the first time, artists began consciously to express their personal esthetic visions, as well as to focus on sophisticated esthetic challenges, particularly the relationship of the minutely studied human form with movement in space.

This book is at once a sumptuous gallery of Greek architecture, sculpture, and pottery, and a first-rate work of art history. It contains hundreds of illustrations, many in color, plus diagrams, maps, charts, and so on. The text (translated from the French by James Emmons) is clear, meticulous, and, though expert and scholarly, accessible to any interested reader.

This volume is the sixteenth in The Arts of Mankind series, edited by André Malraux and André Parrot, but can also stand alone; it is imported from France and is physically an outstanding example of fine art-book publishing. E. F.-S.

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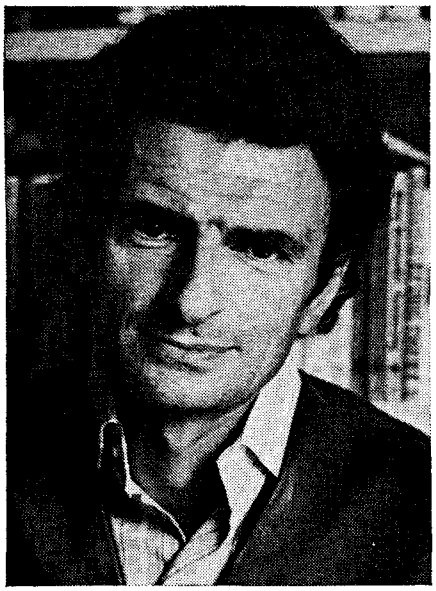

Jerzy Kosinski

sions of sex with his alarmingly introspective and self-centered girl friend —all of the fashionable therapies that are supposed to ensure "happiness"— are attempted. Kosinski builds a mosaic of Whalen's helplessness out of his recollections of the past and his fragmentary attempts at self-analysis. The book is strongly sexual but never particularly erotic because Kosinski writes of sex as an isolating act. One of the most haunting sentences in *Steps* is: "All we could do was to exist for each other solely as a reminder of the self," and this novel is a further elaboration on that despairing observation.

It is also a head-on confrontation with modern capitalist America, and therein lies a certain difficulty. The novel's title is derived from a description of the baobab tree, called the devil tree because "the devil, getting tangled in its branches, punished the tree by reversing it . . . . the roots are branches now, and the branches are roots. To ensure that there would be no more baobabs, the devil destroyed all the young ones. That's why . . . there are only full-grown baobab trees left."

The implication is that capitalism is self-destructive, that it destroys those who serve it, that it is in fact a "dead" system. All this may or may not be true, but *The Devil Tree* does not make a convincing case that it is so, and it is difficult to see Whalen's disintegration as symptomatic of the disintegration of the world around him. I often had the uncomfortable feeling that there was something about American life that I was supposed to believe before I could begin to understand the book. Partly, too, Kosinski's slightly disembodied structure makes it difficult for him to realize fully his vision of capitalism. Whalen's gradual discovery that becoming part of "the Company" is tantamount to living in a police state, that his value to the corporation makes it necessary for him to be constantly followed and watched, for example, is a brilliant series of scenes, but the total effect is both familiar and somewhat thin.

Kosinski is one of our most valuable and exciting writers, and *The Devil Tree* will undoubtedly find a wide and appreciative audience, but it is not a fully integrated work, and one finishes it with a sense of expectations unfulfilled. □

Alan Hislop is an associate book review editor of SR.

ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

You have to have a heart of stone not to love Algernon Pendleton, the mad-as-a-hatter murderer in *The Secret Life of Algernon Pendleton* by Russell H. Greenan (Random House, 5.95). If, however, you are as I suspect—warm of heart, unsqueamish, and crazy about bona fide eccentrics (they're the best) —then Algernon Pendleton is for you. But be warned: curl up with him and your doom is sealed. Call it sleeper, watch it soar.

Fifty-odd, Algernon lives alone in the old Pendleton house in Brookline, Massachusetts. He keeps body and soul together (at times more than one of each) by selling all the family treasures, priceless relics culled from the far corners of the world by A. Edward Pendleton—renowned explorer, author, eminent Egyptologist—affectionately known as great-grampy. The death of Algernon's mentor, A. Edward, in his ninety-third year didn't in the least diminish his importance in Algernon's life.

Actually, Algernon is not quite alone. With him is Eulalie, his daddy's favorite piece. Eulalie occupies a place of honor in the library, where Algernon can converse with her and reap the benefits of her sage advice. And who is to say that Algernon is more cuckoo than most smitten men just because he is so completely convinced that "the finest Worcester porcelain pitcher in the whole damn world" is alive? To put an even finer point on it, Algernon's hobby is osteo-art (bone sculpture), one of the more arcane modes of self-expression. Algernon has a Burying Ground for a backyard, complete with charnel house (storeroom for bones). It's when the charnel house runs out of bones that—well. . . .

Enter Norbert Hess, ex-navy buddy, who appears one day at Algernon's door (lock, stock, and case of absinthe), fleeing from a home where he

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WIT TWISTER NO. 321

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

— — — — — and strong from tail to questing snout,

The — — — — — from his burrow ventured out,

Not knowing that his world would — — — — — when

He turned back — — — — —, sated, toward his den.

He would be trapped, that burghers of that age

Could for a — — — — — watch him pace his cage.

A.S.

Answer on page 73

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1544

A crytogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1544 will be found on page 73.

BST'F VFRNP; FWSC'PP TRKRH FWGV QSCURFR VGQQRVVXGPPJ YT OGVY-TRVV. QWRNF.

NCOHSVR OYRHQR

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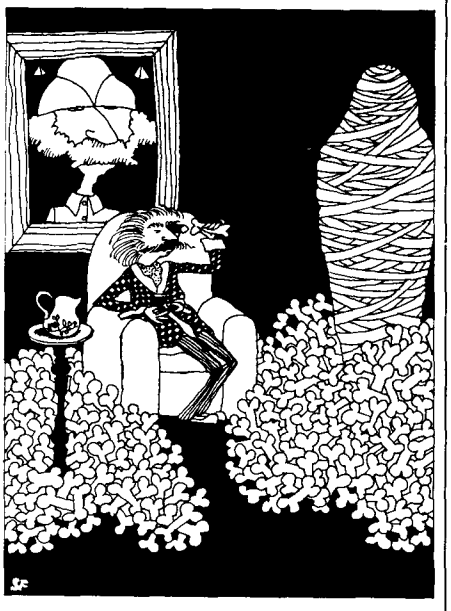


is totally unloved. The years have not been kind to Norbie. He has been overtaken by obesity, gluttonizing as if he were in a race against food going out of style. His snacks remind one of the Victorian banquet days before, as Nancy Mitford characterizes it in *Love in a Cold Climate*, "the age of luxury was ended and that of comfort had begun." Absinthe is Norbie's real passion. It colors him maudlin. He pours out his troubles to Algernon, and Algernon takes care of him. However, if you think absinthe makes the heart grow fonder . . . .

Enter Madge Clerisy, introduced by the wily Turk who supplies Algernon with money in exchange for those precious antiquities. In turn he sells them to Ms. Madge, scholar/professor of archeology, who cleverly blackmails him into revealing his source. (Incidentally, the author is absolutely devoted to the infinitely varied examples of the freakishness and fun of the English language, and he is hardly guileless in naming his characters; clerisy, for example, means intelligentsia.)

Much to Algernon's surprise, Madge turns out to be a "vision" in her mid-thirties, that certain age that Balzac maintained was a woman's zenith. "Cleopatra was about that when Mark Antony surrendered the Roman Empire to be with her," muses Algernon, who merely surrenders his great-grampy's papers. He's innocent, of course, of their value to the world of archeology and more directly to Madge, determined to win glory and academic laurels for the find of the century, the still undiscovered Pharaonic treasures she is convinced great-grampy left behind. But where? Suffice it to say, Madge leaves no bone unturned in her pursuit of charnel knowledge. And that turns out to be her undoing. Not to mention that of the wily Turk.

While Algernon is shades of Gulley Jimson, this book also echoes early Waugh and other parts of the literary landscape from Graham Greene to John Fowles. Comparisons aside, Greenan has fashioned an excursion into the macabre that is in a class by itself. If you can resist wanting to reread it with regrets that it won't be for the first time, I put it to you that you haven't really read it at all.

Roman Grey, that captivating Gypsy antique dealer who made such an auspicious debut in *Gypsy in Amber* (1971), is back again in *Canto for a Gypsy* by Martin Smith (Putnam, $4.95). The Crown of Saint Stephen, the royal crown of Hungary that is one of the Catholic Church's most valuable relics, has been in the United States since the start of World War II. It is about to be displayed at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York before its return to Budapest. Its return is a fact of postwar life few outside of Budapest are willing to accept. To guard the crown, Roman and his friend Police Sergeant Isadore (two lost tribesmen) are recruited by the forces of everything from evil on up—the NYPD, the Hungarian security force attached to the United Nations, and the church authorities. Suffice it to say that mercenaries abound under the eaves and arches. In addition to master forgers, impostors, and thieves sequestered in the confessionals, there is also a brutal killer at large. Nothing is as it seems: black is white and white is black, and priestly robes do play a part. In his characteristically cavalier fashion Roman eventually uncovers a secret that has lain dormant for centuries, and, in the process, gets (most of) the bad guys. All the wonderful little details of Gypsy lore and custom are once again in evidence, and I, for one, eagerly await the return of Roman Grey in Martin Smith's next.

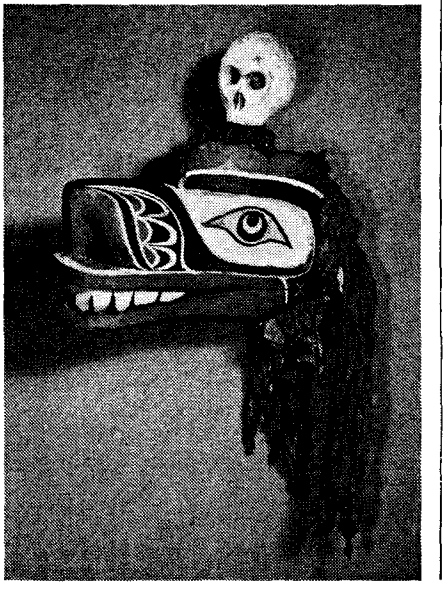
I also hope to see a lot more of Sheriff Chick Charleston and his winning Western Watson, seventeen-year-old Jason Beard. They're the cool combination combating crime in a town numbering 1,500 souls. *Wild Pitch* by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) has an uncanny sense of place that conveys precisely what this small Montana settlement is like through the

Early American

INDIAN ART IN NORTH AMERICA: Arts and Crafts. By Frederick J. Dockstader. Illustrated. 224 pages. New York Graphic Society. $14.95.

When white America "civilized" the Indian, which meant, of course, replacing his ways with its own, not the least of what was lost was an authentic and highly developed visual art—while we encouraged the production of tacky trinkets for the tourist trade and chose to think of it as the "real [if slightly pathetic] thing." To read *Indian Art in North America* (first published ten years ago as *Indian Art in America*) is to weep anew at the outrage. Pictured in 70 color plates and 180 black-and-white illustrations (of a quality that might reasonably have carried double the price tag) are examples of the best artisanship, prehistory to the present, of various tribes and their varying cultures: strictly utilitarian implements (oil lamps, mortars, bowls), effigies, ceremonial masks worn by *shamans* (double masks with outer covering and inner carvings), and objects produced for no reason other than the acute joy (and pain) of artistic creation. Several artifacts are frightening in their strangeness, others display astonishingly vivid and powerful coloration, and all manifest a refined symmetry and execution of technique equal to the finest in any culture. Yet, sadly, as Frederick Dockstader, director of the Museum of the American Indian in New York City, notes, American Indian art is more valued and appreciated abroad than in this country, where apparently it is still so little regarded that only rarely do government-sponsored national exhibitions draw on this most indigenous of all our native arts. G. S.

Wooden mask of the Kwakiutl tribe of the Northwest Coast region, from Indian Art in North America



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nedium of a murder and the hunt for he murderer. Guthrie's tetralogy about he West—*The Big Sky, The Way West, These Thousand Hills,* and *Arive*—is well known and deservedly ippreciated. *Wild Pitch* is a change of pace for Guthrie and a bonus for us. t's tough, taut, and terrific.

It is refreshing to report that in *The Defection of A. J. Lewinter* by Robert Littell (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) Lewinter, the American scientist who defects and sets all intelligence systems GO, is the least interesting character n the book. The whole point, beautifully made, is the futility of the intricate espionage game whose histrionics, however fascinating, are duplicated in kind on each side of the Iron Curtain. Novelist Littell has two particularly affecting scenes: a party in a Russian country house, which is Lewiner's introduction to Russian society, and a scene in a Russian asylum. What he tells us about the future, defections and freedoms here and there, is thought-provoking and unique.

In *Goodbye to an Old Friend* by Brian Freemantle (Putnam, $6.95) one of the Soviet Union's most brilliant scientists defects to the United States. Not a simple act, and one that puzzles his interrogator, Adrian Dodds. Why, Dodds asks, should Victor Pavel defect? One of Russia's honored space scientists, living in comparative luxury, able to pursue his work—why should he court danger for the family he loves? The scenes between Pavel and his interrogator are electrifying, reminiscent of Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins in the 1955 movie *The Prisoner,* based upon the Cardinal Mindszenty episode. The feuds among the department and government officials are a cut above the usual, not to mention the climax. All told, thoroughly satisfying.

In *Courier to Peking* by June Goodfield (Dutton, $6.95) a top U.S. scientist attending an international scientific conference in Peking is used by his country to smuggle in a top secret message. But just who is getting it and why eluded both me and the scientist, and he, poor man, gets killed off early. It is a pity that the author leaves so much up in the air—explanations are important. One too many conclusions is SOP for the genre if the affirmation of the futility-of-it-all-fadeout is to have any impact. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: Alert, ratel, alter, later, taler.

Answer to Literary Crypt, page 71: *Don't steal; thou'll never thus compete successfully in business. Cheat.*
Ambrose Bierce

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Tropical Island Near Sarasota/Bradenton: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

Caribbean Sea: Superb offshore reefs, snorkling, other activities. Economical efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

San Francisco On A Budget? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco, 94102.

Barbados—6 room bungalow on beach. 3 bedrooms. April occupancy. Write Tuckwell, Church Point, St. James.

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VACATIONS

Hotel On Small Island—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

Windjammer Vacation—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $150 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

Pelican Cove Motel And Marina—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

Claremont's 90th Season—June 23rd-Labor Day. Cottages (European Plan):-June 1st-October 15th. Brochure and 1973 rate sheet available. Claremont Hotel & Cottages, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. 207-244-6636. Before May 15th: Box 216, Yarmouth, Maine 04096. 207-846-5387.

Hacienda De San Roberto—fine country inn near Taos. Box 449, El Prado, New Mexico 87529.

Idaho Wilderness. Small family operated ranch in remote Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. No roads. Ride horseback or fly in. Guests welcome June through September. Off-season address: Selway Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

Florida Keys—Islamorada, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

Nassau—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

3-Bedroom Ranch on lake near coast. Perry, Maine. Alice Otis, Quoque, N.Y. 11959. 516-653-4186.

Montana Mountain Lodge—Pool, Sauna, Horses, Hiking, Pack Trips; Hunting and Fishing. Desert Mountain Lodge, West Glacier, Montana 59936.

Whaler's Inne, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

Parador Martorell, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 384, Luquillo, P.R.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

Fine Arts Seminar—A team of artists will direct students through experiences in cinema, painting, theatre, music. Credit. SSCE (SRA), Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007.

Summer Workshops in Music, Theatre, Studio Arts—Graduate credits. Classes in beautiful northern Minnesota. Contact: Summer Arts Study Center, University of Minnesota, 1128 La Salle, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403.

Guatemala Weaving Workshop—On beautiful Lake Atitlan. *Indian instructors, English assistants.* Exceptional 2-week programs, June, July, August. Brochure: Box 804, Glendale, California 91209.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

"Il Viaggio Vivace"—Temple University's College of Music offers a cultural tour of Italy led by its Dean, Dr. David Stone. June 28th-July 27th. Palermo, Naples, Rome, Perugia, Florence, San Marino, Venice, Verona, Bellagio and Milan. Lectures, music, art, sightseeing, side trips offer exciting, stimulating travel experience plus four academic credits. Write: Director Summer Sessions, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

Summer On A Greek Island Aegina Arts Centre happens on the Greek island of Aegina offering workshops in music, painting, poetry, theatre, photography, dance, archaeology, Greek. World-famous lecturers. Surrounded by sun, sea, wine, and friends of all ages. *One month tuition $300.* AEGINA ARTS CENTRE, 136 West 52nd Street, NYC, 10019. 212-LT 1-1150.

Mallorca—6 week seminars; excursions, creative workshops. Accommodations. Brochure: SR Box J-961.

Rome, Italy. Fourth consecutive summer. Stimulating faculty, diversified curriculum including Etruscan archaeology. $765. June 18th-July 22nd. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

London Theatre And Dance. July 1973. Two courses featuring shows, master classes, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. Write: ETSP, Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

Summer In Greece: The Athens Centre for Creative Arts. Music, archaeology, painting, poetry, literature, theatre; seminars, workshops and festivals. Sea and sun in Athens and the islands. June or July. Tuition $350. Write: The Athens Centre, Philadelphia Music Academy, 313 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19017.

College Humanities Consortium: Europe June 18th-July 19th, 1973. *Credit: Art, Humanities, History.* $870. White Box 6597, Hampton, Virginia 23368.

Study Environmental Planning in England and Scotland. July 3rd-28th. Countryside planning, new towns, transportation, the problems of cities, methods of regional planning. Write Dept. SRJ, London/Edinburgh Program, University Extension, University of California, Berkeley, 94720.

American Repertory Theatre In Europe—Summer Session: June 15th to August 2nd. Seven weeks onstage and backstage training and experience for *beginning and advanced drama students. Based on* Fleming College Florence campus. Performance tour to festivals of northern Italy. Write' Mrs. C. Bigelow, ARTE, 326 East 69th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. Tel. 212-988-5462.

Music Students: Performance and study on two continents. Bonus: Guest Faculty: Albanese (four weeks), Gulli, Starker (one week each). June 17th-August 18th. Tuition. Write: International, Box 4657, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27107.

University of Minnesota German Language Study *Program, Ruhr-Universitat, Bochum, Germany,* July 23rd-August 24th. Graduate and undergraduate study. 12 quarter-hours of credit. Tuition and course fees, $225. Room and board, $215. Arrange own transportation. Write: Summer Session, University of Minnesota, 7309 Johnston Hall, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455.

Italy. Courses in art, Italian, music, etc., in unique renaissance town. Tours: Rome, Florence. Sessions: July/August. Tuition: $295. IILA, Chicago Conservatory College, 410 South Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

STUDIES ABROAD

International Studies Center. Grenoble, France. For non-language majors, comprehensive studies of European culture; intensive French; close association with Grenoble University. Seminars conducted *in English. Skiing, sailing included in tuition;* partial scholarships. Detailed information: R. M. Lavicka, 548 Summit, Kent, Ohio 44240.

Europe—Tours, Summer Sessions at European Universities, Studies Abroad. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

Study At Sea. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania—Choate Educational safari for teenagers, summer 1973. SR Box J-931.

Hacienda El Cobano. The University of Oklahoma's Study Center, Colima, Mexico, offers credit and non-credit programs for 1973.

Spanish: High school, adult and college level.

Workshops: High School Art Workshop. Watercolor Painting, Archaeology, Ornithology, Human Relations, Creative Writing, Mexican Investment and other programs as requested. Dr. Richard Hancock, 555 East Constitution Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

Columbus International College of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding, Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College. Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, *Spain.*

Study Programs In France—French and all Fine Arts. Programs include: Academic Year, January Interim, Summer in France, Christmas in Paris and London. PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Liberal Arts In Rome. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year '73-'74. Courses offered: Anthropology, Archaeology, Baroque Art and Literature, Film and Filmmaking, History, Independent *Studies, Italian Folklore,* Italian Language and Literature, Philosophy, Political Science, Renaissance Art and Literature and Urban Studies. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Dennis L. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8441.

TRAVEL

Going Abroad This Summer? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 30 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or *improve one you know; live with a native family; see* the country with people who call it home. Special project and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

Canoe The Superior National Forest—*the world's* greatest canoe country. A unique, exciting adventure in the last remaining roadless wilderness. Enjoy a fascinating, voyageur world of wildlife; pure clean air; endless vistas of pine and birch; clear, sparking water. We furnish everything. Write: Timber Bay Outfitters, 2705 B.E. 5th Street, Duluth, Minnesota 55812.

New York City, Hotel Bedford, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully *decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully* equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Nicholson's International Yacht Charter Services. *All sizes and types in the Caribbean, Mediterranean* and Greek Islands. Apply airmail to Commander Nicholson, V.E.B. NICHOLSON & SONS, (Antigua) LTD., c/o Dockyard Post Office, English Harbour, Antigua, The West Indies.

For High School Students and Graduates. Stay in Soviet youth center. Or join African Safari; ski in August at Mont Blanc; bike in Denmark; ride horseback on beaches of Brittany; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain; live with European family. Festivals, theatres in London, Paris, Moscow. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa, 22nd year. Write: George R. Shumlin, *Putney Student Travel,* Putney, Vermont 05346.

Europe—An Unregimented Tour! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequola, Pasadena, California.

Worldwide Freighter Guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZAR Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Bicycling-Hiking-Camping trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, Colorado, Canada. Free brochure in*cludes bicycle equipment catalogue. Student Hostel*ing Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767. 802-767-3297.

For Student Travel or Study or Camping or Summer Ski Camp. HIGH SCHOOL-COLLEGE. Small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Western Europe, Scandinavia, Greece, Russia, Yugoslavia, Israel, Africa. 16th year. Students Abroad, Mark and Harriet Parets, Directors, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

Sailing Vacation Aboard popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

This Ad + $8.00 per person, double occupancy, *entitles you to real value* New York. *Next time try* CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$12.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

Russia/Scandinavia—5 weeks, $387. Also Europe, Africa, India. Camp with small, international groups ages 18-30. London departures. Write: WHOLEEARTH, Box 1497, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

Country Gentleman offers limited number personalized Olde England tours in magnificent chauffeured 1930s Rolls Royce. Inn/Country House accommodation. Belmont House, Rectory Lane, GUISBOROUGH, Yorkshire, England.

Solar Eclipse! All inclusive tour to the heart of the Sahara to view the longest Eclipse in this cen*tury. Including all meals, accommodations, tents at* the site, flights to Dakar, Gao, Timbuctu. Land rovers to Tassilit. Return via Abidjan. 17 days, $1,498 per person. Depart June 19th, return July 6th. For information, write African Explorers, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859 or phone: (N.Y.) 212-356-3434, (N.J.) 201-721-2929.

Summer '73—Camping, hosteling, backpacking teenager trips in Europe. Travel by bicycle, horse or kayak in small groups. Brochure available. Freewheel Express Ltd., 11 Waverly Place, NYC, 10003. 212-674-1240.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2029

DEFINITIONS

A. Welsh social reformer, stopped employment of children (2 wds.)

B. Boastful

C. Nuciform (comp.)

D. Alpine herb

E. Usurer (2 wds.)

F. Hunger

G. Completely confident in one's own mind

H. Epithet for Zeus, meaning "in childbed"

I. King of Northumbria 617-633 (var. sp.)

J. Quarrel (slang)

K. Pertaining to or occurring in puberty

L. Acknowledged (3 wds.)

M. Violinist, made his debut at age seven with San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

WORDS

43 109 48 126 76 140 147 84 185 31

32 25 141 44 79 106 156 85 194

142 139 86 112 124 33 74 49 150

77 146 107 206 162 113 178 53 133

134 26 45 191 87 80 111 24

132 83 127 50 163 161 118

108 27 78 170 153 196 201 54

128 82 166 103 143 51 90 149 197

104 73 28 177 114 46 171

172 165 52 71 116 195 138

205 72 174 105 81 160 129

88 29 115 152 47 110 75 198 130

125 157 117 89 180 30 148

DEFINITIONS

N. Splinters

O. Growing, as floral parts that increase in size after flowering

P. Desolate

Q. Instructive

R. Small, dry, hard, one-seeded, indehiscent fruit

S. Pasta in the form of narrow strips

T. Best supporting actress of 1968 (2 wds.)

U. Bewilder

V. Simon de ———, French leader of the crusade against the Albigenses

W. Herbaceous plant of the Mediterranean regions, yielding an aromatic seed used in medicine

X. Pastoral region in lower Egypt, occupied by the Israelites before the Exodus (var. sp.)

Y. Increase in intensity

WORDS

131 4 99 123 187 95 19 69 38

135 169 186 120 7 63 204 39 154 70

55 92 20 34 151 167 40 12 190 64 203

202 58 8 119 15 3 208 35 93 183 199

144 65 100 36 189 121

200 101 9 179 5 59 22 122 96

14 175 137 60 184 56 21 94 192 97

57 1 209 188 41 102 66 176 61

16 155 23 159 193 207 37 164

182 67 10 136 2

91 17 6 173 62 68

42 11 13 158 181 168 18 98

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

							1 U	2 W	3 Q	4 N	5 S	6 X	7 O		8 Q	9 S	
10 W	11 Y		12 P		13 Y	14 T	15 Q	16 V	17 X		18 Y	19 N		20 P	21 T	22 S	23 V
24 E		25 B	26 E	27 G	28 I		29 L	30 M	31 A	32 B		33 C	34 P	35 Q	36 R	37 V	
38 N	39 O	40 P	41 U	42 Y	43 A	44 B		45 E	46 I	47 L		48 A	49 C	50 F	51 H	52 J	53 D
54 G		55 P	56 T	57 U	58 Q		59 S	60 T	61 U	62 X	63 O	64 P		65 R	66 U	67 W	68 X
69 N	70 O		71 J	72 K		73 I	74 C	75 L	76 A	77 D	78 G	79 B	80 E	81 K	82 H	83 F	
84 A	85 B	86 C	87 E	88 L	89 M	90 H		91 X	92 P	93 Q	94 T		95 N	96 S	97 T	98 Y	
99 N	100 R	101 S		102 U	103 H	104 I	105 K	106 B	107 D		108 G	109 A	110 L	111 E	112 C	113 D	
114 I	115 L		116 J	117 M	118 F		119 Q	120 O	121 R	122 S	123 N	124 C		125 M	126 A	127 F	128 H
	129 K	130 L	131 N	132 F	133 D		134 E	135 O	136 W	137 T		138 J	139 C	140 A		141 B	142 C
143 H		144 R	145 E	146 D		147 A	148 M	149 H		150 C	151 P	152 L	153 G		154 O	155 V	156 B
	157 M	158 Y	159 V		160 K	161 F		162 D	163 F	164 V	165 J		166 H	167 P	168 Y	169 O	170 G
171 I	172 J	173 X		174 K	175 T	176 U		177 I	178 D	179 S	180 M		181 Y	182 W	183 Q	184 T	185 A
	186 O	187 N	188 U	189 R	190 P	191 E		192 T	193 V		194 B	195 J	196 G	197 H	198 L	199 Q	
200 S	201 G	202 Q	203 P	204 O	205 K		206 D	207 V	208 Q	209 U							

Solution of this Issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 65.

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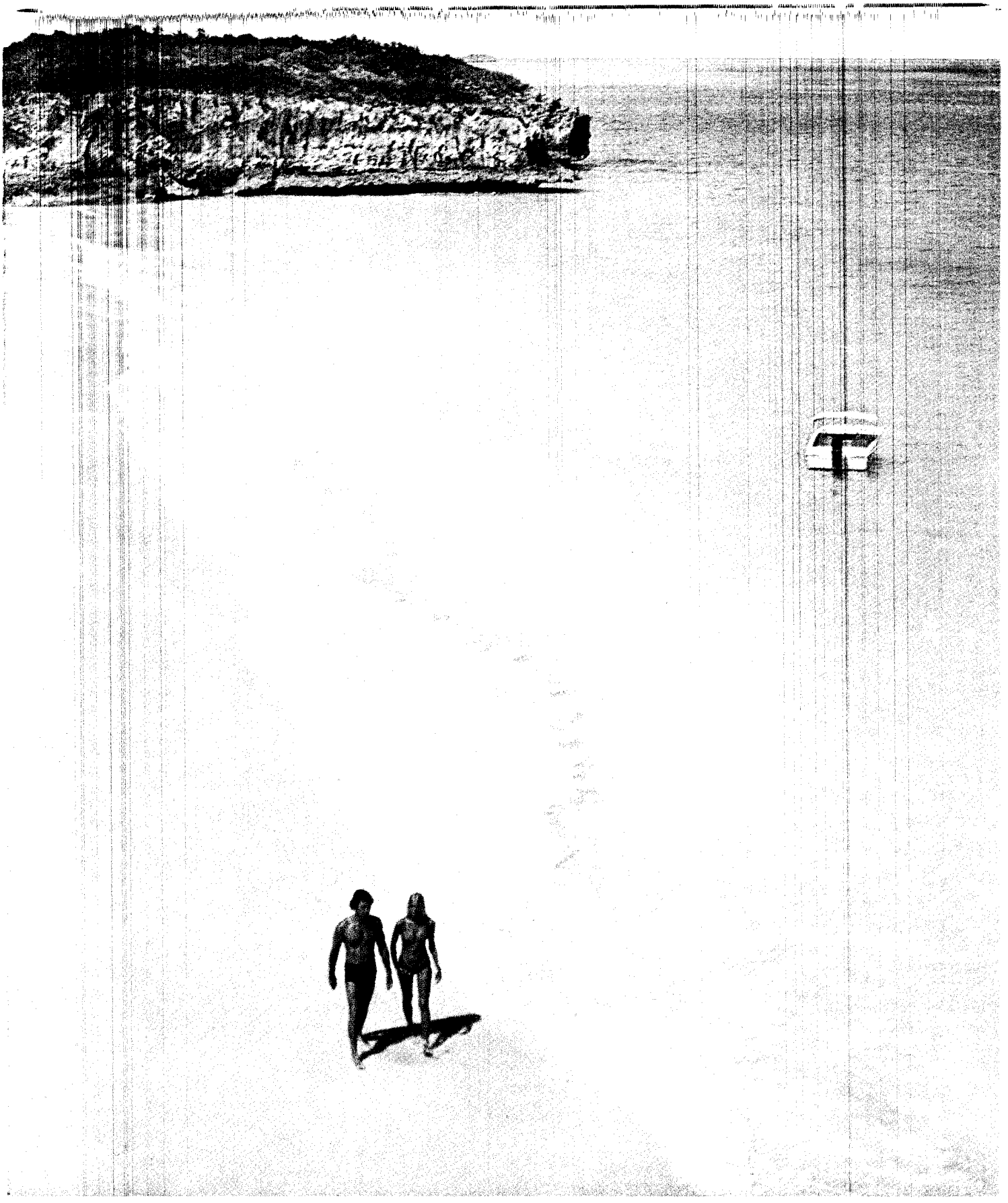

›me to Eleuthera. And run away from today. Eleuthera. One of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. 100 miles of vder-pink beach. Pastel villages and limestone cliffs. The poinciana archway leading to Governor's Harbour. The castle-like gallery at Tarpum Bay. The surf at Gregory Town. The mysterious Ocean Hole at Rock Sound. The golf course said to be one he finest in the world. And nearby, from long ago, Harbour Island and Spanish Wells. Accommodation ranges from complete ›rts to a cottage hidden by palms. And you get to Eleuthera in minutes on a scheduled flight from Nassau or Miami. See your ›el agent or write for our "Eleuthera" brochure. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131.

ıhama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

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